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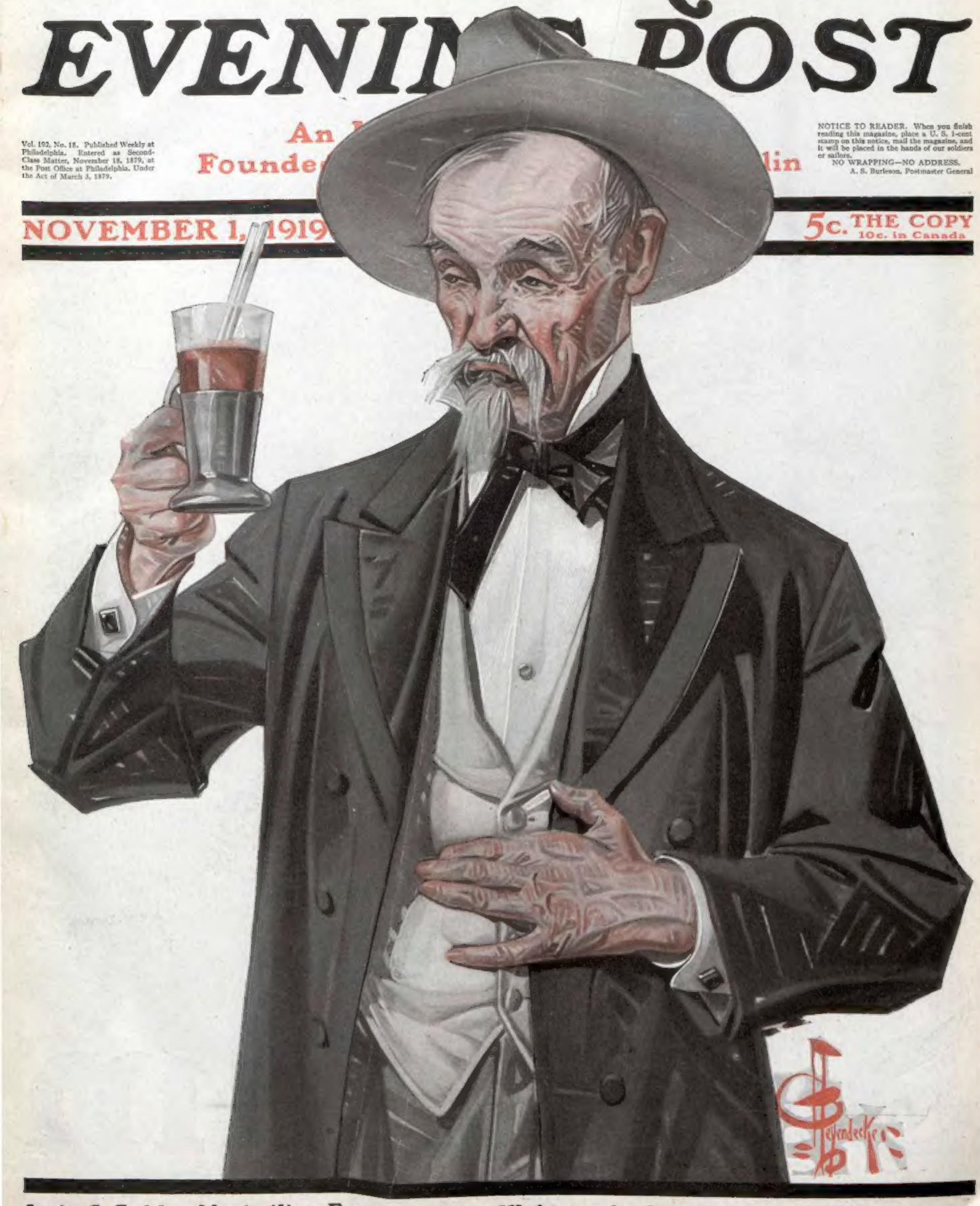

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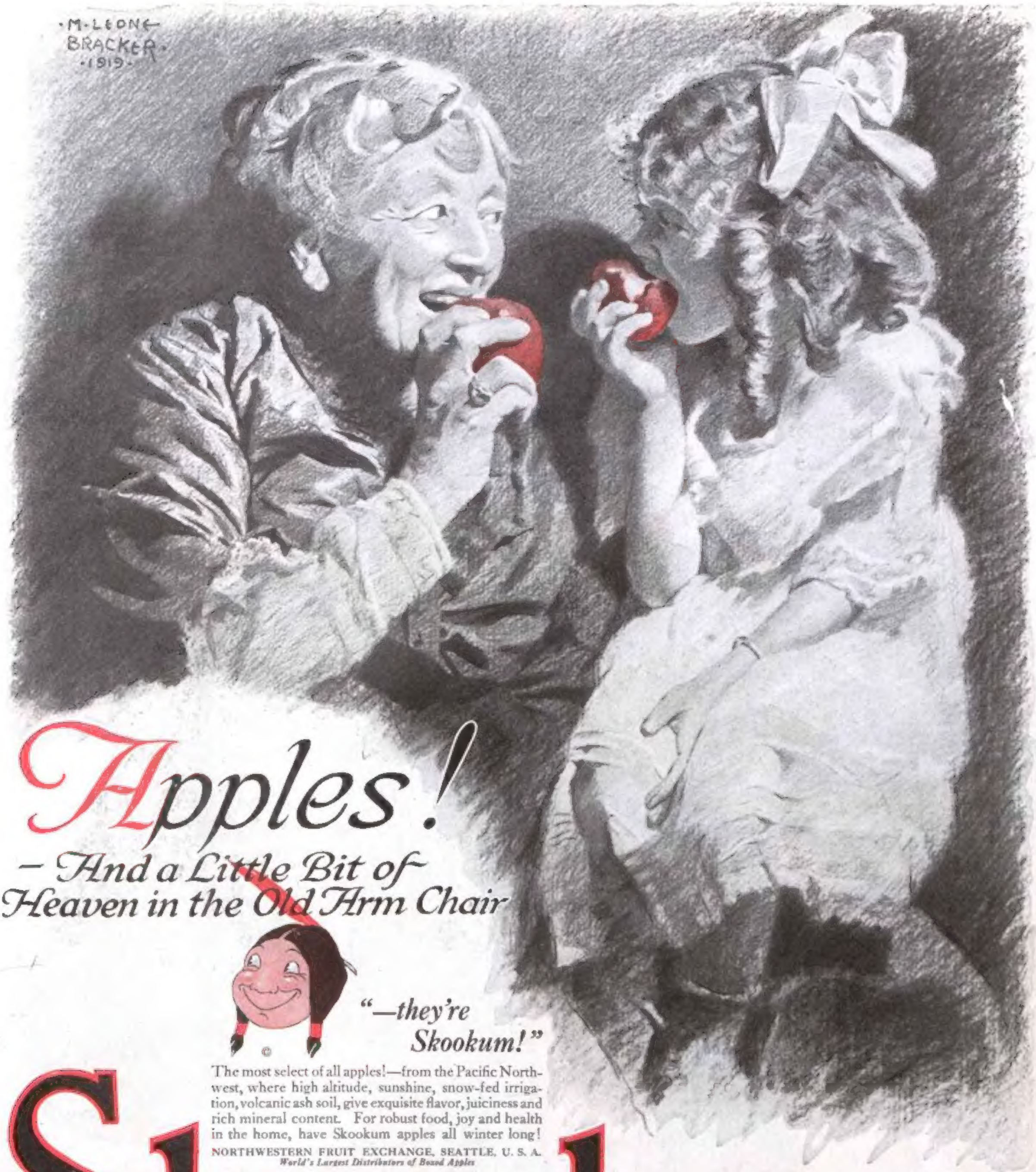

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THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

"Dod Blast it All!" Groaned Mr. Blurt to Himself. "Rivers of Soul Floating by, and Here I am Dying of Thirst!"

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

MR. HAROLD TRING BLURT stood on the bridge of the big freighter Walkover as she nosed her way up the Narrows, and watched intently to see Liberty loom out of the pale mists of morning with the symbolic grandeur which lends to the home-coming of an American a synthesized significance far beyond the broad, ghostly welcome of the cliffs of Dover to an Englishman or the masking frown of Finisterre to a Frenchman. One in the know would have said that Mr. Blurt was among the luckiest and freest of human mortals, yet on this wraithed morning while his eyes sought Liberty his insides swelled with an accompanying yearning for freedom.

He was just thirty-seven years old and the possessor of a million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds dotted all over the world on spots that were beginning to shine as the unrivaled high lights of income begetters. No one had handed Mr. Blurt this fortune on a platter; he had gone after it barehanded and piled up the mountain, not penny by penny, but in modest blocks of a thousand here, five thousand there, and an occasional killing of six digits, once he had really struck into his stride.

At twenty-seven Mr. Blurt, not having five dollars to his name, had been obliged to sign it on a chit in exchange for first right to a brand-new pick-and-shovel equipment out of a heap of company-owned utensils; ten years later he was eligible for membership in that nebulous but very real fraternity familiarized by the metropolitan press under the euphemistic appellation of the Millionaires' Club. How had he done it? Easily.

Yes, these things can be; they happen every day. Mr. Blurt had wandered away from home at the untender age of ten, filled with a desire "for to admire and for to see"; his naturally tough little body had never failed to find enough tough food to keep it going without brains until the day when his mind was born, at the exact moment which brought him the surprising realization that ignorance has a low market value. From that time on he took no holiday from his coarser labors that was not devoted to a flyer in education.

It thus happened that in addition to being expert at wielding pick and shovel at twenty-seven he was also possessed of the invaluable faculty of adding two and two and getting the correct answer.

"Say, Mr. Mike," he had remarked on a far-away day to his burly, florid, apparently unthinking overlord, "what do they pay you a mile on this job?"

The contractor transferred a disfiguring bulge in the interior of his mouth ruminatingly from cheek to cheek. Like all successful men he had a secret motto upon which was built the whole sturdy fabric of life; his, could he have put it into words, would have read as follows: "Shift your cud thrice before you speak." During the operation his small eyes passed over and through Mr. Blurt like busy gimlets. He found the lad good to look upon, five-feet-ten of irreducible brawn, a shock of reddish-brown hair, sensitive lips perpetually flirting with a smile, a broad brow, and widely spaced gray eyes that would never deliberately look for trouble, but carried a promise of glad welcome should it appear as an uninvited guest. The contractor drenched a dreaming distant sunflower with an unexpected bolt of brown tobacco juice and spoke a laconic figure, unadorned by comment. "Thanks," grunted Mr. Blurt, and returned to sawing his way through a gravel bed with the ardor of one who knows that gifts and gratitude, even when monosyllabic, are sometimes beyond vocal measure. He had broken all the rules of the game in asking Mike that fundamental question. He knew it, Mike knew it and knew that Blurt knew it, and yet had answered. The world was suddenly brightened to the eager eyes of comparative youth by that single act of pondered generosity on the part of the taciturn boss.

A week later Blurt took a day off and was gone for three. Upon his return he blew five hard-earned shillings on a lantern and spent a night with a pad of stolen paper and the stub of a pencil; then, in the morning, he went formally to Mike's weather-bitten little tent, standing aloof but not quite separate from the general encampment, and found the contractor sitting before it, already sweating though only in undershirt and pyjama trousers stuffed into soft mosquito boots.

"Mike," asked Blurt without prefix or preamble, "you got a time limit on this job?"

After due consideration the contractor nodded his head slowly in assent, his gimlet eyes never leaving the young man's abnormally flushed face, in which they seemed to be taking soundings for traces of madness, but with a faint hope of striking true gold.

"Mike," continued Blurt, his lips trembling with eagerness so that he spoke a little hoarsely, "let me do the 'Mlidini spur. I'll—I'll pay you a thousand pounds flat out of the settlement."

"An' how much are you thinkin' ye'd have left for yerself, me lad?" asked Mike without his usual hesitation.

"Two hundred," replied Blurt promptly.

The contractor's eyes narrowed to mere pin points of light and then slowly opened to a vacant and disillusioned stare.

"It couldn't be done," he said listlessly. "Ye'd have your ballast running counter to supplies comin' up to railhead from the coast. Ye'd be only hinderin'." He held up a

ham of a hand to stave off Blurt's attempt at interruption and said in a more kindly tone, "Besides, ye've missed out on the figgers, lad. There wouldn't be no thousand; nor no two hundred."

He dropped his hand in a gesture of dismissal.

"You old stiff," cried Mr. Blurt belligerently, "you give me a chance to talk—give me a chance to show you!"

"I'm waitin'," said Mike in a cold thin voice, his fists doubling up out of force of habit.

"If I can show you, it's a deal, ain't it?" demanded Mr. Blurt, unabashed.

"If you c'n show me," agreed Mike in an ominously quiet tone which seemed to carry an undercurrent of inference to the effect that if Mr. Blurt failed the owner of the voice would be disposed to give an exhibition of a totally different nature. "You think you know it all, don't ye?"

"No," said Mr. Blurt shortly; "not all, but just one little thing. I guess that's what counts in this business—knowing one little thing." He stepped to a near-by table, on which were piled various blue prints, quickly sorted out the survey for the 'Mlidini spur and studied it eagerly. His face broke into a satisfied smile. "Mike," he said, "stop wondering if you can lick me and come here."

"Wonderin'!" growled Mike. "Wonderin'! Kid! Sucklin'!"

Mr. Blurt paid no heed. He took from his trousers pocket the stub of a pencil and very carefully mapped an irregular oval patch on the blue print. Mike's curiosity was immediately roused; he rose and moved to a position of easy observation.

"An' what do ye call that?" he asked.

"That's the one little thing," replied Blurt. "Only two hundred paces off the line, and they missed it."

"All right," agreed Mike impatiently. "We'll say they missed it. Now, in the name of me, what is it? A lake of floatin' gold?"

"Not quite," said Mr. Blurt. "It's just an outcrop of gravel."

The contractor's eyes narrowed, he transferred his cud thrice and then murmured the single word, "Ballast." After a longer and still more deliberate pause than usual he turned and held out his horny hand to seal the deal for the laying of the 'Mlidini spur roadbed.

"Luck to ye, lad," he said with a gleam of near-affection in his glance. "I'll give ye the order to draw out supplies at the junction. It's a fairer chance nor I had at half again your age."

Thus did Mr. Blurt start on his ten-year career as contractor. The intelligent will have perceived that its initiation was simultaneous with the birth of a life motto. "Just one little thing" became the backbone of Mr. Blurt's philosophy of success. Trifling incidents of his long years of vagabondage, held against days of ready reckoning in a retentive memory, became the solid capital upon which, by closer figuring than could give a margin of profit to those who knew less of Chinese graveyards, Indian castes and South American deserts, he built up his bank account of pure velvet.

And now he was through; but standing mentally on the summit of his pile and meeting the high gaze of Liberty fairly and squarely he was yet conscious of a sense of depression, imprisonment, impotence, as though he were an eagle with full-grown claws and a beak but no wings. During all his young life of labor and self-teaching he had looked forward to this moment as to a goal; never once had it occurred to him that in reaching it he would not find the pearly gates to freedom revealed, a vast and visible portal.

Peering through the pale mists of an early morning in New York Harbor he strove to pierce the future, and found only a serrated but unbroken wall of negation. The years of wandering had left him no home, no friends, not even an abandoned wall of ancient habits upon which to fasten the itching tendrils of his new life. He wanted something badly, but just what, where and how, he could not say; he only knew that the failure of the golden gate of his dreams to burst upon his vision was rapidly assuming the proportions of a base betrayal. Could he himself be to blame? Heretofore when such questionings had assailed him he had fallen back on his ever-potent motto. He did so now. Was it possible that a mere wicket guarded the entrance to the road to freedom, and that the name on the door was "Just one little thing"?

He reached for this slim chance as a drowning man for a straw, held by desperation in the looming shadow of a force that he had long jeered at as the empty bugaboo of the self-made. How often had he seen friends and rivals go up against its soft nothingness and yet fall back bruised and broken? Feeling its actuality for the first time he put the thing to himself in plain terms. It was one-line men like himself who took the straightest road to success, and when they reached it hung poised, even as he was now doing, staring wistfully for some, for any unknown road and finding only the solid wall of their past, moved by the witch wand of Tantalus from behind them to three paces front, center stage.

"A man's past," confessed Blurt to himself at the end of this meditation, "is no dream bog; it's a real barrier. All these chaps that I've laughed at for going back to the same old round when they've made their pile and tried to break away haven't turned back in their hearts at all. It seems that a man can step forward and still bump his nose on his past. However," he added, his square jaw setting, "there always has been and there must be 'Just one little thing!'"

A tug steamed busily out to meet the Walkover, hailed her bridge and told her to anchor and wait for a berth; the captain cursed, drew his ship out of the channel into the thin lee of Bedloe's Island, let go the hook and dismissed the third mate, who had been sharing the watch. He himself continued to pace the full length of the bridge deck, his head bowed in the deliberate absorption which was his antidote for impatience.

Mr. Blurt turned his back on the New York sky line and stared at the captain for a change. The skipper was Scotch, of the only race that produces men whose bodies and minds can be massive and lean at one and the same time. He stood six feet one, had a large bony head, a gritty pepper-and-mustard beard and walked like a flail in full swing.

Mr. Blurt's lips twisted to a mischievous smile. "Say, cap!" he hailed.

The captain stopped suddenly, planted his feet wide and fixed his unsmiling eyes on Mr. Blurt's face. "Wull?"

"I just wanted to ask you a question," said Mr. Blurt calmly. "Did you ever find the door to freedom?"

Instantly a flash of mysticism gleamed in the Scotchman's cavernous eyes.

The Giant Fixed His Pale Eyes on Mr. Blurt's Glowing Face and Asked Cryptically, "Have You Ever Been in Jail?"

"No," he answered without hesitation, "but I know where it is."

"What!" gasped Mr. Blurt. He had expected a vacant stare, a grunt of disgust, a pitying ejaculation or a full-throated oath—anything but this prompt acceptance of battle on the plane of his own deeply hidden thoughts.

"It's easy, that one," continued the captain with a half jeer for Mr. Blurt's mental discomfiture. "'Woman' is the name on the door, but few there be that read it." He turned unceremoniously to continue his striding.

Mr. Blurt stared at him with fallen jaw while his mind automatically repeated over and over again the cryptic words. Every man of Mr. Blurt's virility, debonair appearance and wide wanderings has a private vista of women, standing and fallen, bordering life's back trail like the poplars along a French highway after a hurricane. Mr. Blurt now examined his individual gallery of the fair with shrewdly narrowed eyes. He concluded that the captain was one of those rare individuals who walk the tight rope between confinement and the verge of insanity. He felt an impulse to put out his foot and trip the skipper's nervously pendulating legs, but having recently seen a burly stevedore knocked from the deck into an open hold and a drop of forty feet without inducing even a pause of curiosity as to his ultimate fate, he decided that verbal combat must suffice.

"Cap," he shouted into a passing ear, "you're wrong. Somebody has dropped a magnet into your mental compass."

The skipper wheeled, came back and stood over him, lowering like a crag, for a moment silent, as though in two minds as to whether he should fall on the worm who had the temerity to tell a Scotchman he was wrong and crush him by material weight or speak mighty words and sweep him away and down and out on a flood of argument. Natural appetite carried the day for the latter course.

"Mr. Blur-r-t," he exploded, rolling the name down a cascade of rumbling r's, "you and me, we've traipsed round the wur-r-rld and back again. We've barged into weemin—travelin' weemin, loose weemin, unanchored weemin. We've seen them kiltin' their nighties at all the hot crossroads where there's no abidin' habitation, a smile in their eyes and a word on the lip.

"Eh, mon, ye blush for them, but what of yoursel'? Shame to your blindness! Shame to the eye that lookin' only in shallow vessels thinks to see the mirror of God's deep sea! Mr. Blurt, the speerit of man is like the mountain dew of the Highlands of Scotland. Blended with an overdose of water, tainted with brine or drownded in the gaseous inundations that tickle with their flat bubblin's the palate of an effeeminate generation, it's no Scotch whusky, the milk of grown men, but hogwash and a treeklin' vanity."

Mr. Blurt's jaw hung open, his eyes were wide, and his pulse throbbed as though he were watching big game from ambush. He did not speak, he scarcely breathed lest he disturb the gushing miraculous flow unparalleled in history since dumfounded Moses touched a rock with his staff to water a multitude, and found that it worked.

"But," continued the captain, now thoroughly roused, "the speerits of man and of alcohol in its only noble form, when undefiled by the dilutions of a vapid age, make oop a team that pulls ever together—strength and the emblem of strength. 'Tis a wide field, mon, for exposeetion if not for controversy that would show ye the conjunction o' their beauties of virility, of youth in age, of mellowin' by endurance, of increasin' potency in the face of time, and of kindly and abidin' power against the last cold of years; and it's no my intention to lead ye so far. I would only tell ye the one thing: Mountain dew comes to the wideness of freedom through a long prison in oak, the speerit of man through the heart of a true woman."

He broke away abruptly, and legs striding, head hung low, returned to his habitual absorption. Mr. Blurt faced once more the sky line of Manhattan, but his eyes no longer sought a break in its serrated barrier; they were turned inward and back along the accidented course of his own life. Could it be true that knowing many women he had known none? Was the one woman the name on the little door to freedom? He passed in review a long sequence of amatory adventures. The captain was no fool. "Traveling women, loose women, unanchored women." He had struck the nail of Blurt's intimate experience a blow on the head that had driven it deep into a quickened consciousness which now sought in vain through all the years of maturity for one single example of woman, constant, tender, faithful, crowned with the double glory of love shared to eternity with a single mate. He had vague recollections of having read of such beings, women with the

(Continued on Page 141)

ABOUT PLAY WRITING

By DAVID BELASCO

Then fashion me this tale into a play; . . .
Though thou canst not cobble thy shoon,
Nor yet hew like Phidias, yet canst thou
Make a play like this. —WALKER.

IT WAS recently my privilege to publish in this place an epitome of my views concerning the beginner on the stage—views which have been formed by a long lifetime of experience and which I have been often importuned to express. I am greatly gratified to believe, because of scores of personal letters which I have received relative to it, that my article has proved instructive and valuable to many stage aspirants of to-day—among whom may be some of the stage leaders of to-morrow.

I now intend, in response to urgent and repeated requests—and also a little for my own satisfaction—to set down here, as well as may be within necessary restrictions, a companion abstract of the lessons I have learned and the opinions I have formed about play writing.

Perhaps the most difficult of all artistic achievements, it seems to me, is to write a really good play; not merely a piece that gets produced and makes money—such fortuitous freaks of fortune occur almost every season—but a genuine substantial play. The ability to do so cannot be acquired from books or developed out of the possession of faculty to write well in other forms. A man may have the most exalted of intellects; if he be a writer he may write the best novel or the best poem of his day—and yet not be able to write a play at all. It is only a marvel like Goldsmith that can write not only the best novel of his day but also the best play into the bargain! And—"when comes there such another?"

My knowledge of the subject of play writing, such as it is, has not been easily acquired. On the contrary "'tis dearly bought"—and if it is at times feelingly expressed let it be remembered in my behalf that I have suffered under more inexpressibly bad plays than has any other man now living—or, as I believe, that ever lived! It is recorded of the old manager and actor, Samuel Phelps, as something extraordinary that in the whole course of his career he read and considered more than two thousand new plays—"very few worth much." Well—I can see him and go him several better; I believe I am safe in saying that I have read and considered nearer to twenty thousand; and, altogether, I have found fewer worth anything than Phelps did.

Almost as many persons apply to me each season for advice and instruction in regard to the writing of plays as in regard to becoming actors, and literally hundreds of plays are sent to me every year upon which I am not only asked to give opinions but of which I am likewise expected to give immediate productions. My views and opinions, accordingly, as herein expressed—though indicating why so many plays are annually rejected by me—may perhaps be suggestive and useful to many persons to whom individually I can send no more than a formal rejection.

Would You Write a Play? Don't

IN THE first place, then, I would say: As it is in play acting, even so is it in play writing. If you do not possess inherent ability to act you will never be truly an actor though you pass your whole life in the theater; and if you do not possess inherently the peculiar distinctive faculty of the dramatist you will never be truly a play writer—not though you should indite so-called plays by the score and make miserable the lives of managers with importunity to produce them. But there is apparently—and long has been—a popular, almost a universal delusion to the contrary. Few if any readers of these words but have heard the banal inquiry—generally addressed to some person who never wrote anything!—"Why don't you write a play about that?"

To me this popular delusion is an incessant source of amazement. Take the average young person to an art gallery; exhibit to him the variant beauties of Titian or Millais or Burne-Jones or Inness or Sargent; of Michelangelo or Cellini or Saint-Gaudens or MacMonnies or Rodin—he, not possessing the innate peculiar faculty of the painter or of the sculptor, seldom indeed feels inspired to paint pictures or to chisel statues. But take the average young person to see a play—or, at most, a few plays—and in an incredibly large number of cases he is fired with high resolve to go and do likewise; and, moreover, is pretty confident that he can write better plays than most of those that he has seen! The result of his presumptuous vanity, artistically and practically, is as a rule a mess as unsightly and inutile as though he had fooled with canvas and paint or marble and chisel. But when you tell him so—no matter how earnestly he begs for your opinion—take my advice and tell him so by letter.

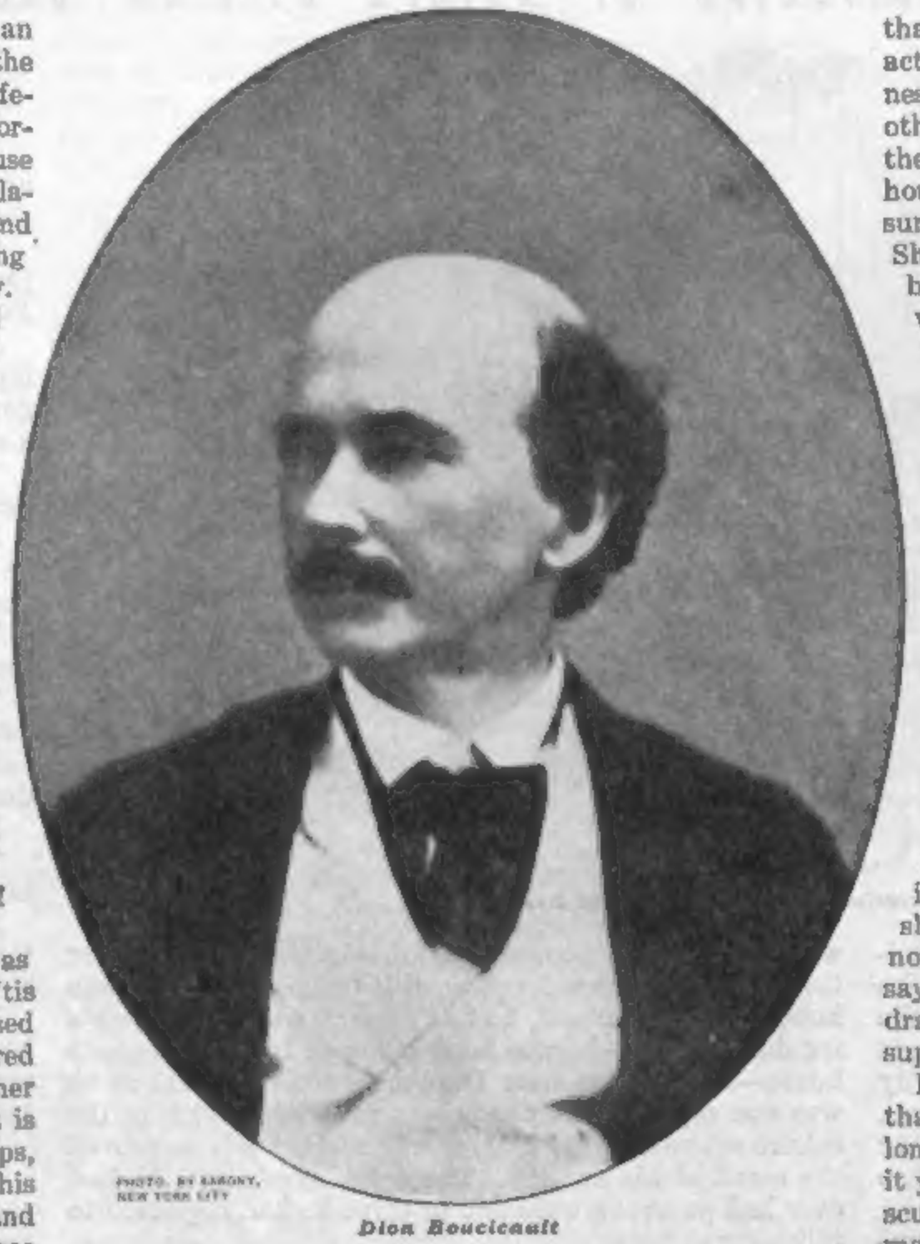

PHOTO. BY SARONY, NEW YORK CITY

Dion Boucicault

To the vast majority of those who yearn to write plays I respectfully venture to commend with heartfelt earnestness the celebrated advice of Punch to young persons about to marry: "Don't." But I would not be misunderstood; I do not seek to discourage beginners nor to prevent the writing of plays. On the contrary I appreciate—none more keenly—the need of developing new writers. The significant words of Robert Buchanan are often in my mind: "There are mean souls who bend down only to the sun in its meridian. I turn to the splendor of the dawn." I remember vividly my own early struggles—when there was no splendor but plenty of squalor and heartache—and I wish to be of assistance. That which I desire to discourage is the making of tons of utterly useless interlocutory trash by persons, young or old, who have not a spark of play-writing ability in them. And as to the possessor of genuine dramatic faculty—no adversity of advice by anybody will prevent his writing plays any more than it would prevent his breathing. That at least is a conviction established by my experience—though not all observers agree with it.

In a notable paper on Actors and the Stage, for example, published not long ago, the capital English player, Mr. Louis Calvert, declared: "Common sense tells us that he—Shakspere—"would never have written those great plays if he had not known that he had capable actors to enact them." Mr. Calvert's opinions on things theatrical always command respectful attention; he is the son of one of the best of the old-time players and managers—Charles Calvert, 1828–79, of Manchester, England—and he is one of the few actors now on our stage who are thoroughly conversant with theatrical history and the best traditions of the theater. Nevertheless, with the somewhat dogmatic opinion which I have quoted, relative to the writing of plays, I take liberty to disagree. William Shakspere was, first of all, an inspired artist; there is no way that I can see to understand him except to view him in that light. And he wrote plays, some of which are superlatively great, not because he was himself a player; not because he was a manager; not because there was a market or a demand for his plays; not because he knew that he had capable actors to enact them—but just because he was a natural, born dramatist, because play writing was his preordained inevitable medium. It seems to me that common sense and study of his plays show us that he would have written them, must have written them, whether he knew they would be acted well or ill. As it was said of James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, that he "lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," so it might, I think, be said with entire truth of Shakspere that he wrote plays by the very compulsion of Nature.

It is worth passing note that there is plenty of internal evidence in Shakspere's writing that he keenly appreciated the mutable character of the actor's art—at once the most beautiful and the most evanescent of all arts—and that he felt and believed, as most other dramatists do, that "the play's the thing" and not the actor; not the "poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more." I am sure the problem of finding players suitable to enact a Shakspere trilogy which I design for production is troubling me far more than ever it troubled W. Shakspere when he was writing the plays which I would now revive!

And in the writing of plays, as it was with Shakspere so is it also with all other authentic play makers; from the greatest of us to the least the difference in us is one of degree, not of kind; like steel to the magnet, like rain to the sea, intuitively we all find our way to the dramatic form and work therein.

Of course there is a mechanism, a technic of play writing, and that can be taught—and should be. It will save the capable beginner's time and energy to learn the road from the gained knowledge of others rather than to grope and experiment until experience shall force him into it and so impart practical knowledge of "those rules of old discovered, not devised." There are to-day schools of play writing just as there are schools of acting and of other arts, and they are useful institutions when properly and intelligently directed. But admittance to such schools should be sought on the basis of native capacity and not on that of ability to pay the tuition fees, for, let me say again, mere instruction in technic will never make a dramatist any more than lack of it will long suffice to suppress one.

Likewise let it be remembered in taking up this subject that though all arts are long the art of play writing is the longest. And after years given to the study and practice of it you will find—precisely as in acting, writing, painting, sculpture, music, only more so—that it is never to be fully mastered. Every time you attempt a drama you learn something more about how to do it; and something more—wholesome lesson for vanity!—about your own ignorance and limitation. "I have played Hamlet now for fifty years," exclaimed the famous old actor Betterton, when somebody told him his performance of that part was perfect, "and I believe I have not got to the depths of all its philosophy yet!" I began play writing when I was a child; I have been at it now for not less than fifty-five years, and I know I have nowhere near got to the depths of all the philosophy of it yet—and, what is more, that I never shall do so.

Knowledge of Stage Mechanics

BUT to return to the teachable technic of play writing. What method of studying the dramatic art do I recommend? Well, in the first place—differing from most if not all my colleagues of dramatic pedagogics—I believe that actual intimate familiarity with the practical mechanics of the stage is the best of all foundations for technical education in the writing of plays. Admirers of the literary drama often sneer at actors' plays—oblivious, apparently, that most of the best plays in existence were written by actors. I do not mean, of course, that all actors are capable of writing plays; they are not; but most of the men most capable of writing plays have been either actors or men early, practically and thoroughly instructed in technical matters of stage requirements.

A few of the many names that start to mind almost haphazard as illustrating this significant fact are: Shakspere, Molière, Farquhar, Sheridan, John Howard Payne, Sheridan Knowles, Charles Reade, Lester Wallack, Augustin Daly, Dion Boucicault, John Brougham, Arthur Pinero and H. V. Esmond. An author can write a book of first-rate quality without knowing anything at all of the mysteries of the typesetting machine and of the composing room, the press room and the bindery—the mediums through which his work is presented to the public. It is not the same with drama. Nobody can write a good play without possessing sound and comprehensive knowledge of the scope and limitations of the stage—the medium through which dramatic work is presented to the public.

As to the best way of acquiring such knowledge to-day, it is, in my opinion, to obtain from the manager of any good resident repertoire theater, where the bill is changed every week, the privilege of witnessing day after day and night after night the rehearsals of many plays. Pay for that privilege if you must; live in the theater; learn the

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MRS. FIFTY-FIFTY

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"You Mean, Don't You," He Interjected, "You Don't Like His Wife?"

IT IS safe to assume that a woman's bedroom in its privacy reflects the character of the woman who occupies it; and admitting this there are few exceptions to the rule. It is the same as to say that a capable woman is naturally a capable housekeeper—a statement that Nelly Dunbar's husband felt admitted of little argument. Now, however, as he stood at his wife's door staring into her room his face darkened with the resentment he had felt so frequently of late.

The shades were raised, the bright sunshine of a summer's day poured in through the opened windows; and though it was already half past seven and his train for the city left a few minutes after eight his wife still reposed among the pillows, oblivious not only of the hour but of everything it involved. The dress she had worn the night before was flung in a huddle on a chair, while under the same chair, lying where their owner had stripped them off, were a pair of silk stockings and a single scarlet satin slipper. What had become of the slipper's mate was a question. Either it had been kicked under the wardrobe or the bed or, if not that, it lay buried beneath the other articles of apparel that festooned the furniture or carpeted the floor.

But all this was only a part of her shortcomings. Why was his wife still asleep, still drowsing luxuriously, when he was up and doing? Other women saw to it that their husbands had their breakfasts properly, and why wasn't she downstairs ready to pour his coffee when he wanted it? True, the night before he and his wife had been out till after midnight; but in Dunbar's opinion that made little difference. If he could get up and dress, ready to go to the city as usual, why shouldn't she get up too? Take Mrs. Fawcett, for example—the Fawcetts with whom they'd dined the night before; it was Mrs. Fawcett's boast that not once in her twelve years of married life had she let her husband breakfast alone. Another thing—there was never anything slipshod about the Fawcett household. You had to hand it to Mrs. Fawcett. She certainly was capable.

That was the trouble. For eleven years the Dunbars had been married; and though during these years Nelly Dunbar had managed somehow in some way to keep her household going there is little doubt she was not in the least like Mrs. Fawcett. Housekeeping she hated, and she made no bones of saying so. What was more, she had said as much to Mrs. Fawcett.

"Why not be honest?" Nelly had laughed. "Housekeeping after all is drudgery, a deadly bore!"

What had possessed his wife to make such a speech Dunbar couldn't understand.

Nelly in spite of her faults usually was tactful; and as he recalled the remark and Mrs. Fawcett's shocked amazement Dunbar's reflections grew still more resentful. He and Fawcett had a deal on at the moment, a business matter of importance; and the remark in its offhand carelessness might easily have affronted his hosts. It was this same business matter, in fact, that Dunbar had come to his wife's room to talk about.

He had always talked things over with her. It was not of course that she knew anything about business—as he would have told you, she didn't—but then by talking things over one grew familiar with the details. That was how, he prided himself, he had done so well. Outside his regular business—he was head salesman in a white-goods house—investments were Dunbar's specialty; and as he was one of the most prosperous men in Riverdale, the suburb where they lived, his success seemed to have proved the merit of his method. The only investments he had ever had go wrong were two or three he had neglected to talk over at home.

This too added to his resentment. Annoyed and irritated, how could he discuss anything intelligently? Much less how could he settle a matter so important as this? She knew as well as he, too, that the Fawcett deal needed a lot of talking over; yet here she was, with the same irresponsible indifference she had shown more than usually of late, still asleep, and her house, her own room especially, looking as if a whirlwind had hit it. One thing anyway—the time had come, after he talked with her of the Fawcett matter, to let her know just what her indifference, her shiftlessness, was costing. On top of that he might, besides, appeal to Mrs. Fawcett. She would be willing, he knew, to give his wife the benefit of her advice and experience; and with that Nelly might be led to mend her ways.

The suggestion brightened Dunbar. Picking his way through the disorder he crossed the room toward his still sleeping wife. "Nelly; I say, Nell!" he called.

Mrs. Dunbar stirred drowsily.

She was still young—a slim, good-looking woman of thirty-odd with girlish features and gray eyes that had in them a queer dancing liveliness. It was as though their owner was perennially amused at everything—at life, her surroundings, herself and perhaps her husband. It was a little annoying too.

"Hello!" she exclaimed. "Haven't you gone yet?"

Dunbar by an effort concealed his annoyance.

"I'm waiting for my breakfast," he returned.

An exclamation escaped her. She threw back the covers and was already groping under the bed for her dressing slippers before he could restrain her.

"You don't need to get up," he remarked quietly; "I just want a moment's talk with you. It's about that Fawcett business."

She shot a quick glance at him, and clambering back into bed drew the covers about her. Then deliberately she gave the lace cap adorning her mop of brown glinting hair a vigorous dig. Her expression too had changed.

"I've talked all I'm going to talk about that," she said deliberately.

Dunbar started at her tone. Its note voiced revolt; and he was not accustomed to that. He could hardly believe she would refuse to talk over his business with him.

"Do you mean you won't?" he inquired, his lips compressing painfully as he stared at her.

"I mean exactly what I say, Walter!" Her tone had not changed. It was still as deliberate, as determined as before. "I don't like that man, and I've told you so a dozen times," she added.

Dunbar for a moment gazed at her fixedly.

"You mean, don't you," he interjected, "you don't like his wife?"

At the remark his wife's eyes widened with sudden astonishment.

"Mrs. Fawcett?" she repeated.

Dunbar nodded deliberately. Before this he had sensed his wife's opposition to the Fawcett deal; but it was not until now, by a chance thought, an inspiration, he felt he had guessed the true reason for it.

To his astonishment his wife abruptly laughed.

"That doll!" Giving her cap another vigorous dig she shrugged her shoulders amusedly. "Good gracious, Walter, you don't suppose for an instant I'd pay any attention to her!"

But Dunbar now was too irritated to let her lightness hinder what he had to say.

"It might be better for you if you did!" he returned significantly.

His wife started abruptly.

"Better?"

"That's what I said," he repeated.

Mrs. Dunbar sat back among the pillows. The light easy little twinkle had gone out of her eyes; and she gazed at him curiously, her brows puckered with evident wonder. "You don't really mean, do you," she said slowly, "that you'd like me to be like her?" Then as if in disdain she gave another light rippling laugh. "Sorry, Walter. I might

"You've Told Me a Good Many Times Lately What the Trouble With Women Is, So I'll Take the Same Liberty and Tell You What's the Trouble With Men"

become vain—perhaps I'm that already; and maybe I might become stupid—that is, more stupid than I am; but if you wish me to become showy, overdressed, pretentious—well, I'm afraid I never can. It just isn't in me, that's all!".

Vain, stupid, showy? Dunbar's irritation was reflected in the look of indignation he gave her. Admiring Mrs. Fawcett as he did, his wife's cool offhand slurs not only added fuel to his impatience, in his resentment he was convinced that to talk to her now would be only a waste of words, of effort. Curiously it was the attack on Mrs. Fawcett's dress that galled him most. As Mrs. Fawcett had said, she dressed the way her husband liked her to dress. And could his wife, the one who made that light careless attack, show any such devotion?

"Look at this room!" he said abruptly.

His gesture as he indicated the surroundings was comprehensive.

"The room? Why—why, what's wrong with it?" she asked.

Wrong with it? Dunbar laughed, the laugh harsh, metallic. Of a sudden, then, the resentment, the annoyance he had nursed for days in silence burst into a flood of words. It was all right of course if she let his house get on any way it could; if she meant to lapse utterly into a slovenly slipshod way of running his home like this that was her lookout; he could do nothing, perhaps, to prevent it. Just the same it was a pretty serious matter when she let business go to the dogs as well!

"That's what's wrong!" he said when he'd finished; and his wife gazed at him agape.

That she was astonished was evident. Staggered would put it better. She seemed somehow unable to understand why he should expend so much heat, so much energy just because her bedroom didn't happen to be in order. However, she made no effort to interrupt. Instead she listened with curious intentness to all he had to say.

When Dunbar stopped, halting for sheer lack of breath, his wife gave him another quick queer glance.

"What's the row, Walter?" she asked quietly—aimlessly, he felt.

"What! You ask that?" he cried.

The words were emphatic in their resentment, their sense of injury. He would have been off again, but this time she didn't let him.

"No; wait, Walter! Is it the house—the way I've run it; or are you irritated because I'm trying to keep you out of this deal with Fawcett? Don't speak; I'll finish in a moment! If it's the house I'll admit it's not what it should be. I've been pretty tired; I've worried much more than you know about this business; and the house, besides, is really too large for our two servants. I know you've told me to get another maid, but I don't like to spend the money—not in times like these, at any rate. Instead of putting away a quarter of what we make we ought to put away much more. That's why I'm doing the work of an extra maid, though never mind about that. What I'm trying to find out is whether it is the house or this deal with Fawcett that's made you so touchy, so grumpy of late. Won't you tell me frankly, dear?"

Somehow she had put it so clearly—so cleverly, rather—that Dunbar in spite of his certainty, his conviction of her indifference, felt himself just a bit less certain. But, as he recalled, she had a trick of doing that.

"What's wrong with Fawcett?" he demanded.

She smiled lightly. "I don't like the man; he's trying to use you. I've told you so, Walter, a dozen times."

"I know you have!" he retorted. As he, too, a dozen times had told her, Fawcett was one of the squarest men he knew. Added to that he was one of the cleverest.

Nelly nodded sagely. "Clever, yes! That's why he talked you into this. You know yourself what you think—or used to think," she added, "of men that dabble in Wall Street, speculate in stocks; and that's what Fawcett now is trying to make you do!" She bobbed her head, as she said this, in emphasis. Then her face hardened suddenly and there came upon it—her gray eyes, her mouth, her rounded chin—a look Dunbar remembered having seen once or twice before. It was a look of stubborn mulish obstinacy—the look Nelly wore when firmly and finally she put her foot down on anything. "Gamble in stocks? If I have anything to say about it Fawcett won't get you into that!" she said.

Wouldn't he? Again Dunbar was struck with the absurdity of wasting words on her. The trouble with women, his wife among them, was that they made everything personal; that was why they all failed so consistently in business. He pictured Fawcett's letting Mrs. Fawcett, capable as she was, dictate to him. As if Mrs. Fawcett, anyway, would attempt it. "Woman's place is in the home," as she so graphically expressed it. Now that he looked at it clearly it was ridiculous that a man as successful as he should let a woman's whims interfere with his business judgment.

"If you have anything to say?" he repeated, accenting the "you."

"Yes, Walter," she replied.

Dunbar smiled lightly. "You haven't," he observed—"you haven't a word to say! It's a chance to make a killing, and I'm not going to let it slide. I'm going in with Fawcett, and I'm going in to-day!"

She stared at him agape.

"Walter!"

"That's all right," he rejoined. "Win or lose, that's my lookout. It's my money. I made it, didn't I?"

"Walter!" she cried again.

"You go to sleep," he replied; and then, as he reached the door, he turned, smiling quietly. "I'm capable, Nelly, of running my own affairs. When you run yours as well it will be time enough to tell me what I shall do or not do!"

The shot struck home. Sitting upright among the pillows Nelly gasped as if she had been struck. The gasp did not escape her husband. He was still smiling to himself as he sat down at his belated breakfast.

Half an hour later seated in the train beside Fawcett he opened the newspaper at the financial page. The agreement between them had been made. He and Fawcett were to trade on joint account at a brokerage shop in New Street.

Running his finger down the column Dunbar inquired casually: "Say, old man, what shall we pick for a starter?"

Fawcett rolled his cigar over to the other side of his mouth.

"What's the matter with Rocket?" he inquired. He had strong inside information on Rocket; but as Fawcett named the stock Dunbar felt a little twinge, a shock almost, cool his conscious ardor.

Rocket seven years before had almost cleaned out Dunbar. It was one of the investments that at the time he had neglected to talk over with his wife.

The arrangement effected between Dunbar and Fawcett was one of those copartnership agreements not infrequently encountered in brokerage circles. Dunbar was to supply the cash, the capital on which the two were to purchase stocks; Fawcett supplying, in lieu of money, certain inside information of which he was possessed. Of the value of this knowledge Dunbar had no doubt; but it was this very point in the deal to which Nelly had taken exception. Aside from the fact that they were buying the stocks on margin—from her point of view gambling—she had protested, in her woman's way, at what she considered the inequality of the arrangement. Fawcett had everything to win and nothing to lose; and Fawcett she didn't trust. But then, as Dunbar had said, that was the woman of it. They always made everything personal. However, as wildly as she had fought against it, now that Dunbar had asserted himself she seemed to have surrendered as weakly, as consistently as any woman would.

An hour after Dunbar's departure she still lay abed. She was not asleep, neither did she give herself over to a woman's ready solace of tears. The maid bringing up her breakfast found her lying among the pillows staring at the ceiling.

"Wait a moment, Hannah," she directed; and rising hastily she darted into her dressing room adjoining.

There for a few moments she delved into the depths of a wardrobe, appearing presently decked in a dressing sack fabricated of pink silk and filmy lace. It had been part of her trousseau; and as she clambered back into bed Hannah gave a gasp of genuine admiration—amazement too.

"Glory be, but you do look wonderful, ma'am! Youngish, too!"

Her mistress propped herself up among the pillows so that she could get a glimpse of herself in the glass. Yes, the sack really was wonderful; and it did make her look a little younger. Then a giggle, a self-conscious titter escaped her.

"You'll make me vain, Hannah, if you don't watch out!" she remarked.

"Oh, no, ma'am!" protested Hannah.

The maid had set down the tray on the bed and was departing when Nelly halted her.

"Is your sister still looking for another place?" she asked.

Hannah said yes. The place where her sister worked was too hard for her, besides which she preferred the country; and there was a young man too that had a place in Riverdale as a chauffeur and they were writing regular, so that if her mistress knew anyone her sister could give references, the best, and all the sister asked out was Thursdays, the afternoons only, and a day extra, maybe, once every month. She was about to add more when she realized her mistress had again taken to staring at the ceiling.

"Is that all, ma'am?" inquired Hannah.

"Tell your sister I'll give her a place," was Nelly's reply; then she fell to at her breakfast. The morning's encounter,

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"You Know My Husband, I Think. You are Both Friends of Mr. Fawcett"

PROFITS AND RISKS

By Albert W. Atwood

DO YOU believe it is unwise and unjust that business should be conducted for profit? Men have engaged in business for centuries with the idea of making profits. Is that motive about to be thrown into the scrap heap? If you think so perhaps you have a better one to suggest.

Oh, very well then, you don't think that profits are so bad as all that. Perhaps you don't, but there seem to be millions who do, or at least they talk like millions of people.

Karl Marx, the apostle of socialism, said that profits were filched from labor, a defalcation from the workingman. The apostle of the very latest movement to nationalize one of our great basic industries says that profits should go to all the people but are monopolized by nonproducers, by a special class, the investors. Labor is exploited, though it bears the burden of production. Profits go to the wrong man. There is no reason why they should be monopolized by the employers and capitalists.

It is said that seamstresses in England were paid a shilling a day at one time for making shirts though the company for which they worked paid dividends of seventeen per cent on its ordinary stock. The directors of a chain of stores in this country are reported to have urged stockholders to buy into a new issue of shares, one of the arguments being that girls could be got to work for very, very low wages.

All or most of our industrial ills, it is suggested, are due to the simple fact that the men in control of our industries are interested solely in profits and not in service. Nor can the present mutual suspicion of employer and employee be removed, it is added, so long as the two fight each other in the dark for an indeterminate share of the profits.

"The world has been distorted, pulled out of shape, as it were, by this motive. Profits have proved too costly a luxury. Under this system there are no incentives for the workers. Production is not increased fast enough. The world is nothing but a treadmill for muzzled oxen which grind out profits for shareholders. Men are wage slaves and large sections of the population are beginning to refuse to work any longer for private enterprise."

Thus we see that to lay the high cost of living at the door of the profits system, as so many are doing, is merely to mention but one small item in a whole broadside of charges.

"In America profit is a religious idea," said a radical who recently returned from England. "To challenge it is to pass under such scornful censure as met the atheist in days of state religion."

Nonsense. If there is any better system by which mankind can supply its wants let us have it by all means. There is nothing sacred or unchangeable about the business system and its profit-making feature. Like other features of our civilization it may disappear in course of time in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest.

If profits serve no useful purpose, then overboard with them at once! First let us pass a law forbidding profits above four per cent and then a little later we might as well prohibit them altogether. But before we take this step let us see just who will bear the losses and risks involved in producing and distributing goods. Losses cannot be prevented by law any more than King Canute could change the tides by commanding the waves to go back.

No Business Without Its Risks

THE very word "business," which means the work of the world, brings to mind a balance sheet, and that means profit and loss. Business always implies two sides—surplus and deficit. Whenever men have sought a profit, from the beginning of time, they have known they were taking a risk and that there might be a loss.

A traveler recently returned from Russia tells the story of a native merchant who contracted to sell a cargo of goods in Moscow. But the goods did not arrive though he tried frantically to get them through. The buyers became more and more irritated and threatened all sorts of action. The merchant had agreed, had given his word, had made himself responsible to deliver those goods. He was liable for heavy loss. Finally the buyers repudiated their bargain and the merchant was more worried than ever. Then unexpectedly the goods arrived.

"What did you do?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, I didn't care what happened then," was the satisfied reply. "It didn't matter what the buyers did because by the time the goods had arrived they were worth four times what I had agreed to sell them for."

A crude extreme case, typical of a disorganized state of society, but it exaggerates by only a little the normal chances of loss as well as profit which the business organization of the world is always taking. How about the cases where the goods did not come through, of the Russian business men who were stuck? Why is it that when profits are charged with every evil that man is heir to we hear only of Rockefeller and Carnegie, and never of those who sank below the surface, who risked and lost, who failed?

It is a commonplace of business life that one per cent of all men engaged in business fail every year, which means that if a man remains in business thirty-three years his chances of failure are one in three. But these figures include only those who fail in a sort of formal sense, with loss to creditors. It does not include those who merely fail to succeed.

Many unsuccessful concerns do not actually become insolvent, or bankrupt, but pass from hand to hand, each owner or manager losing a little. Often concerns go on for years without ever making profits. Many lines of business struggle on indefinitely without the owner or manager really knowing whether he is making a profit. He may get a living, which is no more than wages, and as long as he gets his living he sticks to it.

Innumerable men fail several times before they ultimately make good. Young men often fail in various lines and then finally succeed in something entirely different. Even among big concerns, the most conspicuous in their trades, there is often no real profit, only a false front. Just because a concern is big it affords no reason to assume that it is prosperous. We have examples in almost every industry. I asked a man of long experience in selling goods to other concerns how many of them had been profitable.

"I cannot say exactly," he replied, "but as I look back over our business I do not see so many conspicuous successes. Not many actual bankruptcies, but innumerable changes. New men and new capital constantly coming in. Most of them, it is true, paid up their debts eventually."

Many Losers and Few Winners

AGAIN I say it is a commonplace of experience that the conspicuously successful enterprises in any given line are relatively few. We know there are losses because we see them every day. They range from peddlers on the smallest scale way up to the biggest corporations. How many farmers, small retailers and dealers in general have made great profits in the last generation?

We are so familiar with crop failures, with blight, drought, rust and the like that the inability of farmers in a particular section of the country to come out ahead in this or that season hardly excites passing comment. And what an everyday experience it is to see a retail store change hands or shut up shop because the proprietor has failed to make a go of it.

But as a rule except in periods of exceptionally high prices it is not the profits of the farmer or retailer that come in for general ire. There seems to be an especial wickedness about profits in larger-scale industries. But are the losses so much smaller?

Canals were the big business of their day, a hundred years ago, but scores of millions were lost in them. Nor have the railroads, biggest business of all, been one unalloyed orgy of profits. Railroad owners may at one time have received large profits. Indeed the railroads may have been exploited and plundered. But for ten years past railroad profits have been meager. The shrinkage in the market value of railroad securities in the last few years has been more than three billions of dollars. Several billions of securities have been in default. Interest and dividends have been paid out of the government treasury. There has been no real profit.

Lay the blame where you will, the fact remains that railroad proprietors have lost as well as gained. If there were any way to analyze the complete ownership of every railroad stock and bond from the beginning of railroads to the present time it would be found that quite a number made more than a conscionable profit, that many received merely a moderate return on their investment, and that many actually lost.

It needs no statistical proof to show that those who invested in recent years have lost.

When the writer first began working as a financial newspaper reporter fifteen years ago bonds of the ferry companies plying between New York and Brooklyn were considered prime investments. The subway came and the bonds disappeared. Bonds and even stocks of the railroads in Mexico were considered by many as splendid investments, and they too have gone.

When the Suez Canal was opened two million tons of sailing vessels ceased to be a profitable investment because they could not use the canal, and the Cape of Good Hope route was too long. The invention of new machinery put out of business the whole woolen industry in an important section of England. We all remember the losses in the bicycle industry after the automobile came. But why multiply instances? Every reader of this article can name many of which in all probability the writer never heard.

> *And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,*
> *The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,*
> *The solemn temples, the great globe itself,*
> *Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,*
> *And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,*
> *Leave not a rack behind.*

It was not many years ago that the wisest minds in Wall Street recommended the purchase of 3½% bonds because it was thought that the rate of interest would remain low for many years. Who can count the losses that have flowed from that delusion? How many days pass in which the newspapers do not report the appraisal of a rich man's estate containing a long list of cats and dogs? Has anyone discovered a perfectly safe investment or any way of exchanging a present enjoyment for a future income without risk?

And as for the profits that are made in Wall Street! Perhaps I had better not pursue this phase of the subject because most of my readers would be forced to admit having lost money there. The subject is a delicate one.

Take three great new industries—automobiles, motion pictures and aviation. We know there were great losses in the early stages of the first two and that great losses are actually being sustained to-day in the third.

The tremendously elaborate precautions which savings banks and trust funds throw about their investments, the steadily spreading field of insurance and the principle embodied in the Federal income-tax law that losses may be deducted from one's return—all these constitute evidence from three independent sources of the element of risk and loss which still confronts the effort of society to supply its wants.

As long as men cannot foresee, predict and control the future there seems to be no way of avoiding chance, risk and loss. If conditions were unchangeable, or static, there would be no risk and therefore no need of profit. But the equilibrium is always being disturbed. We have depressions and bursts of prosperity, panics, sweeping price revolutions, new inventions and other improvements in methods and organization; and worst of all, wholesale changes in the wants of mankind, which are often immeasurable and involve enormous shifts of industry.

The Best Laid Plans Upset by Chance

A MILD open winter may bring untold losses to certain trades. A strike in the steel trade may depress the musical instrument business, though employers in the latter may be in no way responsible for conditions in the former trade and totally unable to foresee them. Wars upset all calculations.

Internally as well as externally business is chock-full of risk. Policy must be incessantly readjusted. Business must be steered just right between caution and recklessness. Eternal vigilance is the price of survival. For even the monopoly and the old established business with good will and a trade name may be pushed aside. New ideas are an almost daily necessity, but they must prove to be practical.

Absolutely essential is just the right operating ratio to a dot, and the right amount of working capital, turnover, cash resources and ratio of capital to labor. A few per cent one way or the other means ruin.

The proper proportion of machinery—capital—to wages varies at different prices or costs. If wages rise it pays to add machinery; if wages fall it pays to let some of the machinery deteriorate and do more by hand labor. Likewise there is constant substitution of the various materials or machines one for the other. The right proportions change constantly. A model factory is so arranged that the buildings hold the right number of machines, with the right amount of space for the workmen and the right amount of power.

Arthur S. Dewing, an expert in corporate finance, tells of the case of a man who had had a long training in the shoe business. He had accumulated enough money to operate a small factory with rather antiquated and inefficient equipment. In this he was highly successful. Spurred on by his success he built a modern factory to make the same grade of shoes. Indeed, so complete and perfect of its kind was the new plant that it was distinctly a show establishment among those making that particular grade of shoe.

The output was very much greater than in the smaller factory, and labor costs were no higher. Yet the owner

failed, losing in a short space of time all he had previously made. He exercised as much managerial ability in one factory as another. Labor costs remained the same. But he failed because in the second case the fixed-capital costs were proportionately too great for his particular line of product.

Many concerns which rushed into the munition business early in the war lost heavily because the proper balance between capital and labor costs was not determined. These balances vary not only in every industry but in different branches of the same industry. A small shop can do about as well making high-grade cigars as a great factory. But it is entirely different with cigarettes. Large-scale production is not suited to one, and exactly suited to the other.

Just what scale of production will bring the highest efficiency? At what point is the balance or equilibrium reached between increasing and decreasing returns? Here is a vital question upon whose answer success or failure frequently rests. Those who decide must be responsible for loss in case of error, as well as the gainers when they hit it right.

Wall Street recognizes regular periods of wreckage and bankruptcy for attempted mergers which evidently fail to study out sufficiently the laws that govern success. At least once in a generation there is a new crop of industrial combination failures.

Business being permeated with risk and loss it is but natural that profits should not be permanent. A lucky or able enterpriser meets a great want and makes fabulous profits. But then the wants of the people shift or new inventions change the whole process or competitors attracted by the high rate of profit proceed to drive it down. Even the Standard Oil Company is meeting with ever greater competition and is gathering its utmost strength to-day to fight its great European rival.

Profits rise because society is ever changing and shifting. As a movement spends itself profits in that particular line vanish, only to reappear in something new.

Men Who Take Chances and Win

PROFITS may be described as the reward for supplying a new want or putting into effect an improvement, like that of petroleum for light and fuel. But they tend to cease when once the improvement is fully applied. For no monopoly or patent laws can for very long prevent new inventions, methods and processes from being used by the general body of business men.

The profits of business men, of the capitalist employer class, seem very large, but that is often because they include the wages of management or superintendence as well as the current rate of interest on savings. Of course such profits look large to the masses of the people because only a very few among the masses are capable of superintending, managing, enterprising and risking. Profits fill the imagination because they go to so few. But are there many who are capable of undertaking business ventures?

It is a commonplace of experience that relatively few men are fitted to work for themselves, to manage enterprises. Few have the determination, ambition, type of character and ability that are required in assuming responsibility. Those who have these qualities enjoy a monopoly, and thus far in history they have been able to make the world pay them tribute on that monopoly.

If we are inclined at times to get red in the face because John D. Rockefeller has so much more of this world's goods than seems just, let us not forget that when he and his early associates went into the oil business they were told by friends and acquaintances that they were fools to take the risk. Yet Rockefeller borrowed and plunged.

"No one has ever made any money in oil," was the grave warning that he received.

I asked a man of famous lineage, very great wealth and equally great initiative, whether he believed in large profits and fortunes.

"You see that electric light up there on the ceiling," he replied. "We take it for granted now, but not when you and I were children. It exists only because some darned fool was willing to risk money and time.

"They told me I was a fool when I went into ——" He named a well-known chemical. "They said it was a fine thing to play with in the laboratory and if I had any sense I would leave it there. But I invested my money, a lot of it, in what most men considered a risk, and now we have a score of plants and cannot keep up with our orders."

Profits are not so much the reward for mere willingness to take risks and to overlook the glooms who are always taking the joy out of life by predicting failure, as they are for the skill and ability in making risks dwindle and disappear. It is the ability to minimize risk, the restless watchfulness and intuitive anticipation that count. It is the correctness of the unseen decision, the "secret sagacity of the determining mind."

"Business risk is not that of the throwing of dice, in which skill has no part," is the way one keen thinker has put it. "Business risk is rather that of the rope walker in crossing Niagara; the task is easily undertaken by the skillful Blondin; it is fatally dangerous to the man of unsteady nerve and limb."

Again and again a particular concern flourishes because a particular man is at the head of it; or falls upon evil days because a less able man is in charge.

Many a thriving industrial community owes its prosperity solely to the accident of birth of a single capable man of business.

There must be managers and leaders in nearly every undertaking. What use is a single laborer, a piece of land, a machine, or even a thousand dollars, without a manager to organize, energize and combine these factors in proper proportion?

Of what value was a distillery after prohibition came? There were buildings, lands, workers, machinery. But who could turn them into a profitable candy or food enterprise? Only the enterpriser, the business man, he who was willing to take upon himself the risk and responsibility of the new undertaking, who would and could supply new capital as needed or represent those who were willing to do so.

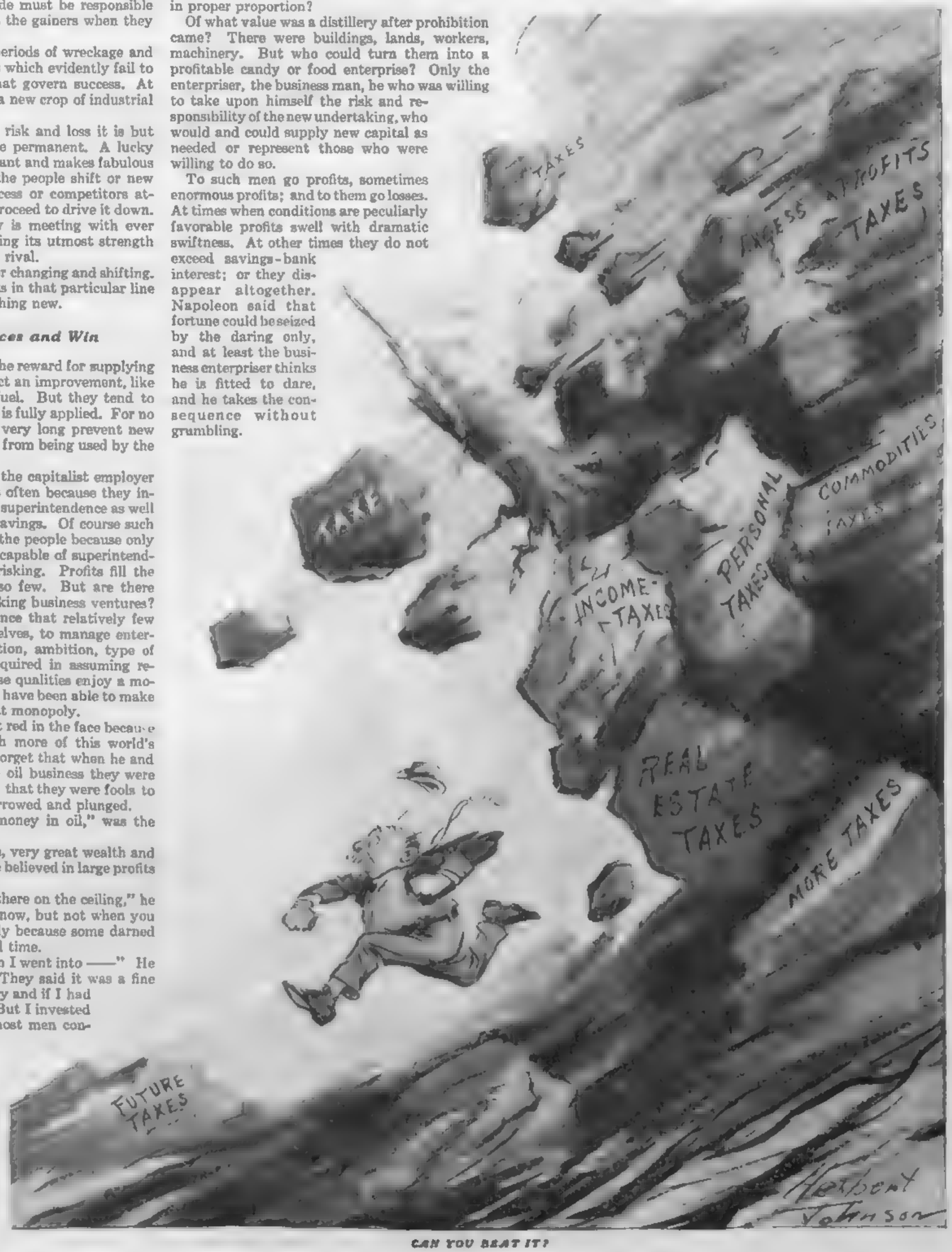
To such men go profits, sometimes enormous profits; and to them go losses. At times when conditions are peculiarly favorable profits swell with dramatic swiftness. At other times they do not exceed savings-bank interest; or they disappear altogether. Napoleon said that fortune could be seized by the daring only, and at least the business enterpriser thinks he is fitted to dare, and he takes the consequence without grumbling.

Profits in the long run are greater, it is true, than the risks. The gains on the whole exceed the losses. Men wouldn't take risks if this were not so. An insurance company suffers many losses, but it expects on the average to come out ahead.

The profit taker also gets more as a rule than the wage earner. This is because risks are regarded as an evil and few will take them. Fear of loss not only reduces the competition and improves the chances of gain in the long run but means that qualities of foresight, courage and ability, which few possess, are required.

Business repays men not only for their exceptional labors but for their fears. If one man in a hundred fails it is probable that the ninety-nine others get more than the one loses. Otherwise they would not embark upon a sea of troubles.

(Continued on Page 169)



CAN YOU BEAT IT?

When August the Second Was April the First

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

HOW Ethan A. Pratt, formerly of South New Medford, in the State of Vermont, came to be resident manager and storekeeper for the British Great Eastern Company, Limited, on Good Friday Island in the South Seas, is not our present concern. Besides, the way of it makes too long a tale. It is sufficient to say he was.

Never having visited that wide, long, deep and mainly liquid backside of the planet known broadly as the South Seas but always intending to do so, I must largely depend for my local color upon what Ethan Pratt wrote back home to South New Medford; on that, plus what returned travelers to those parts have from time to time told me. So if in this small chronicle those paragraphs which purport to be of a descriptive nature appear incomplete to readers personally acquainted with the spots dealt with or with spots like them the fault, in some degree at least, must rest upon the fact that I have had my main dependence in the preserved letters of one who was by no means a sprightly correspondent, but on the contrary was by way of being somewhat prosy, not to say commonplace, on his literary side.

From the evidence extant one gathers that for the four years of his life he spent on Good Friday Island Ethan Pratt lived in the rear room of a two-room house of frame standing on a beach with a little village about it, a jungle behind it, a river half-mooning it and a lagoon before it. In the rear room he bedded and baited himself. The more spacious front room into which his housekeeping quarters opened was a store of sorts where he retailed print goods staple, tinned foods assorted and gimcracks various to his customers, these mostly being natives. The building was crowned with a tin roof and on top of the roof there perched a round water tank, like a high hat on a head much too large for it. The use of this tank was to catch and store up rain water, which ran into it from the sloping top of a larger and taller structure standing partly alongside and partly back of the lesser structure. The larger building—a shed it properly was; a sprawling wide-eaved barracks of a shed—was for the storing of copra, the chief article for export produced on Good Friday Island.

Copra, as all know—or as all should know, since it has come to be one of the most essential vegetable products of the world, a thing needful in the manufacture of nearly every commercial output in which fatty essences are required—is the dried meat of the nut of the coconut palm. So rich is it in oils that soap makers—to cite one of the industries employing it—scarce could do without it; but like many of this earth's most profitable and desirable yieldings it has its unpretty aspects. For one thing it stinks most abominably while it is being cured, and after it has been cured it continues to stink, with a lessened intensity. For another thing, the all-pervading reek of the stuff gets into food that is being prepared anywhere in its bulked vicinity.

Out in front of the establishment over which Ethan Pratt presided, where the sandy beach met the waters, was a rickety little wharf like a hyphen to link the grit with the salt. Down to the outer tip of the wharf ran a narrow-gauge track of rusted iron rails, and over the track on occasion plied little straddle-bug handcars. Because the water offshore was shoal ships could not come in very close but must lie well out in the lagoon and their unloadings and their reloadings were carried on by means of whaleboats ferrying back and forth between ship side and dock side with the push cars to facilitate the freight movement at the land end of the connection. This was a laborious and a vexatious proceeding, necessitating the handling and rehandling of every bit of incoming or outbound cargo several times. But then, steamers did not come very often to Good Friday Island; one came every two months, about.

The expanse upon which Ethan Pratt looked when he turned his eyes outward was of an incredible whiteness. You would have thought it to be the whitest, most blinding thing in the world until you considered the road that skirted it and some of the buildings that bordered it. For the road was built of crushed coral, so dazzlingly white that to look fixedly at it for thirty seconds in bright weather was to make the eyeballs ache; and the buildings referred to were built of blocks of white coral like exaggerated cubes of refined sugar. These buildings were the chapels and churches—Methodist, Catholic, Seventh Day Adventist, English Wesleyan and American Mormon. When the sun shone clear the water on beyond became a shimmering blazing shield of white-hot metal; and an hour of uninterrupted gazing upon it would have turned an argus into a blinkard. But other times—early morning or evening or when stormy weather impended—the lagoon became all a wonderful deep clear blue, the color of molten stained glass. One peering then into its depths saw, far down below, marvelous sea gardens all fronded and ferny and waving; and through the foliage of this fairyland went darting schools and shoals of fish queerly shaped and as brilliantly colored as tropical birds.

At the top of the beach, girdling it on its land side, and stenciling themselves against the sky line, ran a fringing of coconut palms. The trunks were naked almost to the tops, where the foliage revealed itself in flaring clumps of green. Viewed separately a tree was suggestive of a great bird standing on one leg with its head hidden under its wing, its rump upreared and its splayed tail feathers saluting the skies. Viewed together they made a spectacle for which nothing in the temperate zones, animal or vegetable, offers a measurable comparison. When the wind blew softly the trees whispered among themselves. When the wind blew hard and furiously, as it often did, or when the trade breeze swelled to hurricane speed, the coconuts in their long bearded husks would be wrenched free and would come hurtling through the air like fletched cannon balls. When one of them struck a tin roof there resulted a terrific crashing sound fit to wake the dead and to stun the living.

Living there Pratt's diet was mainly tinned salmon, which tasted faintly of tin and strongly of copra; and along with the salmon, crackers, which in this climate were almost always flabby with dampness and often were afflicted with greenish mold. Salmon and crackers had come to be his most dependable stand-bys in the matter of provender. True the natives brought him gifts of food dishes; dishes cooked without salt and pleasing to the Polynesian palate. Coming out upon his balcony of a morning he would find swinging from a crossbeam a basket made of the green palm leaves and containing a chicken or a fish prepared according to the primitive native recipe, or perhaps a mess of wild greens baked on hot stones; or maybe baked green bananas or taro or yams or hard crusty halves of baked breadfruit.

To the white man yams and taro taste mighty good at first, but eventually he sickens of them. Pratt sickened sooner than some white men had; and almost from the first the mere sight and savor of a soft-fleshed baked fish had made his gorge rise in revolt. So he fell back upon staples of his own land and ate salmon and crackers.

This island where he lived was an island of smells and insects. Consider first the matter of the prevalent smells: When the copra was curing and the village green was studded with thousands of little cusps, each being brown without and milk-white within, and each destined to remain there until the heat had dried the nut meats to the proper brownish tone, there rose and spread upon the air a stench so thick and so heavy as to be almost visible; a rancid, hot, rottenish stench. Then, when the wind blew off the seas it frequently brought with it the taint of rotted fish. Sniffing this smell Ethan Pratt would pray for a land breeze; but since he hated perfumery smells almost as intensely as he hated putrescent ones, a land breeze was no treat to his nose either, for it came freighted with the sickish odor of the frangipane and of a plant the islanders call *mosooi*, overpowering in their combined sweetness.

In his letters he complained much of these smells and likewise much of the heat, but more than of either he complained of the insects. It would appear that the mosquitoes worked on him in shifts. By day there came day mosquitoes, creatures of the sunlight and matching it in a way, seeing that they were big gray-striped fellows with keen and strident voices. By night there were small vicious mosquitoes, in color an appropriate black and in habit more bloodthirsty than Uhlans. After dark the flame of his kerosene lamp was to them as the traditional light in the traditional casement is to returning wanderers. It brought them in millions, and with them tiny persistent gnats and many small coffin-shaped beetles and hosts of pulpy, unwholesome-looking moths of many sizes and as many colors. Screens and double screens at the window openings did not avail to keep these visitors out. Somehow they found a way in. The mosquitoes and the gnats preyed upon him; the beetles and the moths were lured by the flame to a violent end. To save the wick from being clogged by their burnt bodies he hooded the top of the lamp with netting. This caused the lamp chimney to smoke and foul itself with soot. To save his shins from attack he

He Was Alongside by the Time Her Anchor Chains Had Rattled Out, and the Skipper With His Own Hands Passed Down to Him a Mail Bag

At the Top of the Beach, Stenciling Themselves Against the Sky Line, Ran a Fringing of Coconut Palms

wrapped his legs in newspaper buskins. For his hands, his face and his ears he could devise no protection.

To be encountered just outside the door were huge flying cockroaches that clung in his hair or buffeted him in the face as they blundered along on purposeless flights. Still other insects, unseen but none the less busy, added to the burden of his jeremiad. Borers riddled the pages of his books; and the white ant, as greedy for wood pulp as a paper baron, was constantly sapping and mining the underpinnings of his house.

Touching on the climate his tone was most rebellious. By all accounts the weather was rarely what one born in Vermont would regard as seasonable weather. According to him its outstanding characteristics were heat, moistness and stickiness. If he took a nap in the afternoon he rose from it as from a Turkish bath. His hair was plastered to his head all day with dampness; his forehead and his face ran sweat; his wrists were as though they had been parboiled and freshly withdrawn from the water. Perspiration glued his garments to his frame. His shoes behind the door turned a leprous white from mildew and rotted to pieces while yet they were new.

The forest, into which he sometimes ventured, was a place of dampness, deepness and smells; a place of great trees, fat fungoids, sprawling creepers, preposterous looking parasites, orchids, lianas; a place of things that crawled and climbed and twined and clung. It was filled with weird sounds—the booming of wild pigeons; a nagging, tapping sound as though woodchoppers were at work far off in its depths; and a constant insane chattering sound, as though mad children, hidden all about him, were laughing at him. Dusk brought from their coverts the flying foxes, to utter curious notes as they sailed through the gloaming, and occasionally sharp squeaks as of mortal agony or intense gratification—he couldn't make up his mind which. After nightfall if he flung a lighted cigar stump out upon the sand he could see it moving off in the darkness apparently under its own motive power. But the truth was that a land crab, with an unsolvable mania for playing the rôle of torchbearer, would be scuttling away with the stub in one of its claws.

The forest sheltered no dangerous beasts and no venomous reptiles, but in it were stinging nettles the touch of which was like fire to a sensitive white skin. Also, the waters of the lagoon were free from man-eaters, but wading close to shore one was almost sure to bark one's shanks on the poisoned coral, making sores that refused to heal. Against the river, which flowed down out of the interior to the sea, Pratt likewise bore a grudge, because it was in the river that a brown woman washed his clothes on the stones, returning them with the buttons pounded off; but for every missing button there was sure to be a bright yellow semi-indelible stain, where the laundress had spread the garments to dry upon a wild berry bush.

Every two months the steamer came. Then the white population of the station doubled and trebled itself. Traders and storekeepers came by canoe from outlying islands or from remote stations on the farther side of his own island, for Good Friday Island had but one port of entry and this was it. Beachcombers who had been adopted into villages in the interior sauntered in over jungle trails. Many of them were deserters from whalers or from naval vessels; nearly all were handsome chaps in an animal sort of way.

For this common sharing of a common comeliness among them there was a reason. In a land where physical perfection literally is worshiped, good-looking men, brawny and broad, are surest of winning an asylum and wives and tribal equality. To Pratt it seems to have been a source of wonderment that almost without exception they were blue-eyed and light-haired; he could understand of course why their skins, once fair and white, had changed to the color of well-tanned calfskin. The sun beating upon their naked bodies had done that.

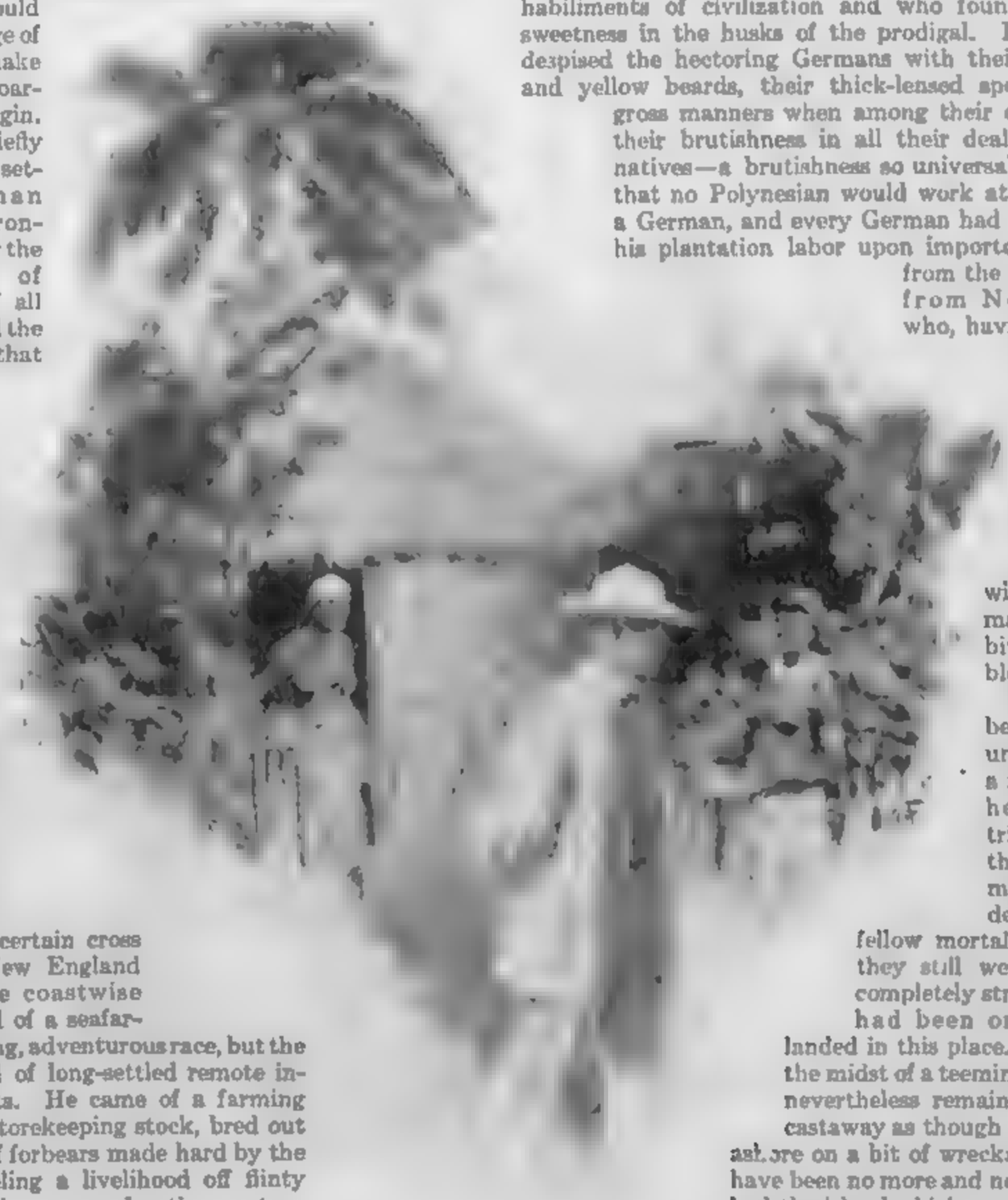
There also would be present a party of overseers and managers from a big German plantation on an adjacent island. The traders and the Germans would appear in white ducks with white shoes smartly pipe-clayed, and white straw hats. The beachcombers would be in clean pyjama suits with bright-colored neckties. Ordinarily these latter went about bare-headed, bare-legged and bare-bodied except for the lava-lava made of fiber from the paper mulberry tree and worn like a kilt about the hips; but now, in white men's garments, they sought to prove that they still were white men and civilized white men too. If the steamer were late, as very often happened, some of the visitors would take advantage of the wait to make themselves roaring drunk on gin.

So much briefly for the stage setting of Ethan Pratt's environment; now for the personality of the man: Of all the breeds and the mixed breeds that have gravitated out of white lands into these sea islands of darker-skinned peoples, there surely was never a more incongruous, more alien figure than this man presented. For you should know that in all things he was most typical of what is most typical in a certain cross section of New England life—not the coastwise New England of a seafaring, far-ranging, adventurous race, but the New England of long-settled remote interior districts. He came of a farming stock and a storekeeping stock, bred out of the loins of forbears made hard by the task of chiseling a livelihood off flinty hillsides, made narrow by the pent-up communal system of isolated life, made honest and truthful by the influences behind them and the examples before them of generations of straight-walking, strait-laced, God-dreading folk.

That form of moral dyspepsia known as the Puritanical conscience was his by right of inheritance. In his nature there was no flexibility, no instinct for harmonious adaptability to any surroundings excepting those among which he had been born and in which he intended to end his days. Temperamentally he was of a fast color. The leopard cannot change its spots and neither could he change his; nor did he will so to do. In short he was what he was, just as God and prenatal reactions had fashioned him, and so he would remain to the end of the chapter.

For all the four years he had spent out there the lure of the South Seas—about which so much has been written that it must be a verity and not a popular myth—had never laid hold upon him. Its gorgeous physical beauty, its languor, its voluptuous color and abandon, its prodigally glorious dawns and its velvety nights—held for him no value to be reckoned as an offset against climatic discomforts; it left him untouched. In it he never saw the wonderland that Stevenson made so vivid to stay-at-homes, nor felt for one instant the thrill that inspired Jack London to fine rhapsodizing. In it he saw and he felt only the sense of an everlasting struggle against foreign elements and hostile forces.

Among the missionaries he had acquaintances but no friends. He despised the swaggering beachcombers who had flung off the decencies of civilization along with the habiliments of civilization and who found a marrowy sweetness in the husks of the prodigal. Even more he despised the hectoring Germans with their flaming red and yellow beards, their thick-lensed spectacles, their gross manners when among their own kind and their brutishness in all their dealings with the natives—a brutishness so universal among them that no Polynesian would work at any price for a German, and every German had to depend for his plantation labor upon imported black boys from the Solomons and from New Guinea, who, having once been trapped or, to use the trade word, indented, were thereafter held in an enforced servitude and paid with the bondman's wage of bitter bread and bloody stripes.



Temperamentally He Was of a Fast Color. The Leopard Cannot Change Its Spots and Neither Could He Change His

He had never been able to get under the skin of a native; indeed he had never tried. In all the things that go to make up an understanding of a fellow mortal's real nature they still were to him as completely strangers as they had been on the day he landed in this place. Set down in the midst of a teeming fecundity he nevertheless remained as truly a castaway as though he had floated ashore on a bit of wreckage. He could have been no more and no less a maroon had the island which received him been a desert island instead of a populous one.

When a chief paid him a formal visit, bringing a gift of taro root and sitting

(Continued on Page 101)

MOONSHINE

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ROBERT BURNS PIPLING was an author. He admitted it. You or I, being earth-born, might have classified him as a manufacturer whose business it was to take raw life, pour it into a busy grinding machine—to wit, a typewriter—and turn it out in the form of a finished product suitable to the appetite of American consumers between the ages of eighteen and eighty. But he stuck to it that he was an author, held the thought and did his best to make the illusion universal; Who's Who gives him a solid paragraph, mentioning poems, plays, pamphlets, novels and novelettes, the names of which I withhold for fear of giving offense to his publishers.

Every artist is an inventor in the embryo. Leonardo invented the wheelbarrow and Morse abandoned painting in order to give the world a more or less useful telegraphic apparatus. I cite these historic examples merely to prepare the public mind for several things, otherwise unaccountable, which Robert Burns Pipling did during his wife's brief absence from Spouting Springs, West Virginia, where the Piplings had interned themselves for the summer.

Possibly you have a picture in your mind of the moderately eminent Mr. Pipling. You visualize him as an elemental soul, a sufferer slightly at odds with his generation, a sort of house-broken Jean Christophe with hair a little long, necktie a little loose, and eyes—eyes a size too large for his head, deepened by the sadness of dreams at odds with his generation.

In one particular you are right—the matter of dreams at odds with his generation. Let us view him in actuality as he stood on the platform of a small West Virginia station on a cold September morn and removed his cloth cap in the presence of his wife, who had an inherited prejudice against being kissed by a gentleman with his hat on. It was inhumanly early in the day; the train had a cruel habit of departing before sunrise and the Piplings had swallowed coffee out of a patent bottle and called it breakfast.

Bareheaded in the rosy dawn Mr. Pipling presented an appearance of almost startling nudity. An enthusiastic biographer might have referred to his brow as high—indeed it was that, for it blushed nakedly from his thoughtful forehead to that anatomical hinge where the upper vertebra joins itself to the base of the skull. His figure was solid, not to say fat. He wore a knickerbocker suit of an obtrusive gray and a pair of those zebra-striped shoes which always suggest twin cruisers beautified by a camouflage's attempt at protective coloration.

His wife, who managed to remain lovely as the dawn, regarded his woeful face and looked a little worried. Only pressing business could have called her away thus suddenly from her husband and the two other babies in her care.

Bobby," she said, making a step toward the toy train of mustard-colored cars, which were beginning to jerk restlessly, "are you sure you are quite well?"

"Yes, honey," was Robert's depressed reply.

"Don't smoke too much."

"No, darling."

"And I've left a dozen wool socks, all nicely mended, in the top drawer of your bureau. Don't think of wearing cotton socks in this weather. There's a lot of grippe going round."

"I think I'm getting it," he suggested hopefully, a shudder passing through his well-padded form.

"Bobby! I know something's going to happen while I'm away. Please try to take care of yourself!"

"I think a walk will fix me up." He said this with a martyr's smile.

"If you don't get warm take a hot bath with some mustard in it."

"I will. And, darling ——"

"Yes, Bobby?"

"Suppose I should need it—I don't think I shall, but you can't tell—didn't we bring a bottle of Bourbon down from New York?"

"Oh, yes." Angy's tone was casual. "Of course we're keeping it for medicinal purposes."

"Well, when you're cold and need a drink isn't that a medicinal purpose?"

"Yes. But something awful might happen. And if you once open it it's gone."

"Of course."

Stretch his imagination as he might he couldn't think of any emergency that would require either of his children—the elder of whom was less than three years old—to drink a full quart of high-proof Kentucky Bourbon. And Maggie Dempsey, the nurse, hated the sight of alcohol; that he knew full well.

Finally he resumed with a suppressed sigh, "Where's it gone?"

"I gave it to Maggie to keep," she admitted, and kissed him again, rapidly this time because the brakeman was howling, and looking at her as he howled.

He helped her to the steps of a mustard-colored coach.

"Don't let Willie play near the pond," she called from the moving platform. "I'll telegraph when I'm coming. And tell Maggie to look in the wardrobe trunk for the baby's ——"

Mechanical roarings annihilated the notes of human affection. Robert Burns Pipling, who was one of your geniuses who look better with their heads covered, put on his cap and assumed a thoughtful pose which would have been valuable to him had his publisher's representative been there with a camera. He might have been planning the climactic scene in his impending novel The Marriage of Jezebel. As a matter of simple truth he was thinking about that bottle of Bourbon. Where had Maggie put it?

He strolled moodily over to an early breakfast at Bubbling Springs Hotel, a resort more pretentious, hence more fashionable than Spouting Springs, which lay a good six miles up the road. Pipling ate alone, and the ham and eggs were as ashes in his mouth. He wanted that bottle of Bourbon and he thought it grossly unfair that his Angeline should have departed without giving him a written order upon Maggie Dempsey, who would, he suspected, require coercion.

Perhaps I have given a false impression of Robert Burns Pipling. He was not one of those grubby specimens whom sociologists tag as drinking men. Far from it. He could take it or leave it alone; he had left it alone with a dreadful loneliness during his three months' stay in the driest state of the driest nation upon our troubled earth.

But there had come to him of late that morbid craving bred of a conscientious objection to Amendment Eighteen. He had been satisfied with mountain air and medicinal spring water up to the close of August, when several spirited men of the world had appeared at his hotel and changed the psychological aspect of everything.

They liked to play poker, they liked to sit round tables and reminisce—and where is fancy bred of ginger ale, even at the prevalent price of forty cents a pint? Like Pipling they were dignified men, these three, men of affairs, science, social distinction.

There was a full-blooded Norfolk real-estate operator named Tweed, there was an eminent Boston surgeon named Biskoff, and there was a Percival Lamimoor, a studious young gentleman of the diplomatic service who was awaiting an appointment to a new post; he hoped it would be Italy, where he could pursue his study of Etruscan marbles.

Now there is interned in every manly breast a spirit of bad-boyishness which when kept in solitary confinement satisfies itself with dormant dreams of early criminality; but once expose this impish spirit to others of its like and it whistles rowdishly upon its psychic fingers, struggles to break its chicken wire and be free.

Almost upon his first handshake with Pipling this Mr. Tweed of Norfolk had asked, "You don't happen to know where I can get a little ——"

He had supplied the important noun with a two-fingered gesture perfectly understandable to the initiated. That furtive question, that sign, had roused the sleeping demon. Never again had that question been broached between the author and the three worldly gentlemen. But thirst, like an invisible gas, had floated forever over them.

"Isn't there such a thing as personal liberty in this free country?" sneered Mr. Pipling this morning as he sat on the Bubbling Springs veranda digesting his breakfast and thinking about a world which looked bleak and drear despite its rich autumnal coloring. It was about time for him to be going back to Spouting Springs, he thought, and he should be calling a jitney.

On a red porch chair beside him someone had left a copy of yesterday's Virginia Pilot. A headline, black-faced and important, caught his eye. He picked up the sheet and saw that which seemed at this stage in his spiritual decline perfectly innocent and harmless:

BIG HAUL OF MOONSHINERS

SHERIFF EGGLEY AND DEPUTIES CLEAN UP STILL NEAR PINE POLE

The article below though sparse in local color was rich in praise of the fearless champion of law and order who by superhuman cunning had surrounded a little smoky cave near a mountain stream and caught three bandits redhanded with twenty gallons of white whisky, warm from the still. Many deputies were honorably mentioned, and among them one Hig Botts, whose name Pipling recognized as that of an enterprising jitney driver who operated between Spouting Springs and the railway station. The newspaper account, poverty-stricken though it was in picturesque detail, imparted to the author's romantic brain a thrill of uncanny romance. Hig Botts of the suave and gentle manners, who jitneyed tirelessly, raised a few sheep and speculated in real estate, was, beneath his commonplace exterior, a heroic

A Blond Clerk Who Attended Them at the Hardware Store Looked Mildly Interested When the Amateur Moonshiners Asked for Copper Kettles

figure of a man, a secret member of the Government's law-enforcing body! What material for a motion-picture performance of the You-All School! But the shame of it—twenty gallons of undiluted whisky poured wastefully into the mountain stream which once had cooled it!

Pipling breathed a well-chosen literary oath and strolled down to the station to find an inexpensive vehicle to save his lazy legs from walking. There were several jitneys loitering about; Pipling chose the nearest one and signaled absent-mindedly. Its driver clambered almost hysterically down from his seat, applied the crank with one mighty swing, and leaping nimbly to the wheel—his haste implying that the passenger might change his mind and choose a rival—inquired in honeyed tone, "Back to the Spoutin', Misteh Pipling?"

"Straight back," commanded the author, controlling his voice; for as he came out of his trancelike contemplations he was aware of the driver's personality. It was Mr. Hig Botts, assistant hero of the Pine Pole raid.

Mr. Botts, as our author studied him from the tonneau, was a picture of pastoral innocence proper to his occasional occupation as sheep raiser and minor country squire. He had been packing wool, he informed Mr. Pipling in a spurt of confidence as he twisted himself halfway round and permitted the jitney to run itself. Wool grease thickly coating his raw red hands went far toward verifying his statement. Mr. Botts had a puckered prickly face with a chin not much larger than his Adam's apple, and glassy eyes which seemed to be always surprised by what they saw. His head, which was perfectly flat in the back, was tilted precariously on a long neck and sloping shoulders like a pincushion on a claret bottle. He wore a shirt of that striking Highland plaid so often affected by the rough mountaineers of our motion-picture studios.

"You are—er—kept quite busy, aren't you?" hinted Mr. Pipling, hoping that this would serve as a lead toward thrilling revelations of moonshiner activities among the crooks and crannies of the Blue Ridge.

"Yes, seh. We put away right smaht o' wool this yeah," confessed Mr. Botts, slightly shifting the eternal amazement of his eyes.

"You raise something besides sheep—eh, what?" suggested the seeker after facts. He said this with a naughty smile, which was wasted on the jitney driver.

"Yes, seh. Chickens."

Mr. Botts turned abruptly to his wheel and deflected his course just in time to scrape the paint of a fat limousine lumbering round the curve.

The rest of the trip was taken in a silence which permitted Mr. Pipling to indulge his moody mood. He had hoped that Mr. Botts would prove venal, would drop some hint as to where, when and how white whisky could be obtained. What had become of that twenty precious gallons, wrested so heartlessly from the condemned mountain still? Pipling had tried more than once to purchase a bottle of liquor, either moonshine or bootleg, but a spirit of Spartan honor seemed to have swept over the natives, both black and white. He thought of his three engaging friends, the real-estate man, the surgeon and the diplomat, and how they had hinted that since they were all equally wifeless this week a wee dram now and then would hurt nobody's

Pipling Beheld His Dear Companions and Waved as He Passed, But They Gave Him No Heed

feelings. He had met and talked to men at the Springs who had got the stuff, according to bandit vernacular. He had heard romantic tales of bootleggers passing through the state with mysterious offers of inferior rye at fifteen dollars a quart; tales too of plain men from the hills who would accept currency by the light o' the moon, fill your jug and be gone. What couldn't Mr. Botts tell him, would he but loosen the tongue inside that prickly face?

As their flying chariot was approaching the colonial façade of Spouting Springs Hotel the unhappy genius turned his mind toward Maggie and the one full quart of Bourbon which Angy had confessed was in the keeping of their confidential nurse. Wasn't the liquor his, bought and paid for? What right had Maggie Dempsey to be concealing the property which her employer had brought into a dry state at his own risk and expense?

"It's an outrage!" he growled, and the little car had no sooner come to an asthmatic stop at the hotel veranda than he leaped savagely to earth, fully determined to meet Maggie face to face and assert his rights.

At a shady corner beyond the white pillars three serious-minded men sat, heads together, grappling in learned debate. Pipling beheld his dear companions and waved as he passed, but they gave him no heed. A short broad red-faced gentleman set his bulldog jaw and brought a square fist down on the arm of his chair; a slender well-groomed individual sat cross-kneed, caressing a military mustache as trim and glossy as his reddish pompadour; a little scientific man, his brow corrugated by years of minute analysis, peered through horn-rimmed spectacles, his eyes squinted flat in the intensity of his analysis. Apart from the group a tall gentleman whose black clothes and reversed collar proclaimed his profession was pacing the porch and smiling a benevolent smile.

"What's the argument now?" asked Mr. Pipling, pausing.

"Shantung, I reckon," announced the Reverend Mr. Beagle.

Pipling was rather glad to be out of the debate, because in common with some seventy-five millions of his fellow Americans he was beginning to think that a certain strip of the Orient whose location was vague in his mind should be put up at auction, and have done with all palaver.

Down in a hollow of the lawn he found Maggie Dempsey and his two children leading their normally restless life. Willie, it turned out, had already been playing in the pond and had brought back samples of its alluvial deposit on his hands, face and bare legs. He greeted his father with effusive cordiality and made splendid finger marks up and down Mr. Pipling's light knickerbockers. The baby was crying with that patient whole-hearted scream which only a teething baby knows how to maintain.

"Daddy!" cried the child, whom Pipling finally identified as his own. "Wanna fish!"

"Sure, ye want to fish," declared Maggie, acting as interpreter. "The minut yer mother's back's turned—and small reason she should be gaddin' off to Noo Yark—ye're afther drowndin' yerself in mud and slime. And now ye'll be needin' another bath for the day. Who but the good saints could keep ye alive to grow into a grand man like yer father?"

Pipling gleaned no compliment from the last remark, whose intended sarcasm was apparent. He made little of Maggie's bitter mood, for experience had demonstrated her almost fanatical love for his children. He had a romantic idea that in a pinch Maggie would do almost anything for the Pipling family—outside of keeping her temper. However, he had sought her out for a slyly unworthy purpose. "Maggie," he began, "there seems to be a great deal of influenza going round."

"There'd be none av ut," she informed him dourly, "did people but take dacent care of thimselves."

"I think I've been exposed to a draft," he pursued. "I seem to have a headache and a slight temperature."

"Ye don't look ut," she decided after a cool inspection.

"I suppose not."

He turned sadly away. Certainly the auspices were unfriendly. At first inclined to smile, his indignation grew against the dry conspiracy as he took his way toward the cottage on the brow of the hill. Maggie Dempsey had concealed a bottle—his bottle—somewhere in the depths of Pipling's temporary home. Though the idea of visit and search was against his every principle of conduct his mind was now set upon that loathsome expedient.

It was a large cottage which the Piplings occupied, an eight-room establishment with a second floor devoted to Maggie and her restless young. He set himself methodically to the search, avoiding only his workroom, whose contents he knew by heart. With all the patience of a conscientious burglar he rummaged every bureau drawer, every closet, spied upon shelves, peered under articles of furniture. His secret mission had carried him to the second floor, where he had made a thorough job of the nursery and had even got so far as a locked trunk just outside Maggie's door when a domestic clamor below announced plainly that Willie was being hauled back for his second bath.

Pipling tiptoed down just in time to face Maggie and his first-born on the stairs. He was humming a merry tune and his face had taken on the look of detachment and purity peculiar to a criminal almost caught in an act of crime. Maggie obliged him with a keenly suspicious look, but it was little Willie who, as the vernacular hath it, spilled the beans.

"Daddy, what you doon in my upstairs?"

"My, how dirty you are!" chirped the author by way of a counterirritant. "Now run and take your bath and do what Maggie tells you."

During the subsequent splashings and screamings, which came to Pipling's ears like the noise of many water fowl in violent disagreement, he rocked nervously in a hard red

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LYDIA LEADS THE WAY

By Oscar Graeve

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

IT IS nearly always a mistake to begin a story at the beginning, but in this case it is so very necessary to show the environment which produced Lester Henry and his wife, Lydia. In fact in the beginning, it must be explained, Lydia was not Lydia. She was Lizzie. It was only after Lester was well started on his career as one of the popular writers of the day that Lizzie became Lydia. Lydia, she felt, sounded more imposing. It may even be assumed that she used the word "tonier"—Lydia, she said in those remote days, sounded tonier than Lizzie. Afterward, of course, when the Henrys were transplanted to New York and Lester had begun to syndicate his work through newspapers, afterward when his name—or so Lydia thought—was on everybody's lips, she had learned that tony was not one of the words that a prominent author's wife should use.

Lydia, you see, learned fast. She had determined early in Lester's career that he was not going to leave her behind, no matter how rapid his progress. In books, in newspapers and periodicals she had made a thorough study of the strange and vacillating ways of genius. She had heard too of certain financiers who—springing from nothing into the dazzling radiance of great wealth—had outgrown their first wives. Well, Lydia had decided that she was not one of the wives who was going to be outgrown. Wherever a most indulgent Fate led Lester, there she also was going to be led. She was going to keep up with him—in culture, in the subtleties of society, in the knowledge of men, women and events, in dress—especially in dress.

And then Lydia came to one of those decisions which marked her too as a creature of genius. She was not only going to keep up with Lester; she was going to keep ahead of him. It was Lydia, not Lester, she decided who was going to lead the way.

"What's the Matter?" He Asked. "Oh, I Know. I'm So Sorry. I Never Met You, Did I?"

The courtship of Lizzie Robinson and Lester Henry was carried on chiefly over the counters of the general store in Peltonville owned by Lester's uncle. Peltonville is a village in New York State near the Canadian border. It was—and still is—six miles from the railroad. Peltonville is the type of village which is just able to support comfortably one of everything—one hotel, where the drummers stayed overnight—never more than that—and the sporting element of the community took their suppers every Sunday evening; one drug store, which made as much from its soda fountain in summer as from its drugs all the year round; the one general store owned by Lester Henry's uncle, one hardware shop, one undertaking establishment and one—no, maybe there were two grocery shops.

It rather seems now as if the courtship were carried on by Lizzie. Eligible males were rare in Peltonville. The brightest boys left and journeyed afar to seek their fortunes. Lester Henry was not bright—at least no one considered him bright at that time. But he was a pleasant young fellow, a little rotund, slow in his movements but eager to serve, listening with a peculiar intensity to the gossip of the countryside that came to him every day over the counters the while his pale-blue eyes twinkled behind his glistening glasses. Lester himself never said very much. He gave some fidgety people the impression that he was always studying them and—as it developed later—he probably was. He was also very shy. He was never one of the young men who walked down the dark side of Maple Avenue on summer evenings with their best girls. He was the poorest patron of Jenks' Livery Stable. He didn't even own a boat on Trout Lake, where the swains of Peltonville every Sunday afternoon during the brief spell of hot weather showed their skill at the oars with some fair representative of the other sex sitting opposite where she could watch with admiring eyes the swelling muscles of her young man.

Lester Henry needed to be courted rather than do the courting himself. And Lizzie Robinson, who in those days was a bit too stout and who hadn't the remotest idea as to what to do with her very lovely red hair and whose freckles marred what otherwise might have been the pinkest and whitest of complexions, wanted someone to walk with her on Maple Avenue and take her buggy riding and rowing. Owing to the dearth of eligible young men, a girl was not at all sure of these delights unless she happened to be one of the half dozen village belles—which Lizzie was not.

So one day Lizzie decided that Lester Henry, despite his shyness and quiet—perhaps because of these—was worth cultivating. After that decision she manufactured the most amazing number of reasons for calling at the general store. Once there, whether it was a spool of cotton, a paper of pins or a cake of soap that brought her, she stayed chatting with Lester. It was a primitive plan but an effective one.

"I don't know as you'd like me for a husband, Lizzie," Lester said one evening—and he said it stammeringly while his face was suffused with a dark brick-red color, but fortunately that didn't matter as it was said on the darkest corner of Maple Avenue.

"Yes, I'd like you," said Lizzie, and she slipped her arm through his, drawing him close.

"I'm sort of a queer one," said Lester.

"Why?"

"I've got a bee in my bonnet."

"What do you mean, Lester?"

Lizzie wasn't finding him a very satisfactory lover, but she did not relinquish her hold.

"I've got to have a couple of hours to myself every night and Sunday—a lot of time on Sunday."

"What in the world for?" asked Lizzie. She was genuinely surprised.

Lester became almost inarticulate with choking embarrassment.

"I—I'm writing some sketches of the folks round here. I've been writing a lot ever since I was a kid. I never told anyone before you. You didn't know either that I'm the Peltonville correspondent of the Canton Courier, did you?"

"No, I didn't. Do you get paid for it?" asked Lizzie sharply.

"Only a couple of dollars a week. I do it more for the fun of it."

"Maybe you could make a lot of money writing sometime, Lester."

"Oh, I don't think so"

"Yes, maybe you could," insisted Lizzie. "You've got to make more money now—now that we're going to be married."

"Oh, then you will marry me, Lizzie? I'm awfully glad." He managed somehow for the first time to give her lips a shy dab with his own. "I didn't know you'd marry me. I—I don't know what you see in me."

"Well, I don't know as I know myself," said Lizzie, and in the darkness she gave him a look containing much more of maternal feeling than any other kind of feeling. It was an expression that was to become characteristic of her when she looked at Lester.

So they were married, and after two weeks' honeymoon spent along the St. Lawrence River on an excursion trip, which meant reduced railroad fares, reduced hotel rates and all sorts of reductions, they settled down in a tiny yellow house at the farthest end of the East Road. It was an insignificant little house, but it gained a certain amount of prestige because it was the house nearest the Sprague place, where old Elihu Sprague, a widower and the one really wealthy man in Peltonville, lived. The Sprague place was Peltonville's one mansion—a great, roomy, rambling house set most pleasantly on the edge of a small lake with rich rolling meadows all about it and an orchard of fancy apple trees forming a screen at its back.

In the tiny yellow house Lizzie, singing, did the housework and puttered a little in the garden and cooked the best pies and biscuits in the world for Lester. It was an art she had learned from a great-aunt, the fame of whose cooking had spread throughout the country and had won her many a prize at the annual Canton fair. Meanwhile Lester continued to clerk in his uncle's store, but managed to find every day two hours in which to shut himself up in a room at the rear of the yellow house.

Both Lester and Lizzie were happy. Indeed Lizzie was far happier than she had expected to be. She had captured Lester, not from any great feeling of love but rather as a matter of precaution and pride. She wanted to be married. She wanted to show Peltonville that even though men were scarce she was not one of the Peltonville maidens who were going to be left on the shelf. But after her marriage a genuine affection for Lester flowered within her. She liked to look after him. She liked to humor him. And good heavens—she said to herself—how he did need looking after! Never was there such another booby. Why, he didn't know his right shoe from his left! But she didn't say these things in contempt. She said them with a certain loving tenderness. And often in the afternoon when she sat on the front porch in the rocker with some mending in her hands she found to her surprise there were tears in her eyes, and the tears were there because she was thinking how helpless Lester was and how ill he would fare if it were not for her.

It seemed then for a time as if destiny had settled Lizzie and Lester there in the tiny yellow house on the East Road. There they were put, there they would stay. That was their ultimate fate and they were satisfied with it. At that time it seemed incredible that they would be floated away on a wave of prosperity and fame—away from Peltonville to the metropolis of the western world, to enter into the life of the metropolis, snatching their full share of its glitter, its glory and its folly. It seems stranger still that the germ of this adventure should be contained in the two hours that Lester gave himself daily in the rear room next the shed where the wood was piled and the kerosene stored.

It was the editor of the Canton Courier who suggested to Lester that he have his sketches of Peltonville typed and submit them to a publisher. He was a curious man, that editor of a small-town weekly. Jackson West had taken degrees at Harvard and at Cambridge. He had knocked all about the world and he had indeed a knocked-about look. He was a little frayed in spirit. His eyes were tired—as if they had seen too much. His smile was slow and very charming. Above everything it was tolerant, as if he knew the weaknesses of all the world and was anxious to condone them. It was a strange wave of destiny, too, that tossed him up in a small town of Northern New York and left him stranded there.

One day he drove over to Peltonville and called upon his Peltonville correspondent. He happened to come at lunch time and Lizzie, who had just brought a pie from the oven, insisted that he have lunch with Lester and herself instead of going to the American House—the only alternative.

"I like the way you report Peltonville affairs," said Jackson West to Lester. "You seem to be able to get a real human being into a line or two. It's a rare gift."

He scrutinized Lester speculatively, but Lester blushed and kept his eyes on his plate.

Lizzie, however, quickened with interest.

"My husband's writing a book about the people round here," she said.

"Oh, Lizzie!" said Lester reprovingly. He didn't like to have his secret betrayed thus casually. But Jackson West reflected Lizzie's quickened interest.

"I want to read some of it," he said.

His tired eyes were alight with enthusiasm after he had read a few pages of Lester's neatly written manuscript.

"I'll take this over to Canton and have it typed," he said. "Then you can go over it, finish it up and we'll send it to Courtney."

"Who's Courtney?" asked Lizzie.

"A publisher."

"That's lovely of you."

And Lizzie found herself liking Jackson West. She had not liked him at first, because his accent sounded foreign and stuck-up to her. She had invited him to lunch because she thought he might be useful to Lester, but now that he had proved useful she liked the man himself. She turned to Lester.

"I always knew you could make money out of your writing," she said, "if you had gumption enough to show it to anybody."

Jackson West also suggested calling the book of sketches Home Folks, and when it was finished it was sent to Courtney under that title. But Courtney did not accept it. Jackson West, however, who it seems was interested enough to take the entire matter in charge, smiled and sent the manuscript to the great publishing house of Constant, Lee & Co.

"We aimed too low," he explained to the bitterly disappointed Lester.

Constant, Lee & Co. accepted the book and published it the following autumn.

For so simple a thing—a tale of the village barber, a characterization of Miss Spence, the dressmaker, the account of the funeral of Lars Hansen, the village drunkard and similar sketches—it had a surprising reception. Eager critics fell upon it, seized it and held it aloft as an example of the true spirit of America at last portrayed. They said it seemed sprung from the very soil, that it had a true homespun quality and marked a new *genre* in American literature. They said other things that left Lester baffled and groping as to their meaning. Fortunately a sufficiently large number of the public also liked it well enough to force five editions in as many months.

When at the end of six months Lester received his first royalty check he was as dumfounded as Lizzie was exuberant. Meanwhile the editor of a woman's magazine wrote and asked for some similar sketches.

"But I've already got all the poeple I know in the book," said Lester.

"Don't be a fool, Lester. You can't let this opportunity go by. There's Aunt Miranda Sweet down at Four Corners. Do her," suggested Lizzie.

At first Lester said he couldn't, but he retired to the rear room and emerged a few days later with the Aunt Miranda sketch. The magazine editor sent a surprisingly large check for it and asked for more.

Lizzie and Lester had more money than they knew what to do with—at least Lester had. Lizzie began to entertain visions of a larger life. She had read assiduously of late every copy of the woman's magazine which had asked for Lester's sketches. She was flooded with new ideas—about clothes, about dinner parties where delectable things were served in chafing dishes, about the possibilities of life in the city. She was so excited that she could hardly sleep at night and when she did sleep she dreamed of herself radiantly attired, sweeping through hotel lobbies, entering theaters with a cloak of silk and fur thrown negligently over one shoulder, presiding at dinner parties in restaurants where people turned to stare at her because she was the wife of the great author. She could not understand Lester's indifference to his good fortune. He had no plans, he saw no future. His complacency amazed and maddened her. She realized at last that it was she who must lead the way.

One summer evening Lester returned from the general store to find Lizzie waiting for him on the porch. She had on her best lavender-lawn dress and she was fanning herself triumphantly with a new spangled white fan.

"'Lo, Lizzie," said Lester. "What are you all dressed up for? Isn't supper ready?"

"I can get you a cold pick-up supper in a jiffy, Lester," Lizzie answered. "But first I want you to sit down here on the step by me and listen. I've got a lot to tell you."

Lester obediently sat down on the step, and removing his yellowed soft straw hat swung it gently to and fro. He drew out a handkerchief and mopped his brow, on which already the hair was getting thin. He looked small, rounded, a little pathetic and very much like one of the characters in his own book as he sat there crouching at Lizzie's feet.

"I've been over to Canton to see Jackson West," said Lizzie.

"Yeh?"

Lester's interest was entirely perfunctory. Lizzie tapped her foot impatiently.

"He says he'll give you a job on his paper, Lester," she said briskly. "It'll be awful good training for you, he says, and it'll be more broadening living in Canton. It's a bigger place. There's more going on there."

"Why should we move away from here, Lizzie?"

Lester gravely and regretfully eyed his small demesne—the little garden in which marigolds made merry in the evening sunshine and golden glow tossed their arrogant heads and gladioli lifted their flaming torches, the village street tranquil beneath the trees and in the distance the little lake of the Sprague place set like an opal in the rolling green meadows.

"Well, you can't go on clerking here, Lester. You've got to get a bigger job and a better one than that. Look at all the money you're making! You've got to do something more—more dignified than clerking. You've got to give your genius a chance to develop."

Lizzie now was quoting very largely from what Jackson West had said.

"You've got to see more of life. It's your duty to the world, Lester."

"Do you think you'll like living in Canton, Lizzie?"

"Well, I'll like it better than this little place. I'll like it all right for a year or two."

"For a year or two? Will you want to come back here then?"

Lester lifted a face to her that had distinctly brightened.

"For lands' sake, no, Lester! After a year or two in Canton we'll go on to New York. We'll be ready then to go on to New York."

"New York!"

He said it in a tone that expressed both awe and fright.

"Certainly, New York, Lester! That's where you've got to go if you're going to make a real success of your writing."

"Do you want to go, Lizzie?"

"I certainly don't want to stick in this part of the backwoods all my life, Lester."

"All right, dear, we'll go then," he said, and rising he gave his wife's lips one of those shy dabs of his.

But after she had gone into the house to get him his cold pick-up supper he still remained out upon the front porch, his eyes upon the flowers, the quiet street and the rolling meadows. Once in a while he sighed.

It Was Lydia Who Held Preston at Bay and Made Him Promise He'd Seriously Consider Lester's New Novel

The Tintoretto is the last word in New York's studio-apartment buildings and it might be said that Mrs. Lydia Henry as she alighted from a taxicab and sailed into the marble hallway of the Tintoretto, bowing with just the right degree of friendly condescension to the door man, the second door man, the hall boy, the telephone girl in her gilded cage and the elevator attendant—it might well be said that Mrs. Lydia Henry was the last word in studio-apartment occupants. Even that harsh critic, the telephone girl, gave her a begrudging glance of admiration.

Lydia's suit was a warm brown of exactly the right shade to emphasize the brilliant bronze of her elaborately dressed hair and over the hair itself was drawn a small velvet hat, brown too, but with a fierce stab of color in the shape of a flaring scarlet wing. Over the gleaming brown boots she wore were drawn white spats, and a bit of white fur was clasped round her neck, challenging without success the perfect pink and white of her complexion. But the most noteworthy thing about Lydia now was the slim grace of her figure. She was as lithe and supple and resilient as youth itself.

At the doorway of her own apartment on the sixth floor she fished a key from a glittering bag of gold mesh and let herself in. She moved down the hallway of the apartment through a living room decorated in black and gold, through a bedroom done in gray and rose and stopped before the closed door of a tiny room at the very rear of the apartment designed by the architects as a storeroom. She knocked at the door and said sibilantly, "Lester!"

There was no answer.

Again the knock, again the sibilant "Lester!"

As there was still no answer she pushed open the door and entered. The room was so small that it contained but three pieces of furniture and these three were huddled together. There was a rather weather-beaten oak desk, such as you find in some offices, a stiff-backed chair before the desk and at one side a crumbling old couch. So furnished, the room was a glaring incongruity compared with the rest of the apartment. But aside from these three pieces of furniture the room was empty. Tears of vexation sprang to Lydia's eyes. She hesitated a moment, her finger on her lip, and then made her way through various doorways and pushed open the swinging door of the butler's pantry.

"Estelle!" she called.

A very trim and cocksure colored maid appeared and presented an unsmiling and inquiring face. "Estelle, do you know where Mr. Henry is?

"No'm."

"Did you hear him go out?"

"It seems like I heard him moving round 'bout two hours ago, Mis' Henry."

"That means he's practically done no work all afternoon," said Lydia more to herself than the maid, and again the tears of vexation were in her eyes.

She turned to go away, but the maid halted her with: "Mis' Henry, I'd like to have my last week's pay."

"You're not going to leave us, are you, Estelle?" Lydia asked in alarm.

"No'm, but I'd like to have my pay more prompt."

Lydia still carried her gold mesh bag and she opened it and gave some bills to the maid.

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THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

PHOTO BY BLACK-D PHOTO SERVICE, LOS ANGELES

"I Give You My Word I'm In It!"

"OH, YES; I fly." I intend to say it nonchalantly. The gentleman at my right or left—for I shall spring it at a dinner—will, I hope, stare at me in amazement, while I toy with my food. "Toy" is of course a figure of speech; I haven't really toyed with it for twenty years.

"Do you mean that you have been up?" he is to say.

"Of course."

"Really! How—er—how high?"

"Various elevations," I shall observe, again nonchalantly. I shall then remark that there is a curious thrill about the Immerman turn that is perhaps equaled only by the tail spin, but that for real rest without excitement, a sort of aërial vacation, I prefer long-distance flying. One comes down so rested and refreshed. One feels akin to the birds. One has communed alone with the clouds and been a little sister of the sun. One has wiped off the earth dust for a few hours and breathed the ether of the high places. One—but you have heard all that before. Everyone who doesn't fly and takes on a life-insurance policy before going on a scenic railway at an amusement park raves about the upper air.

But long before this is published I shall have shot my dinner-party bolt, and I intend here to record the actual facts about my flying. I am going to be the one unprofessional ex-passenger in an aëroplane to tell the truth about how I felt about it. But remember, I am not going to knock it. It is a great thing. It has come to stay. The time is almost here when we are going to stand out on the front lawn and scan the sky for our returning husbands at the evening hour, and have our monograms in electric lights on the roof so that the children can find their way home from the dances or the movies. And we women will have little vanity cases in our smart little ships—that is a professional touch, that "ships"; aviators always say it—and buy air clothes instead of airy ones.

Do you think this is a dream of the future? All right. Watch the next two years. I can remember when a young man in my neighborhood took the family buggy and odd parts of an old express wagon—and probably the household teakettle, for he ran his engine by steam—and made a vehicle which scared the neighborhood doctor's horse over a fence and stalled on all the car tracks. When that young man stopped inventing and went to the Spanish War everyone went in and congratulated his mother on his improved chances of life.

The aëroplane is past that stage of course. It is now, relatively, where the automobile was when one climbed three steps in the rear and got in between the two back seats. But it is with us to-night, and we may as well acknowledge it.

Why, when I had done a bit of flying and telephoned to a department store for a woman's aëroplane coat they sent me one in a half hour, by a boy on a motor cycle.

There is an odd thing about that dinner-table conversation. The moment I make my announcement all the men within hearing are going to explain why they haven't been up. It is a lucky one who thinks first of saying that his heart isn't very good. That lets him out for the rest of his life, though he may have to square himself with his wife later. The rest have always meant to, but have simply neglected it. They probably will that week sometime. One or two of them are thinking of buying a plane and commuting with it, but their wives object. And a quick thinker among them remembers the new flying clause in life-insurance policies, and lays it to that. The other men glare at him.

But the greatest efforts of all in the genteel-mendacity line are made by the people who have been up, the ones who shut their eyes the moment they hop off and never open them again until they get back, and never draw a full breath until the pilot stops the engine and says: "Well, how was it?"

They then release their stiffened fingers from the sides of the body, which they have been clutching with frenzy, breathe, swallow, look round at the glorious solid earth, only five feet beneath them, and say: "Glorious! I felt like a bird. It is simply indescribable. The most exquisite calm! And that sense of freedom!"

They then crawl out and look down to see if the shaking of their knees is noticeable.

"I'll be round to-morrow for another little jaunt," they say. "How much are the blooming things anyhow? If I can persuade the family, and you don't want a million dollars for it, I may buy a little bus."

The pilot then unfastens the buckle of the enthusiast's helmet, because the latter's fingers are trembling too much; and he goes out and crawls into his automobile and rehearses all the way home how he is going to spring his heroic adventure on his friends. But he does not go back to the flying field. He takes another road so as not to pass it and be hailed and taken up on another joy-ride.

It is perfectly understandable. We have not, either by heredity or training, any natural inclination for flying. It is an acquired taste. Man takes to the air about as normally as a fish does, only he can be trained to it and the fish cannot. It is, of course, perfectly true that some people have no fear from the beginning, but they are, generally speaking, the lymphatics, the unimaginative folk who have no temperament and little imagination. They do not make the best flyers, however. They are not quick thinkers, and flying takes head work. Of course in time it becomes more or less automatic, like driving a car, a matter of the spinal cord rather than the brain.

I have been up four times. On my fourth time up I made a long-distance flight of 150 miles. Before this is published I shall probably have been up a number of times. At this moment my leather coat, helmet and goggles are lying on a chair. And if to-morrow is a good day —— I like it when I am in the plane; really like it. But it still takes all the moral courage I've got to get me in. I'm cursed with imagination. My eyes pick out the aeroplane casualties in the morning paper with a sort of fatal facility. I ride in a motor, but I can read calmly and courageously of automobile mishaps. I can read of drownings and then swim in deep water with a stroke of my own, which sets swimming instructors crazy, and show no violent terror. I can read of a family laid by the heels with cold-storage turkey, and go out fearlessly and order a cold-storage turkey and digest it without a qualm.

But flying is different.

In the first place this thing of feeling like a bird is what an aviator of my acquaintance calls "bunk." It is good sport. It is as good sport—better in some ways—as fast motoring on perfect roads. It lacks some of the joys of motoring. The untrained eye finds the earth below interesting rather than beautiful. It is too much flattened out for beauty. Its perspectives are altered, and its proportions. The surf lines of the ocean from above are lovely. The clouds from above are things of marvelous beauty, and also give a comforting sense of something soft to fall upon if anything happens. It is not quiet and peaceful. The noise of the engine is an incessant roar, not annoying through the helmet, rather comforting indeed, because if it stops where are you? But a noise, nevertheless.

But it is incredibly swift, easy and stimulating.

I intend to be the one honest person who has described flying. I told a woman that to-day at luncheon, saying that most people didn't tell the truth about themselves.

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A Post-Mortem on Cock Robin

By EDWARD G. LOWRY

I CELEBRATE the ultimate consumer. He is biding his time. I like him, and publicly sing his praises whenever I can. He is the lad that packs the load. He does not whine under punishment or seek sympathy by showing his sore thumb when he is hurt. He is not organized. He has no voice. But when he decides he has had enough of a thing, that thing, whatever it is, stops, ceases to be, is not any more.

Ask the old managers of the Republican Party. They were the last lot he jolted in the midriff. They haven't got over it yet. He did not like the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. It increased the cost of living. It took money out of his pocket and put it in the pockets of tariff beneficiaries who didn't deserve it. The ultimate consumer was not present or represented at the tariff hearings. He didn't make much of a face while the unjust imposts were being made ready to lay on his back, but when the job was done he threw off the burden, and with it Mr. Taft and the Republican Party.

Maybe you don't know the ultimate consumer. He is the human flivver. He takes you there and brings you back. The hack driver at Niagara Falls sensed him clearly when he told Mr. Bryan one rainy autumn afternoon, "The masses of the people form the bulk of the population." That is a great economic, social and political truth. If you forget it you are sure to be bumped. And if the ultimate consumer bumps you you are sure to be hurt, for he is an unwieldy mass, slow to move, but when he does get under way he acquires considerable momentum. Do you remember the poem in the elocution book that we used to recite from on Friday afternoons in school? I mean the one about Mr. Brown, who was on the top of a stepladder hanging pictures when he lost his balance and fell. It ends this way:

Brown had fallen on the cat.
She was too thick for a bookmark
And too thin for a mat.

I am telling you now, so you won't be surprised by what may happen to the high-cost-of-living profiteers.

The ultimate consumer is the plain average human being who lives and has his being in this country of ours. He is not class conscious, because he doesn't know the meaning of the term. He is not labor and he is not capital. He is not organized. He has no class interests; or if he has he doesn't know about it. He is not an articulate emotionalist. You never hear him yawping about his rights, but in the end, after infinite patience and tolerance of unjust burdens, he always gets them. He settles things in this country, because he outnumbers all the special interests, whether of capital or of organized labor, five to one.

Old Thomas Carlyle, who was a good hand at that sort of thing, described the ultimate consumer when he wrote about the famous Battalion of the Midi that marched from Marseilles to Paris and there took so large a part in precipitating the French Revolution.

The U. C's Case

"LE BATAILLON DU 10 AOÛT," it came to be called. They were hot patriots. "Forçats they were not, neither was there plunder nor danger of it," wrote Carlyle. "These Marseillese," he concluded, "remain inarticulate, indistinguishable in feature, a black-browed mass, full of grim fire, who wend there in the hot, sultry weather: Very singular to contemplate. They wend; amid the infinitude of doubt, and dim of peril; they are not doubtful: Fate and Feudal Europe, having decided, come girdling in from without; they, having also decided, do march within. Dusty of face, with frugal refreshment, they plod onwards; unweariable, not to be turned aside. Such march shall become famous. They must . . . strike and be struck; and on the whole prosper, and know how to die."

As the ultimate consumer puts it, compactly, in his own vernacular: "We are on our way. And where do we go from here?"

That is what I have been trying to find out this summer by going out among his abiding places in the hope that he would be vocal and state his case. The labor case is stated; the radical case is stated; less ably and less completely, the case of capital is presented. But this clamorous outcry is going on over the consumer's head. He is the buyer. It is for him that all the advertisements in this and the other magazines and journals and newspapers are printed. The consumer's function is to consume, and unless he buys and consumes, production is waste effort.

The good Lord knows there is no more willing consumer and buyer on the face of the earth than the average American. He is notorious for it. It is a law of his nature, as it is that of the Turk to make nougat or perish. But the architects of production are cramping his action. The fellow I am talking about, and the fellow I have been sitting with on various front porches this summer watching it rain—did you ever know such a rainy summer?—is not a waster or a spendthrift or a crook. He wants as much as anybody and he wants it of the best and he doesn't haggle over pennies, but he is not going to buy what he can't pay for and he is not going to spend right up to the limit of his earnings. He wants to put by something. It is a deeply implanted instinct, and a sound one too. My friend the ultimate consumer knows it.

He doesn't take much stock in these newfangled political notions and nostrums that seem to be finding favor in many minds. He doesn't hanker after direct action or any of the strong-arm methods now having a temporary vogue among violent extremists. The U. C. is an orderly person with a full share of common sense. He knows that injustice exists in this world, and, for that matter, always has. He wants to right wrongs almost more than anybody else, but never at the expense of others. He knows that the mere business of living and the daily routine of arranging for food, shelter, clothing and a bit to spare against the time of old age and physical disability imply mutual easements, accommodations and adjustments. He believes there are enough laws and sufficient open channels of political action in this country to remedy his present situation. He has been up against it before so hard that he bounced back. He knows how to rid a barn of rats without burning the barn.

Some years ago the neighbors were hanging a man up in the Bitter Root country for stealing horses. Before they swung him off they asked him if he had anything to say. He said this: "I am as interested in these proceedings as any of you gents, but I ain't as excited as some." That, I think, fairly represents the present state of mind of the ultimate consumer. Even if the political and social machine isn't working properly he doesn't think it will help to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery. He doesn't see how a general strike and the entire stoppage of production will help him or anybody else. He believes that a lack of production is one of the root causes of his troubles. I am backing the common-sense fellow to win and find a way out because he is so very much in earnest and because he hasn't lost his head. But let him speak for himself.

He tells me that he is paying more for his clothing, for his shoes, for his food and his housing than he ever dreamed of paying, and getting infinitely poorer stuff. It is costing him at least twice as much to live now as it did in 1913 and 1914. His earnings are not more than one-quarter larger than they were then. The margin between what he takes in and what he absolutely has to pay out to keep going has been clean wiped out. His patience is wearing pretty thin. He is sure there is something mighty wrong somewhere—as of course there is.

A Typical Conversation

ONE typical conversation, for the sake of illustration: "You see this town. It is an average American city. There are more like it than any other kind in this country. It has no specific character. It is not a mill town, with half a dozen very rich men in it and a great many poor mill hands. It is just a plain civilized community of human beings adjacent to a fairly good farming country. I am a salaried man. I always have been and probably always will be. I have never been able to earn enough to go into business for myself. I do not know that there is any opening here for a new business, and I don't want to leave here. All my interests are here. All my friends are here. I like the place and the people. Why should I go away? Why should I be driven away? But look at the fix I am in.

"Take anything you like. Take collars. I used to buy them at two for a quarter. Now I have to pay 25 or 35 cents apiece, a dollar for three or four. I wear ready-made clothing. I always have. I was never able to afford to have a tailor make me a suit. I didn't see any sense in it anyway, as long as I could get as good a suit as I wanted ready-made for less than a tailor would charge me to make it. Everybody else here did the same thing. There is a tailor shop here. You might have seen the sign as you came up from the depot, 'The Bon Ton Tailor.' Well, you go down there and ask Isadore and I'll bet he will tell you he did not make three suits a year. He made his living pressing and cleaning and repairing.

"I used to pay $15 for a suit of clothes. Then I paid $18. Then I paid $25. I would get two seasons of wear out of them, on an average. The first season I would keep them for Sunday clothes and the next season for everyday wear.

"But what about it now? I have to pay $50 for a suit as good as those old $25 suits.

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Massachusetts Militiamen Rounding Up Hoodlums on the Boston Common After a Raid on the Gambling Games Run Openly There in Defiance of the Authorities

THE BEAN SPILLER

He Saw Reddall Stamping With Stolid Efficiency on Something in the Path—Something That Killian in One More Stride Must Have Stepped On

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

THE city of Scorpion is indicated on the state map by a small and round and reddish spot that suggests a miniature mosquito bite. This through no fault of H. Abiff Reddall. If Reddall had had his way the site of Scorpion would have been marked on the map by some such emblem as a resurgent Phœnix or by an eagle triumphantly soaring heavenward between symbolic figures of Progress and Plenty.

Reddall was the greatest man in Scorpion and Scorpion was Reddall's life. Mighty was Reddall—mighty in spite of his meager flesh and his five-feet-two of slumping stature and his hairless little dome. His very baldness had a rare distinction of its own—a distinction best summarized by a glove salesman who broke a two-hundred-mile jump at Scorpion and who spent the bulk of his three-hour stay there in a fascinated survey of H. Abiff Reddall. After which the glove man wrote home to his wife or to someone else's:

"All bald heads are glacé—all except this little chap's. His is suède."

The suède quality was imparted by a Brûlé-Sioux scalping knife back in the early seventies, when Reddall—a mere whippet in his teens—was making his westward trek from Hampden, Massachusetts. A year later the scalpless young pioneer had been one of the eighteen men to found the frontier town of Scorpion. Others of the party strayed on toward the coast or sought gold in the mountains to northward or punched cattle among the dreary flat plains to the south. But Reddall remained at Scorpion. And at last he was the only member of the original colony to continue living there.

Hundreds of newcomers meantime arrived and turned the original camp into a cluttered cattle and mining center. But at the age of twenty-four H. Abiff Reddall had been Scorpion's oldest inhabitant and first settler. This dual dignity meant infinitely much to the youthful oldster. From the outset some queer strain in his imagination had been stirred by the thrill of founding a town where recently the desert had ruled. It was this that had kept him at Scorpion when his colleagues drifted on. It was this that gave Scorpion the supreme pedestal in his tiny temple of idols.

He felt, somehow, responsible for the ugly little settlement. He rejoiced mightily over every new addition to its roll of citizenry. He would plead with much eloquence against the wanderlust decision that sent folk away after brief sojourns. Any outbreak of lawlessness, any wholesale fire or epidemic in the fast-growing huddle of houses filled him with a personal shame and grief.

Because he was willing to devote his every spare minute to Scorpion's uplift and growth his more selfish townsmen allowed him to. Wherefore, Reddall presently found himself the place's business manager and advertising agent and factotum. And he was able to turn his two former titles of oldest inhabitant and first settler into a trinity by adding the undisputed term of Foremost Citizen.

There were people in those early days who grinned widely when this soft-voiced and suède-peaked runt sought to turn them from pests into assets, or when he protested against outrages or sought funds for waterworks and sidewalks. But oddly enough the same man never grinned twice at Reddall.

The simple little chap was not a fire eater. He was gentle and punctilious—almost deprecatory. But he valued his life not at all and he valued still less the lives of those who stood in the way of Scorpion's advancement. And there was the same hint of passive deadliness about him that marks the gila monster.

Had he been a few inches higher or a fraction less unobtrusive the title of judge or of colonel must have been cinched about him. But somehow it never occurred to anybody to call him anything more resounding than plain mister. Nor did public office seek him. As sole owner and editor of the Scorpion Sentinel he continued to rule the bulging young city from the side lines.

Year by year Scorpion grew, whereat Reddall was jubilant. But in time the growth slackened and Reddall's joy merged into worry. Scorpion was not a dead city, but neither was it a live city. Reddall, who knew and fostered its several advantages, yearned for the money or the occasion to show the indifferent Eastern bourn of capital and of tourists the wonders of his community. He felt certain that all Scorpion needed was a fair chance. Once let the world know about it—and the world would wear a broad path to its door. Meanwhile the city drowsed between few and sporadic spurts of wakefulness, and Reddall wrought vainly to interest the rest of the universe in it.

Then all unexpectedly—an uncovenanted mercy, a stroke of dazzling luck—something happened which put Scorpion not only upon the map and sent thousands of tourists crowding thither but which gave it repeated daily mention in every newspaper printed in the English language. It happened in this way:

Young Cronin—whose parents had lived and died in the firm belief that their rugged son's name was Rothapfel—had traveled upward through the heavyweight division with the speed of an express train plowing a path through a bunch of sheep—and with almost as many casualties.

Starting as a mixed-ale warrior during the intervals of truck driving, Young Cronin had battered his way into one or two preliminary bouts at Eastern sporting clubs and thence into regular bouts on off nights. After this he had been signed up by that famed patron of fistic art, Spider Andy Sludge.

Under Sludge's shrewd management the upward flight had begun. In less than two years Young Cronin won an unbroken string of victories which cleared away every obstacle between himself and the heavyweight champion of the world, and which left the champion himself no alternative but to accept the contender's oft-repeated challenge.

Cronin's page in the pocket-edition Ring Record contained not one fateful L. Not even a noncommittal No Dec. Scarce a single W. or Dec. adorned the roster of his triumphs. After the name of practically every fight was the glorious hieroglyph: K. O.

Of such stuff is the born champion made—the man who is born to win and who never loses a battle until, heavy with the honors of his long-held championship, he is beaten by some younger man, a man who has hitherto lacked the cash and prestige for such dissipations as have undermined his waning rival.

Such a born champion was John L. Sullivan. Such champions were Corbett and Jeffries and—with one doubtful exception—Bob Fitzsimmons. This being before the degenerate days when two men with records abristle with L. and No Dec. were allowed to fight each other for the classic heavyweight championship of the world. The born champions' record of wins began with their first fight and it continued until they had held the championship for years.

Joe Killian, heavyweight champion of the world, had no great desire to defend his title against Young Cronin. No champion wants to fight if he can avoid the test, for he has everything at stake. Any bit of ill luck during the bout will put him forever in the has-been ranks. He has everything to lose and—except for the financial returns—he has nothing to gain. Wherefore, he holds off as long as he can and then stands out for something like three-quarters of the proceeds—win or lose. Which is his right, a right almost always conceded to him.

Killian had won his title by a four-year course of unvaried victories. He had held it for three years, fighting four times since the belt had become his and winning all four battles with comparative ease.

Now that the sporting world's clamor roused him from his comfortable rest and bade him meet Young Cronin he grunted in huge disgust and prepared to go into training again.

Even before the articles were signed Killian and his manager were breast-deep in letters and telegrams from cities

and clubs bidding for the fight. Flattering offers were shoved aside by more flattering offers. Cronin was tremendously popular. The fight promised to be a record money-maker. Sporting men, promoters and motion-picture outfits prepared to flock to the feast.

Then came the traditional clash between sport and law. Even in those days this clash was old. As fast as one vicinity made a bid for the contest the local authorities or local public sentiment cried "Shoo!" And another place was fixed on with the same results.

Not until at least six of these desired sites had perforce been abandoned did the promoters of the Killian-Cronin bout discover that the laws of one state were monstrous lenient toward such contests—in other words, that no antifight laws existed there. And Scorpion—thanks to Reddall and his henchmen—proved to everyone's satisfaction that it was the sole city in the state which could handle a prize-fight crowd in proper fashion and could accommodate the mass of transient business and lodgment.

Hence the Giant Corral—one of the show places of Scorpion—was chosen for the erecting of the stadium, and innumerable shelllike houses rose by magic from every available vacant lot. These flimsy abodes made ready to flash alluring board-and-lodging signs the moment their roofs should be in place. A horde of strangers settled upon the city to supply welcome of various sorts to the inevitable crowds. Scorpion woke from its doze to find the eyes of the Western Hemisphere upon it.

Reddall was gorgeously happy. He was working twenty hours a day. His paper was athrob with projects for making permanent some of the city's impending popularity. He was spending his own none-too-plentiful money in double handfuls and his own brain power and energy without stint. Scorpion's one grand chance had come and Reddall was preparing to make his worshiped community take every advantage thereof.

"It's this way," he explained haltingly to Mr. Dennis Branaghan, proprietor of Scorpion's Eagle Hotel. "S'pose I had a house for sale. S'pose a train wreck was to bring fifty rich folks to my house for shelter. Well, I'd want to make that house so hell-roarin' attractive to those rich folks that some of 'em would take a fancy to it an' want to stay on there, even if they had to buy it. Wouldn't I? Well it's like that with Scorpion. We gotta ——"

"If it was me," intervened Mr. Dennis Branaghan, his imagination fired by the picture, "if it was me and fifty rich folks was to be stranded in my hotel with no place else to go—well, I wouldn't bother me whether any of 'em wanted to buy it or not. I'd trim 'em so good an' plenty for the things they'd have to get from me at my own price that I'd collect the value of the house twice over, an' I'd still have the house. That's my idee of f'nance. An' I reckon it's Scorpion's idee, too, judgin' by the ——"

Reddall sighed and walked away without waiting to hear more. This was the spirit he met everywhere, the spirit he was trying so hard and so vainly to combat.

Cronin's training camp was at a little ranch three miles out of town on the Santa Gloriosa trail. Killian had rented the abandoned old rest house and its outbuildings on the edge of Scorpion at the other side. The two men met once or twice during their daily jogs—always by the same manner of accident and always when a full corps of correspondents were on hand.

At these momentary meetings they would glower ferociously at each other, hands behind backs as though in dread of being asked to shake. And their trainers would whisper hoarsely to the correspondents the details of a purely hypothetical feud between the two which made each yearn for the heart's blood of the other. Reddall was present at one of those well-rehearsed chance meetings on the road and he thrilled at the deathless hate which blazed from the fighters' eyes.

Reddall knew much about Indians. His knowledge of hold-up men and border ruffians was by no means academic. But this was his first close-up of professional pugilists. It stirred him as the sight of a circus' muffled wagons rolling into town by night stirs a group of goggling small boys.

Busy as he was, he spent many a spare half hour in one or the other of the two training camps. Mouth ajar, he noted the superb muscles of the naked giants as their handlers wrought over them after the morning run. With fists clenched he watched the fighters hammer away at their husky sparring partners. He saw them give and take blows that would have killed a man of Reddall's advanced age and retarded stature. He saw them rip the punching bags to tatters and skip the rope a hundred times and wrestle on the mat and shadow box and play handball—one exercise following another without actual breathing space between. And he saw them emerge from an hour of this as unwearied and buoyant as though they had just risen from sleep. He wondered, and in his shy little soul a hero worship was born. For a year's income he would not have missed his chance of seeing these herculean supermen meet in the stadium arena.

Carefully Reddall studied the two gladiators. He studied them at work. He studied them at rest. He listened with grave eagerness to the large talk of their handlers. He read every word he could find as to their past performances. He was pathetically anxious to form a definite opinion as to the respective merits of the pair, thereby to change his own general admiration to a sharply definite partisanship and to back his belief to the limit of his resources—which was Reddall's way.

It was a petty thing that brought his wavering judgment to a focus and woke in him the blind partisanship he sought. One morning he had gone over to Killian's camp to watch the champion's first hour of daily grind. He found Killian about to set out on a ten-mile jog and walk with his trainer and one of the sparring partners. On his own invitation Reddall joined the hike for a mile or two. He had seen one chance meeting between Killian and Cronin on the road and he yearned for an off chance to witness another.

Despite his sixty years the little editor held his own fairly well during this morning's jog. His short legs were counterbalanced by a wondrous wind and his dryingly stringy muscles were stanch. In the sprints he was left far behind, but always he caught up at the first stretch of walking.

So at the end of the second mile the four were abreast as they mounted a stiff bit of rocky knoll that jutted wartlike out of the surrounding prairie. Reddall started up the stony slope at Killian's side. Fifty feet farther he astounded the champion and the two others by hurling his wizened body against Killian and, by a very clever piece of amateur tackling, throwing the unprepared fighter abruptly to one side.

So sudden was the onset that it knocked Killian clean off his balance and sent him caroming against a bowlder a yard to the left of the path. With a grin at the bantam pioneer's furiously uncalled-for attack Killian wheeled about. He had a vaguely humorous inspiration to take the fresh little oldster over his knee and paddle him. But on the instant, the plan died.

For as he turned he saw Reddall stamping with stolid efficiency on something in the path—something that Killian in one more stride must have stepped on. The thing was a ten-button rattlesnake that had been sunning itself in the narrow hillock trail. Killian took one look at the crushed and wiggling thing. He noted its position in the path. Then he glanced down at his own low canvas running shoes and bare ankles. And he blessed the keen eyesight and the swift presence of mind of the little man who had saved him. His blessing took the antiphonal form of a long-breathed "Hel-l-l!" But it was none the less heartfelt.

Reddall finished stamping the life out of the snake, as though it were a matter of every-day routine. Killian observed the editor's low-cut congress gaiters and saw the rattler had thrown a convulsive fold about the lankily lean shin above one of them. He shuddered and then cast a look of new and abiding admiration on the unconcerned Reddall.

"Y'oughta watch out better where you're treadin'," coolly admonished the snake slayer. "There's a passel of those rattlers hereabouts. And I'm lottin' to win a pile of cash on you next week."

Reddall did not know why he had decided all at once that Killian was the man he meant to back—that Killian now looked to him like an absolutely sure winner. Neither did the immortal M. Perichon realize why he gave his daughter to the swain whose life he had saved rather than to the suitor who had saved Perichon's own life. But it was an infallible human trait that actuated old Reddall. He had rescued Killian from certain injury and from possible death. Wherefore his heart went out to the champion, and he was convinced that Cronin could stand no possible chance against such a Paladin. That very day at the Eagle House bar he backed his opinion at even money for a larger slice of his savings than he could well afford to lose.

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"Good Day, Gentlemen, an' Remember, if You Think I'm Bluffin' Just Go Ahead an' Call Me"

THE YOUNG IDEA

By RUTH MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

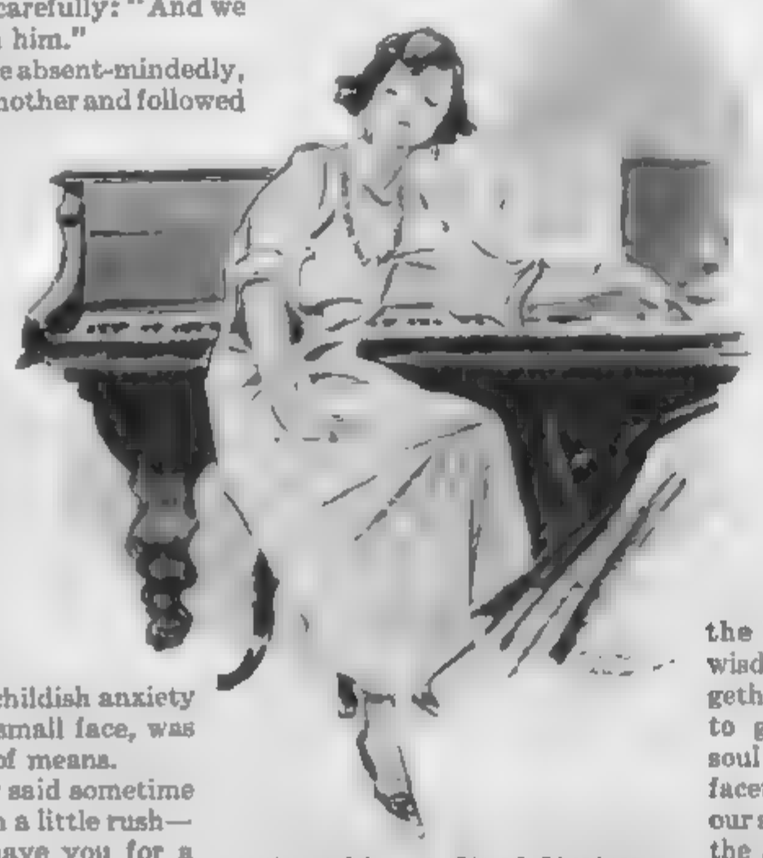
"WE WANT our Abe should learn to play." As she spoke, the infinitesimal scrap of Semitic motherhood watched me timidly out of soft, worried black eyes set in a face fairly powdered with a myriad of fine lines. She was clothed in the most nondescript of shoddy dresses, and sat lost in the recesses of the chair opposite me, her hands twisting the strap of her weather-beaten hand bag as she explained carefully: "And we want that you should teach him."

"I see," I answered a little absent-mindedly, while Abe stood close to his mother and followed my every move with an intense and unblinking stare.

"You said that he has studied before, didn't you? Then suppose he plays something for me."

And so nine-year-old Abe, not overly clean, black-haired and sloe-eyed like his mother, galvanized into eager trembling-fingered action, played. Any educator who has come in contact with members of his race will tell you that they are either dolts or geniuses—that there is no middle intelligence. Abe, standing there, with all his childish anxiety to please writ large on his small face, was not a dolt by any manner of means.

"I am glad," his mother said sometime later, the words coming with a little rush—"I am glad Abe should have you for a teacher. And I hope he should make a good pupil."

I reassured her, and as she stood hesitating near the door, as the unsophisticated do in making a departure, I suddenly wondered how out of her poverty, her tenement, her sweat-shop existence, she had been brought to my particular studio door, and I asked her.

There Was an Air of Absolute Triumph About Her When She Finished. I Could See Plainly That I Was Expected to Burst Into Tears of Rapture

The Frozen-Hearted Mansfield

"I WANTED Abe should learn to play." There was the passion of all her own thwarted desires in her voice. "And I wanted that he should have the best teacher. They told me that here in this building I should find a good teacher. So to-day I make up my mind and take Abe and we come down here."

"But there are other teachers in this building."

"Yes"—her eyes twinkled at me shrewdly—"but I asked the elevator man which should be the best and he sent me to you."

It was irrefutable in her mind. If that resplendent liveried individual vouched for me no other recommendation was necessary. But after all her method was hardly much more haphazard than some of those employed by more enlightened music students in the choosing of a teacher.

There is nothing more noble than the profession of teaching. Someone is always hurriedly making this statement as a belated sheepish appreciation whenever one of the guild may momentarily blot his horizon. Yes, yes—the greatest benefactors of the human race! What is more glorious than to have the rare privilege of taking the mind of a little child and molding it and enriching it with the knowledge, the pure distilled wisdom that has been gathered together by the erudite down the ages; to give to the tiny impressionable soul the essence, the flower of our facet experience and to know that our seemingly infinitesimal efforts are the actual foundation on which our country's learning, culture and art are built; that we are making articulate those who otherwise might be mute inglorious Miltons and all that sort of thing? It's a great idea—this exalting of learning. Lovely—with but one trifling flaw. That flaw consists in the positive aversion that the infant soul, unblemished by crude worldly knowledge, often evinces toward having learning, this higher expression, forced upon it. It often simply won't take to it. It prefers to be mute. It clamors to be a clod. Now there was Mansfield.

Mansfield was the more or less promising offspring of the plutocratic head of an enormous business concern. He was eleven years old, a small, indiscriminately thrown together specimen of the aristocracy of money. He wore socks that exposed to the ribald knobby knees and scrawny pathetic legs; he had a chronic sniffle and a cold blue eye that told the world that he had sounded life to its very depths and found it a hollow thing. He was surrounded by the usual flock of governesses, and his mother—to insure his obedience—was continually poking her head into the room where he was in the clutches of instruction and threatening him with instant immersion in an icy bath if he did not pay attention and get his lessons.

I have worked an hour with that boy and had him to the point where he was almost human and had his mother come in with her eternal threat and undo all my drudging effort. That weird scrap of afflicted humanity was literally swamped with teachers. There was a lurid scandal that he even recited French in his bath. Five days a week during the years I was only an assistant teacher I journeyed across town some eight or nine miles from my obscure boarding house to help this young idea to sprout. His was an entirely desperate attitude toward music.

I battled long and hopefully with the hard shell of stupidity with which he protected himself from those of my clan. It always inflicts painful injury on my vanity to fail in anything, and his hard-boiled imperturbability spurred me on to valiant efforts. I endeavored frantically to wake some spark of interest in his turbid breast by stressing that faithful old stand-by—the human-interest note. I told all the stories I could remember of those master geniuses who made the famous violins which bring such huge sums today. I never made a point about his lessons that I did not illustrate with some anecdote. Being young and innocent, I took to heart all the fool theories originated by bad, indifferent or merely stupid people about this man-to-man method appealing to the child's interest in any given subject. I put music up to Mansfield as a sporting proposition, and my sole reward was numerous ill-concealed sighs from the small martyr. But I was not going to be downed by an eleven-year-old boy with a sniffle, so I assumed a large and overwhelming enthusiasm and slaved on with him, illustrated and explained and then explained some more until my tongue raveled out about the edges.

The Story of the Messiah Strad

ONE day I almost got a rise. To drive some point home—I'm sure I've forgotten what—I was relating that ancient yarn anent the violin known as the Messiah Strad. The day was hot and I was not worrying myself about the usual descriptive touches with which I generally embroidered my story. I was telling apathetically about the little Jew who bought the entire contents of Stradivarius' shop from the heirs and took them piece by piece to Paris, first the more ordinary and then the more perfect and exquisite instruments, always telling them of a marvelous violin, the most beautiful of all instruments, with which he would amaze them one day. I related how the little Jew became so enamored with this perfect violin that he couldn't bring himself to the point of parting with it.

When I came to the part of my story where the Parisians had become disgusted with his continual bragging of this wonder instrument and had begun to call it the Messiah because it never came, I noticed Mansfield, who had been standing by a window staring out dully across the sweep of lawn, straighten and an eager brightness come into his eyes. Excited, I warmed to my subject. I roused myself from my lassitude and wound up with an oratorical flourish and then waited hopefully for the first timid expression of the so-called childish mind.

I didn't wait long. Mansfield turned to me with a little flush high up on his cheeks. "I wish you'd look down there," he exclaimed tartly, pointing out of the window to the graveled drive below.

I did so. All I saw was a trim little runabout paused before the

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They Made of Him a Typical Infant Prodigy, Velvet-Suited and Spindle-Legged, and Dragged Him Hither and Yon to Play

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE Associated Press sent me on another fool's errand besides that of going to Washington to get an act of Congress copyrighting the news of the association. This was in conjunction with Col. A. K. McClure and Mr. Charles Emory Smith the chairmanship of a committee appointed and directed to seek a contribution from Andrew Carnegie toward the building of a home for disabled journalists we aimed to establish in Colorado. We had about $40,000 cash in hand. We required half a million.

My colleagues promptly dropped out and left me the bag to hold. Perhaps it was for the reason that they knew the Pittsburgh ironmaster better than I did and foresaw it would prove an empty bag. Nevertheless, having myself a pleasant acquaintance with Mr. Carnegie I undertook the business with cheerful alacrity, confident of success. It did not seem to me possible that the man who was donating millions to libraries all over the country could resist a human appeal so cogent and just. I do not see now how he did. But he did.

"Mr. Carnegie," I said, "no man owes more than you do to the newspapers. They have been universally friendly to you. They have cost you nothing. Nor could there be a worthier charity. The press lacks a contingent fund for its disabled veterans. When one of them falls by the wayside he is taken to the poorhouse to be thence carted to the boneyard unless there be relatives or friends rich enough to provide for him and to bury him."

"I am not a phee-lan-thropeest," he cried.

This was all I could get out of him. I wrote to him. An agent wrote back evasively. It was suggested that I go to Pittsburgh and from that vantage set certain specified agencies at work. I did this, but without the least encouragement. Finally I had to give it up.

A canny Scot was Andrew Carnegie. His abilities were nowise extraordinary. Untoward wealth had marked him for her own. A new and cheapened process for the making of steel found him in the iron saddle at iron headquarters. He was ready to take the fullest advantage of this, with a Protectionist party in Congress ready and ripe to back him. Thus many moons after, the consumers of the country were annually levied on to pile up the Carnegie millions. He was a canny Scot, glib with aphorisms addressed to poor men and meant to soothe them into acquiescence.

No one man, no isolated business house or institution could by normal means earn in profits the stupendous sum of money which Andrew Carnegie amassed before he was fifty years of age; and though he declared that he proposed to give it all away and die a poor man, since no rich man durst go with his millions into the presence of his God, he actually died one of the two or three richest men in the world. I doubt whether his benefactions took more than his income. They certainly did not sensibly reduce his principal.

They were mainly devoted to public libraries. His education had been limited, and having a literary turn he put a disproportioned estimate upon the value of books. He was truly not a phee-lan-thropeest. If he had possessed any depth of feeling or even any breadth of vision he would have contributed the money asked of him to a home for superannuated journalists, commending himself to the good will of a grateful body of men, for he was a vain man, proud of display and eager for notoriety. After his refusal I could never bring myself to feel other than aversion toward him and I dropped the acquaintance, never seeing him again. Charles Emory Smith and Alexander K. McClure knew what they were about when they declined to act as members of the committee of the Associated Press, charged with a duty so idle and thankless.

II

THE American newspaper has had, even in my time, three separate and distinct epochs: The thick-and-thin, more or less servile party organ; the personal, one-man-controlled, rather blatant and would-be independent; and the timorous, corporation or family owned billboard of such news as the ever-increasing censorship of a constantly centralizing Federal Government will allow.

This latter appears to be its present state. Neither its individuality nor its self-exploitation, scarcely its grandiose pretension, remains. There continues to be printed in large type an amount of shallow stuff that would not be missed if it were omitted altogether. But except as a bulletin of yesterday's doings, limited, the daily newspaper counts for little, the single advantage of the editor, in case there is an editor—that is, one clothed with supervising authority who edits—being that he reaches the public with his lucubrations first. The sanctity that once hedged the editorial "we" has long since departed.

The editor dies, even as the actor. He literally leaves no copy. Editorial reputations have been as ephemeral as the publications which gave them contemporary importance. Without going so far back as the Freneaus and the Callenders, who recalls the names of Mordecai Manuel Noah, of Edwin Croswell and of James Watson Webb? In their day and generation they were influential and distinguished journalists. There are dozens of other names once famous but now forgotten: George Wilkins Kendall; Gerard Hallock; Erastus Brooks; Alexander Bullitt; Barnwell Rhett; Morton McMichael; George William Childs, even Thomas Ritchie, Duff Green and Amos Kendall. "Gales and Seaton" sounds like a trade-mark; but it stood for not a little in the national capital, where newspaper vassalage and the public printing went hand in hand.

At the outset the duello flourished. There were frequent affairs of honor—notably about Richmond in Virginia and Charleston in South Carolina—sometimes fatal meetings, as in the case of John H. Pleasants and one of the sons of Thomas Ritchie, in which Pleasants was killed; and the yet more celebrated affair between Graves, of Kentucky, and Cilley, of Maine, in which Cilley was killed,

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OLD TWELVE HUNDRED

By Harold Waldo

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON J. SMYTH

It Came Thundering in With a Boom-Boom of Stifled Energy

HORSEY McGRAW looked up from his bending posture over a tub on the back porch and saw a gang of boys straggle to a stop in front of Pickering's iron fence. Lazy June weather gave a sprawling exuberance to their movement.

Young McGraw sighed, lifted his hands from the dripping washboard and watched. The boys were whistling to old Duke—Judge Pickering's pensioner hound, who since his hunting days were over had turned to new pursuits and the pawky devices of a town clown. His slopping ears, red eyes and dewlap chin seemed raking round in a buffoonery of mock dejection as he sagged across the yard to greet the boys.

He snuffed negligently at one and another of those twelve and fourteen year old ruffians.

"Heah! quit yoh whifferin' at me, dawg!" whined the darkey boy, Yance Rose.

"He wants a piece of tobacco, Yance," said Bagley McIntyre. It was nothing less than truth that Duke bore among the boys the sad reputation of being a chewing man.

He came to terms with them at length and was helped over the fence, floundering good-naturedly and slapping his large nonskid red-rubber paws on convenient shoulders, ears and faces. Lurching to the walk, he shook himself and sagged out in the van of the three other dogs like a debilitated city alderman just back from French Lick.

Suddenly a piercing whistle tore across the street—and Horsey McGraw felt himself discovered. He trembled with disgust. One of those flashing intuitions that sometimes stormed his adolescent brain leaped to him now. Just as they had collected Duke, they would now in the same wanton humor gather him in—another old hound! An intuition that held the presage of a better future for him, had he but known it. For the present he was caught doing out the family washing—his own and his father's—that stern U. P. minister of predestined grimness.

"Hello, Horsey!"

"Hey, McGraw! Come on down t' the gravel pit!"

"What ya doin', Horsey? Washin'? A-aw, Horsey!"

"Quit it!"

With a gesture young Bagley McIntyre repressed the gang and swung through the side gate that led to the back porch, connected in train with the green-latticed well house. Everything was severely well kept in the McGraw premises; but there was no sign of a woman's touch—nothing frilly at the windows, no trifling beds of sweet Mary or myrtle hanging baskets. The smell of soggy woolen in the tub greeted Bag McIntyre's nostrils.

A masterful chap, this Bag. He stood staring young McGraw out of countenance with his cool-eyed northern exposure, while his square southern exposure held the riotous gang in abeyance, as the lictor's mace once quelled the Roman Senate. His aggressive blue gaze threw the rebellious Horsey into a hypnotic state.

Such a reputation as Bag's is built on grim subtlety and finesse. For instance, in a clique where it was distinction to carry a watch of any running sort, Bag carried one of gold with unctuous tracery upon it that his engineer father had given him—a railroad man's watch. And he never by any dreary fatality said "quarter to twelve," but uttered the time cryptically—"eleven-forty-five." In fact he could instantaneously pull out his watch—always riffled with mighty railroad-looking dirt—and translate the moment with snappy ease: "Three-eighteen, seven-twenty-seven, eight-forty-five or nine-point-nineteen" without a hitch.

It can be seen then what Horsey had to face—bitter as he was at being tolled along for a gawky butt to deck their holiday.

"Are you comin', Mac?" said Bag casually. There was subtle compliment in the title Mac in place of Horsey—*Mac*, which McIntyre's own intimates called him when most deferential. And the casualness of the question was perfectly calculated. It was in truth the very *ne plus ultra*, the very nine-point-nineteen of cool tonality and favor.

Rebellion quaked like jelly in Horsey's soul, and he muttered—as was his wont—the clumsiest, the unluckiest excuse at hand:

"I—I got to finish on my father's socks."

The gang burst into cruel uproar.

"Father's socks! Ho, ho, ho!

"Aw, Horsey! Say, Horsey, are they red like those big things on the line?"

"Aw, say, Horsey! I bet they ought to be buried instead of washed, heh?"

"Say, George Ockabok at the power house let me burn up Lily Woodard's dead cat in the furnace—mebbe we could get him to let us ——"

"I'll bet mebbe you don't sell the water to the Chiny gardens."

Bag McIntyre turned on them, frowning, and said briefly, "G'arn!"

When Bag said "G'wan" it was a temporary injunction, but his gritty "G'arn!" was a permanent injunction laid to run until vacated by the higher courts. The wanton humor of the gang abated. Yance Rose had edged near and stood looking over the edge of the tub as if taking a dismal professional interest in the washing. Yance carted washings for his mother on a device as complicated as a traction engine crossed with a well drill.

Bagley protested hoarsely and incredulously:

"You don't want to see old 1200 come in?" As if Horsey were guilty of lese majesty to the great gravel-pit mogul.

"I didn't know she'd come back," said Horsey feebly.

"Come back!" demanded Bag. "Where you living? Why, that's what we're goin' down for!"

"Bag is goin' to ride on her if Ted Church is on," yipped one of the smaller boys.

"Don't you s'pose Mac knows that?" Bag threw off crushingly.

This final use of that admirable monosyllable "Mac" prevailed on him, and Horsey muttered, "I guess I'll have to go." And even as he yielded, he knew that the masterful McIntyre wanted him mainly to buttress his royalty about with another hulking presence among his jesters, wastrel dogs and buffoons. "Of course you want a smell of old 12 goose eggs!" said Bag with tender and caressing verve in his admirable hoarse voice.

In a Clique Where It Was Distinction to Carry a Watch of Any Running Sort, Bag Carried a Railroad Man's

Lawrence McGraw snapped the drizzling suds from his long fingers and got his hat from the hook by the kitchen door. He knew he was a fool, a weak-spined hobbledehoy; but in his knowing was a promise of better things. Yet the final touch of travesty was set on his yielding by the action of old Duke. That *bon vivant*, upon whom as upon Mona Lisa the weary ends of the world had come, whiffered at Horsey's trousers, and giving a sudden sardonic snort of approval, sagged off the porch, rapping all and sundry with his debilitated poker tail.

Horsey's sandy head towered above the majority of the gang as they moved in motley host down the shady side of Pickering Street toward the railroad track. Had he straightened himself he would have risen above even Bagley McIntyre, but he walked with a stooping carriage, almost furtively. In fact since a tiny chap he had gone in trembling fear of his father. That grim Calvinist had held Horsey in such submission that the boy's cowering had even become hateful to the man—an accusation which angered him and led to further grimness. So the vicious circle completed itself. Lawrence remembered his mother as a wistful woman who had set a precedent for cowering only too easy to follow. Once only he had rebelled—after a piano moving in which his leathery young strength had discovered itself—but the next morning his father had invaded his bedroom early and roused him for a thrashing. The humiliation of his skimpy nightdress had undermined his morale.

At a horrible disadvantage, he had suffered the apple sucker to whine savagely round his bare legs—and sunk back to bed in a heap of scorching chagrin.

Now he had no sooner left the house to-day than a cringing wonder about his punishment in pickle came to sap the first elation of the sortie and his pleasure in Bag McIntyre's condescension. For from some whim of power or humanity the magerful Bag had elected to walk with Horsey and make flattering gruff talk with him.

"My dad just told me last week 'at old dozen goose eggs would be back. I expect to see Ted on. If he is I'll go for a little run up to Port Huron this aft. Be back to-morrah early."

Horsey caught his breath in aching ecstasy. The very picture of Port Huron, high up on the bright-colored lake—beyond a tangle of ports and cities as vague as Bagdad—filled him with a pitiable thrill of delight. To think of Bagley McIntyre's penetrating this *terra incognita* and reaching at last on the far-off blue marge of lake—just as evening was falling—a great shipping haven! And returning on old 1200, boom-booming down through the night! To Wonderland and back in twenty-four hours! Yet a matter to be conjured with a bluff wave of the hand—if Ted Church was on.

"He likes this run," said McIntyre. "He's got his girl at the Delos House."

He tipped a wink to Horsey, who blushed as if conscious of the high bouquet of forbidden lore. Elevated by this spicy passage and flattered by Bagley's confidential tone, he found his teetering legs contriving a firmer grip on the tar path. He made a grunting noise intended for a waggish chuckle.

Behind them the posse of boys came chattering and shouting, while the dogs with no attempt at teamwork—each seemed intent on a mystic unseen blue print requiring infinite trailings and retracings—here, yonder, back again, between a boy's legs, along the gutter, under a cattle guard, returning catawampous way across the track, perfecting a gigantic engineering scheme.

These graphs, which Duke Pickering seemed to be superintending with the cynical lassitude of a bureaucrat, were

rudely interrupted by the approach of a gravel train of empties. It ground to a stop by the water tank, and the boys scrambled on an empty flat car, clamoring with fatuous din over the lightering and entraining of the dogs. It took three boys and a straw boss to raise old Duke on. There were shouts of "That's not a way!" And "Ketch my dog under the belly firm!" There was all the frantic outcry of a South American mobilization.

Bag McIntyre and Lawrence McGraw alone remained on the ground when the train began to get under way for the gravel pits. Horsey had listened entranced to Bag's talk with the train crew round the sloshing water pipe, but found himself now shrinking with icy vibrations before the dread delicious prospect—monstrously impending—that they must swing onto the swarthy carmine caboose.

Crunk-crunk-crunk—the flats drummed onward, sifting flickering sprays of gravel. Crunk-crunk-crunk—the flat with the dogs and boys, shouting and clamorously happy, lurched by at a smart clip. Crunkety-crunk-te-crunkety-crunk-crunk! On came the pirate-dark caboose with its looming mountain, where a face shone spectral in the high window. The ordeal was at hand!

His trembling limbs seemed to be wandering away from him. How could he——

"I'll take her first!" rang Bagley's crisp voice, and he loped slouchily toward the on-spinning caboose.

Horsey concentrated all his faculties on watching. It was one of those moments when his brain acted keenly, flashingly, as with a storm of light. He saw the loose-shouldered hunch and swing of Bag—and crouched his shoulders imitatively. Another instant——

Bag's face grinned down from the platform encouragingly—but maliciously. It was that spurning tinge in the grin that touched off Horsey's charge of energy. He caught the iron quadrant and sprang into the air with a twirl. For a wild instant he seemed flying. Then his long legs clattered with a bang against the steps, and the friendly Bag caught his arm—friendly touch and friendly smile, for Horsey had proved up in the emergency. That malicious grin had said: "Do it if you dast, old Horsey, you, but I reckon you dassent!"

And now he had done it!

Wild dream of dreams—Lawrence McGraw, jumper of freights! And Bag was his friend and pal! Bag—with his railroad man's watch crusted with pure railroad dirt—who uttered the nine-point-nineteen of snappy and superior time.

The rush of fresh wind, the mellow humming of a man in the mountain, the backward-rolling sky—these brought Horsey to the brink of exultant tears. He had a gentle contempt for the small chaps on the flat car ahead, for there was something ineradicably gentle in Horsey's slack-twisted nature.

They passed through the dark arcanum of the caboose, with its bunks, its goblin green and ruby eyed lanterns, its lurid magazines of railroad amours and derring do, and crawled over the windbreak onto the first flat. The train was now humming along right merrily and Horsey had some trouble to keep his feet as he followed the swaying Bag. He soon learned that to walk rapidly and sway easily was the secret of safe progress and was elated with his apt discovery.

It was dangerous to look at the fields close by. Far ahead stretched the wavering yellow road of flats like a streaming magic carpet. The black engine, so small, tossed a plume of pitchy murk into the rich sky and rolled a faint drumming of majestic energy along the magic roadway to his feet. It was exhilarating beyond anything he had ever known.

They approached the toylike group of dogs and boys on their flat. In that distant symphony Yance Rose's face made an ebony grace note. Only yesterday, and Lawrence McGraw would have considered their position enviable beyond his dreams or daring. And here was he to-day looming infinitely above them. A freight hopper and a man of the railroad world!

It was wonderful—all there was to it! And he sucked in his lips a little sternly.

The boys looked up in curious-eyed submission.

"I thought Horsey was gone," said young Smitty.

"I didn't know he'd a-ever have jumped," shouted Floyd Sossman. "How'd you get him on, Bag?"

"Skunk cats forsnakes that don't," said young McIntyre, folding his arms à la Napoleon and adding scornfully: "He sprung it—just like me—young squarehead! What you think he's got those long legs for?" He grinned at Horsey and asked casually, "How tall are you, Mac?"

Suddenly a Piercing Whistle Tore Across the Street—and Horsey McGraw Felt Himself Discovered

Lawrence straightened his shoulders, taking care to shift his feet continually as he noticed Bag did, to keep a good poise.

"Five-ten, I guess."

Bag nodded as if five-ten was precisely to his satisfaction and not one fraction more, and spat with shutting fluency at the flying bank, where ironweed, burdock and toadflax tilted dreamily in the wind. He began whistling Casey Jones between his teeth; and the small boys took it up, singing shrilly those grandiose epic lines:

He mounted to the cabin
With the orders in his hand.

And when they came to those raffish words, "You've got another Poppa on the Salt Lake Line," Bag grinned at Horsey and observed bluffly: "I s'pose Ted's got some others besides his girl at the Delos House!"

"I s'pose so," said Horsey huskily, grinning with a sense of shamefaced connivance.

But he didn't blush this time. It was wonderful how a fellow caught the bluff manly tone about these things. Cautiously he brought his arms up from his sides, shuffling gingerly, and folded them à la Napoleon.

Like a great amber-colored lake swimming in blue haze the gravel pits spread out to the north. The train slowed down, the boys disembarked and trailed off to the bench where the big Bucyrus shovel snorted, Yance Rose bringing up the tail like a dingy caboose—with his dog, Alice, in his arms. The little wench couldn't walk on the gravel without wincing.

With Bagley McIntyre at their head no one attempted to dispute their progress. It was with a new and proud feeling of self-possession that lanky Lawrence plunged on beside him. He had forgotten his trepidation over the avenging spirit of his father; and then Bag learned that old 1200 would be an hour late.

"That'll be about noon," he said, consulting his watch.

"Gosh!" said Horsey, flooded by sudden apprehension. "I got to be gettin' back already!"

"Back!" snorted young McIntyre. "What's your —— hurry! But go on—if you don't want to see the old road hog!"

His grim take-it-or-leave-it counsel prevailed over Horsey's weakness, and he was a dripping, mud-spattered spectacle for the derisive gods when at last the far-away shimmer of sound told of the royal monster's approach through the blue-and-gold morning. In brief, he and Bag had chosen sides for a water fight in the pit pond, conducted with splatter boards, and Horsey had covered himself—inevitably—with more mud than glory. The evil fortune that served him had again the upper grip. What a shape was he in now to approach the great Ted Church, to say nothing of his father!

"That's her!" sang Bag.

"Are you sure?" queried Lawrence weakly.

"Sure? O' course! She's the only hog round here with a Crosby chimer! Can't you hear?"

Far off the chime whistle pealed again like a sonorous harp and trumpet in one. Old 1200!—beyond a doubt. They scrambled out of the pit from bench to bench. Horsey's clothes slunk limply about him. A wet, miserable, apprehensive figure, he had lost the morning's *esprit* and was again the butt of catch-as-catch-can ridicule. The excitement of the ponderous arrival of 1200 relieved him momentarily.

It came thundering in with a boom-boom of stifled energy. Far to the rear stretched its yellow ribbon of flats and dwindling toy caboose lost in an azure as of burning bushes. Heaving one monstrous sigh, it settled down to the steady click-click of its air pump and Bagley Mac with a shout of recognition began scaling the fortresslike steps to the toplofty cabin.

There leaned the god out of the machine—a gaunt brown face enameled with sweat and grease and grinning with the muscles that clamped his boot-toe chin and vulture's nose together. He removed his black skimpy cap, which carried all the grandeur of an epic helmet in Horsey's eyes, and slapped young McIntyre on the shoulder. This it meant to be the son of a division supe—and a real railroad man in embryo. Horsey noted flashingly that Bag's nose was already starting out from his face like that promontory of Ted's. He actually called that grizzled god Ted. And Church in turn greeted Bag as Young Hoghead—as though he were already the master of a road hog like 1200.

For a moment or two their grave intimate talk was too low to be heard. They seemed to be communing in the mysteries of the craft. The grandiose aegis of the cab spread above them. Then Horsey hazily heard Bag murmur the name of Stella. A smile touched Church's gaunt face, flashing across it with grim tenderness.

They descended from the cab—like Publius Veturius and train from his royal house above the Forum. And Ted Church addressed the admiring mob: "Nice old Baldwin apple, ain't she though? Apple of the old man's eye."

"Where does Stella come in?" Bag grinned.

Again that smile lit the great man's face.

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DAUGHTERS OF RUSSIA

By Princess Cantacuzène, Countess Spéransky, née Grant

DOWN through the centuries the Russian woman's life has always been in part an Oriental one. The country has been a meeting ground of the East and the West, and until great Peter's time our women's rôle was mainly in the *terem*, and they took no part in outside or social life. There were exceptions to the rule, of course. Olga, grandmother of Saint Vladimir of Kieff, about the year 955 A. D., went on a trip to Byzantium and brought back to her home country its first knowledge of Christianity, which she had accepted. Later, in 1469, a Byzantine princess came to Moscow as wife of the Czar Ivan III, and she brought with her scholars, scientists and artists. This Czarina, Sophia, was the center of Russia's intellectual life while her husband's reign lasted. Martha of Novgorod led a rebellion against Ivan the Terrible.

A few other names of women also appear in Russian history, but generally speaking all women lived tranquilly, behind closed doors and trellised windows, till the end of the seventeenth century. In the Kremlin palace at Moscow the ancient czarinas' apartment still exists—unless the Bolsheviki have destroyed it—arranged as it was in olden times. The rooms are low and vaulted, with deep small windows placed high up in the walls, from which one can look down on the great square below. There are vast colored stoves of valuable faïence and great splendor of decoration on lines recalling the Far East. The walls are colored much as Persian carpets usually are, with dark brilliant contrasts. Dull gold and silver keep up this impression, as the eye wanders to heavy wrought-metal chandeliers, candlesticks and icons, and to the nail-studded chests for jewels and for clothes which stand about. One can visualize with a little imagination the rich beauties of ancient days dressed in heavy velvets and brocades or in soft silks and cashmeres brought from India and China, sitting about at embroidery frames or doing other fragile work with lazy fingers, to pass the long hours away. They had slaves to do their bidding, also dancers, minstrels and dwarfs to keep them amused, and the Great White Czar frequently visited them; but even so there must have been many a day when bondage weighed heavily; and they all faded young. Some women intrigued in politics through their influence over a powerful husband or a son but in most respects the wives of great boyars—nobles resembled our czarinas in their futility.

An Emperor in Petticoats

PETER the Great changed this, as he did much else in Russia. He ordered the women out of their retirement, and from national dress into French clothes. He gave Western fêtes at court; and he made everyone take part in his own boisterous fun. His wife, Catharine, a daughter of the people, was made his constant companion; went with him to his wars, and took a share in the work and play of his stirring life at home. When he died it was to her he left his crown; and she reigned for some years, Russia's first empress in fact as well as in name. After her there was a series of them: Ann, the daughter of Peter's elder brother, who was fat and vague, left no impression on our history; Elizabeth, Peter's own daughter, followed; and showed much of her father's temperament, doing a great deal that was fine and constructive in spite of her dissolute life. Last, but not least, greatest and most magnificent of all our sovereigns, the second Catharine reigned and was called emperor. Intellectual, virile, friend of half the philosophers of her epoch, her own letters unconsciously testify to her high instruction, broad cultivation and to the vast range of her interests. Past master of diplomacy, she kept all Europe amazed at her feet; and by her military campaigns she added province after province to her domains. She led in her court's gayety; invited artists, writers, players, soldiers, architects, musicians and scientists to her capital. She gave Russia its finest collections,

Catharine the Great. Above—Grand Duke Michael of Russia (a Cousin of the Czar) and His Three Children

palaces and public buildings; decorated its towns with monuments and parks; founded industries, planned cities, made a code of laws, which were a wonder of the times.

She created a university which is still the greatest in Russia and founded the Academy of Fine Arts, which even now, until the revolution, ranked among the first in Europe. She chose for her ministers, admirals and generals the most brilliant men of her empire, whether they were princes or peasants; and kept them in their places if she thought they served the country well, even when they dared to cross her own autocratic will. Her wars and her voyages, her fêtes and her loves were many; and in her one existence she lived, twenty times over, the works, deeds and emotions of an ordinary man. She reconstructed Russia, and put it in touch with the outside world; and in spite of certain faults her brains and high aims with her glory filled her own contemporaries—as they have posterity since—with admiration. One traveled over Russia a hundred years or more after she died, and one still found traces of this great personality in the farthest corners of its provinces. The two capitals, Moscow and St. Petersburg, bore her impress in all the best they held. One was forced to admit she was a superwoman, and that her country owed her memory deep gratitude for the work she expended on it, and the love she gave her people, whom she truly understood.

Catharine died in 1796 and since her time Russia's national life has changed little. Our women only needed to hold the place and powers that empress had made for them; and society in and round the court at least remained most brilliant throughout the nineteenth century.

Russian Society

THE peasant woman's life, on the other hand, was narrow to the extremest limit, small and sad. She worked always, and had many children and much misery as her regular portion—this even after the emancipation of the serfs in 1863.

In the upper classes on the contrary there was an élite of women highly cultivated and most attractive. St. Petersburg ranked high for its salons all through the last five reigns of the Romanoffs. There were also Russian women who made a great mark for themselves in art, in science or in politics, while many cut a creditable figure as secret diplomatic agents, serving their government well in foreign capitals. Between these two extremes of aristocrat and peasant there were the intelligentzia and the bourgeoise. The first class supplied brains of the first quality, which contributed to the country's development; and also from their group came our nihilists and other underfed and over-excited types. Those of the second category lived quiet sheltered lives, and did little except to care for homes and families, read romances, eat sweets and talk. It was they who kept the tradition of the *terem* alive to a certain extent. They grew fat early in life, and had neither ambition nor energy to shine. Whether in society or in their round of home duties they seemed always gentle, placid and quite uninterested in all that occurred outside. Mentally, morally and materially they depended entirely upon their men to keep them going.

When I reached Russia, in 1899, I found the life in St. Petersburg absorbing; and the women about me very new and strange in type, and exceedingly interesting. In my husband's family everyone was most cosmopolitan, and I had no typical impressions there at all. My mother-in-law was French, and underscored the value of her own race on all occasions. She spent much of her time in Paris and kept her frame of life on foreign lines. She had brought up her only daughter at home and taken her abroad with a French governess for the last polishing instruction. So I necessarily turned elsewhere than to our family circle for real Russian experiences. I noticed at once the extreme vim and intense capacity for pleasure of St. Petersburg society, where the extraordinary wit and quickness of repartee, the immense culture, the knowledge of numerous languages and the large variety of subjects discussed were most striking. Conversations betrayed all this unconsciously, and there was not the slightest pose. There was a kindliness too not usually seen in social gatherings elsewhere, with a generosity toward one another and to a stranger in their midst, which never failed. The most beautiful—and there were many handsome women—lacked the attitude of professional beauties.

Those who were rich wore Paris clothes with fine jewels, and had palaces where they gave balls and other splendid fêtes. They brought carloads of fresh flowers from the south of France for their cotillons, and fruits from the Caucasus for their supper tables, in spite of thermometers at thirty below zero. On the other hand those who were poor were dressed by a seamstress at home, wore no ornaments and lived in a flat; but they asked their friends to quiet evenings of music or of bridge, simply offering them a cup of tea.

Yet never was a difference made between the rich hostess and the poor; each could have and keep her success and her friends. All society would gladly go to the first one's party, then to that of the other, showing an equal spirit of pleasure. It seemed as if nothing counted, to hold a place in St. Petersburg's charmed circle, save intelligence, breeding, good taste and a generally agreeable tone; with beauty as a secondary advantage. If good luck befell anyone of the small smart set all her clan rejoiced, while if a sorrow came they wept and prayed together in simplest good feeling, each taking part in her sister's trouble.

In general these women seemed to me quite different from any I had known before, both in mentality and in looks. At first I could judge only their superficial aspects, but I was struck immediately by their easy-going unhurried ways. No fuss was made in welcoming a stranger. They had no party manners, but went on quietly with the general conversation, letting me sit back or join in whenever I felt like it. Rather casual they were, and some foreigners called them indifferent; but it was hardly that and it seemed to me only a sort of frankness. One began to feel at home while the chat progressed, as if they took one's personality and antecedents for granted. One was soon cordially accepted, and then gradually brought into an intimacy unknown elsewhere, made of close camaraderie and comprehension, with a complete lack of criticism.

A Set Without Feuds or Jealousies

ONCE I had indicated that I held certain broad principles in common with them, wide latitude was shown toward individual tastes and ways. No concession was ever demanded from my opinions, which were listened to with amiability and ready interest. About a dinner table I found there were always so many varying views held on each subject that came up that the talk was most original and animated, and generally very amusing. During the season night after night we all sat up till morning; for balls worthy of the name never ended till five or six o'clock, and seven or eight was the more frequent bedtime hour; yet no one looked fagged or seemed dull or ever wanted to go home. A very marked fact struck me: No two hostesses ever gave parties the same evening. There was always a little talk and arranging so everyone could enjoy each pleasure as it came, and there were no apparent rivalries or feuds.

The court balls were wonderful—six or more given in the season with the most magnificent palace in all Europe for their background. It was only Russian czars who could place a party of three thousand people in a ballroom without crowding their guests, and who could seat this many at supper in another single hall. The imperial flowers and huge palms, the food, the music and the uniforms were all so perfect they were hard to outdo. The women managed to shine, however, in all the light and splendor of the scene. I discovered no one marked type of looks among them. Blondes with Scandinavian blood, whose ancestors had come into the country with Rurik and his viking brothers; brunettes with Oriental blood handed down by Tartar ancestors; tall and short, fat and thin they were. Well made as a rule, they looked healthy but not athletic. Rarely noisy but generally most cheerful company, I found my new compatriots especially interesting and attractive in expression. It was as if with a top layer of simplicity there burned beneath the surface vast possibilities of temperament and emotion, of strength and energy, and of serious brain power as well. They never had had to do anything, as they came down developing through the ages; yet were it necessary these souls could and would make good, one felt.

There was a world of sympathy and passion, with a capacity for joy and suffering which was intense, and which lurked always in the quiet charming faces of Russia's upper-class women.

By degrees as I became more used to them I noticed all this less; but whenever occasion presented itself the traits above mentioned came to the surface at once and played their part in our life. Through the years my admiration for these women grew as each new turn in our fortunes showed them in a new light. I have never seen greater dignity than my Russian sisters showed when occasionally they were under the stress of strong emotion. Whether in happiness or sorrow their great sincerity of heart, intensity and brave directness brought them up to the sublime; and always they escaped being awkward or melodramatic. One could approve the course they took or not; but one could not help being carried along with them in feeling, whether one wished it or whether one struggled against the current. No Westerner can realize till he has been among them the latent power of the Slav; neither can any Westerner resist the marvel of these rich natures, which are so soft, so strong and always fresh and new, with their treasures of deep sentiment. This overflows in the music, art and literature of our land.

If Russian parties are attractive Russian life gets into the blood and makes all else seem tame; and I have yet to meet a foreigner who having been for a time in the great empire was not full of regret at leaving, and did not long to return.

PHOTOS BY PAUL THOMPSON, NEW YORK CITY

The Four Daughters of the Russian Emperor. Above—Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana

Gorgeous Robes of Ceremony

AT COURT functions, especially those where national dress was worn, the mere sight of the women was unforgetable. They looked like their own ikons, with their high diademlike *kakoshniki* of seed pearls, set with great barbarous scintillating colored stones. Long lace veils hanging from the *kakoshniki*, priceless heirlooms for the most part, covered the top and back of head and shoulders so none of the hair showed. An underdress of white satin, hanging straight, embroidered with seed pearls or rich gold and silver, showed down the front of the figure; while the overdress of Renaissance brocade or of embroidered velvet, though décolleté quite off the shoulders in court fashion, had heavy sleeves which hung in panels to the ground, making a straight sweeping line from the shoulder. The train belonging to this overdress was always so long as to be quite hopelessly unmanageable as it swung out upon the floor. Usually heavily trimmed with fur, sable predominating in the room, these trains were embroidered exquisitely by the patient fingers of our cloistered nuns. Old India or Persia furnished patterns. One I remember, of pale rose velvet, was covered with great sheaves of Easter lilies in natural size and color, seemingly bound together with diamond chains; another chef d'œuvre, of soft gray, had a complete peacock represented in all its glory, tail spread out upon the train with the bird's narrow graceful head and body climbing up the wearer's slender waist. The dowagers usually wore rich plain goods which though made in Russia resembled much those of the palmy days of Venice and Genoa in the early fifteenth century.

One rubbed one's eyes, weary from the riot of color and the flash of precious gems. They seemed a dream of fairyland, those fêtes at court, and the classic beauty of the young empress made her a perfect central figure in the gorgeous grouping round her. She had such height and carriage as fitted her for the splendid things she wore, and she loved to deck herself in cloth of gold or silver, studded and trimmed with jewels. She wore more of these than could anyone else, yet she never seemed

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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

XXXIV

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Don't Do That, Wint! Don't Go Away and Leave Us Again. We Couldn't Ever Stand It"

WINT CHASE found himself unable to put Hetty Morfee out of his mind. He had overslept, was late for breakfast, and ate it alone with Hetty serving him. When she came into the dining room he said: "Good morning."

Hetty nodded without answering.

And he asked cheerfully: "Well, how's the world this morning?"

She said the world was all right; and she went out into the kitchen again before he could ask her anything more. Wint, over his toast and coffee, wondered. He was beginning to have some suspicion as to what was wrong with Hetty. But—he could not believe it. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be.

A certain burden of work shut down on him that day and the next, so that he forgot her in his own affairs. He saw her every day of course; but they were never alone together. His mother was always about. And there were other matters on Wint's mind. He was glad to be able to forget her. Wint, like most men, was willing to forget a perplexity if forgetting were possible. And Hetty kept out of his way and seemed to resent his interest.

He met Agnes on the street one morning, and she stopped him and talked with him. She was very gay and vivacious about it, touching his arm in a friendly way now and then to emphasize some meaningless word. Her hand was on his arm thus when he saw Joan coming, a little way off. He did not know that Agnes had seen her some time before, without seeming to do so. Agnes discovered Joan now with a start of surprise, and she took her hand off Wint's arm in a quick furtive way, as though she did not want Joan to see. Yet Joan must have seen. Wint was uncomfortably conscious that he had been put in an awkward light; but he supposed the whole thing was chance, nothing more.

Agnes cried: "Why, Joan! We didn't see you coming."

Her word conveyed, subtly enough, the impression that if they had seen Joan coming matters would have been different; and Wint scowled and looked at Joan and wondered if she was going to be so foolish as to mind.

Then Agnes turned to him and said: "Run along, Wint. I've something to say to Joan."

He looked at Joan, and thought there was pique in her eyes; and he went away in such a mood of sullen resentment as had not possessed him for months. It stayed with him all that day; he became, for the moment, the old, sulky, stubborn Wint who had made all the trouble.

Agnes and Joan walked uptown together; and Agnes chattered gayly enough. Agnes had always a ready tongue but Joan was of a more silent habit. Agnes said Wint had come down to see her a few days before.

"That is, of course," she explained, "he pretended he came to see dad. But he telephoned, and I told him dad wasn't at home, but he came anyway. We sat on the porch and drank lemonade that night, the moon was full. Wasn't it the most beautiful night, Joan? I think Wint's a peach. I always did. I never could see why you and he quarreled. Seems to me you were awfully foolish. I'll never have a fuss with him, I can tell you."

There was too much sincerity in Joan for this sort of thing; she was almost helpless in Agnes' hands—that is, she did not know how to counter the other girl's shafts. She did say, "Wint and I haven't really quarreled. We're very good friends."

Agnes nodded wisely and said, "Oh, I know." She looked up at Joan. "Was it about that Hetty Morfee, Joan? I know it's none of my business, but I can't help wondering. I shouldn't think you'd mind that. Men are that way. I know it doesn't make a bit of difference to me. Not if —— Well, I shan't quarrel with Wint over Hetty, I can tell you."

Joan had turned white. She could not help it; and Agnes saw, and added cheerfully: "Of course you can't believe half you hear anyway. But they do say that she —— No, I'm not going to. I never was one to tell nasty stories about people, Joan."

Joan could not say anything to save her life. She had to get away from Agnes and she managed it as quickly as she could. She was profoundly troubled, profoundly unhappy. She had not realized how much Wint meant to her. The things that Agnes intimated made her physically sick with unhappiness at their very possibility. She finished her errands as quickly as she could and hurried home. On the way she passed Agnes and Jack Routt together, and they spoke to her, and she responded, holding her voice steady. She was miserably hurt and unhappy.

At home she shut herself in her room to think. There was a picture of Wint on her bureau; a snapshot she had taken two or three years before. Wint had changed since then. The pictured face was boyish and round and good-natured; Wint's face now had a strength which this boy in the picture lacked. Wint was a man now, for good or ill.

She had suddenly a surge of loyal certainty that it was for good and not for ill that Wint was become a man. There was an infinite fund of natural loyalty in Joan; she had been prodded by Agnes into a panic of doubt, but when she was alone this panic passed. A slow fire of anger at Agnes began to burn in her; anger because Agnes had meant to injure Wint, not because Agnes had hurt her. In Wint's behalf she took up arms; she considered Agnes; she questioned the girl's motives, she went over and over the incident, trying to read a meaning into it.

There is an instinctive wisdom in woman which passes anything in man. In that long day alone, thinking and wondering and questioning, Joan came very near hitting upon the whole truth of the matter. Nearer than she knew. She came so near that before Wint appeared that evening—he had arranged a day or two before to come and see her—she had begun to hate Jack Routt.

She did not know why this was so. She had never particularly liked Jack Routt; yet he had always been cheerful, an amiable companion, a good fellow. Also, he was Wint's friend, and Joan was loyal to Wint's friends as she was to Wint. But all that day she had thought again and again of Jack's eyes when she saw him with Agnes. She told herself there had been something hidden in them, something she could not define. She mistrusted him and before Wint came to her she hated Routt and feared him.

Nevertheless, she and Wint talked of matters perfectly commonplace for most of that evening together. They were apt to talk of commonplace things in these days; because safety lay in the commonplace. There was a strange balance of emotions between Wint and Joan. A little thing might have tipped it either way. At times Wint wished to bring matters to an issue; he wished to cry out to Joan that he loved her. But he was restrained by a desperate fear that she was not ready to hear him say this. He was afraid she would cast him out once more; and he could not bear the thought of that. It was something to be able to see her, talk with her, be near her. He dared not risk losing this much.

Thus they talked of ordinary matters, till Wint got up to go at last. Joan went out on the porch with him; he stopped on one of the steps a little below her. He had said good-by before Joan found courage.

She asked, then: "Wint? Will you let me ——? There's something I want to ask you."

He was surprised; his heart began to pound in his throat. "To ask me?" he repeated. "Why—all right, Joan. What is it?"

"Are you and Routt pretty good friends, Wint?"

"Yes," he said at once. "Jack's the best friend I've got."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course. What's the idea, Joan?"

She said reluctantly: "I don't know. Only—I don't seem to trust him. I don't like him. I'm afraid of him."

"Good Lord! Jack's harmless; he's a prince."

"I don't think he's as loyal to you as you are to him," she said.

Wint exclaimed impatiently: "The way you girls get down on a fellow! Jack's all right."

Wint's impatience made Joan quieter and more sure of herself. "I'm not sure," she repeated, and smiled a little wistfully. "Just—don't trust him too far, Wint."

"I'd trust him with all I've got," Wint said flatly. "I think you're—I'm surprised at you, Joan." The stubborn anger roused in the morning when Joan came upon him with Agnes reawoke in Wint. His jaw set.

Joan was troubled; she wanted to say more, but she did not know how. And she could not forget Hetty. She had not meant to speak to Wint of Hetty; but Joan was woman enough to be unable to hold her tongue. Also, Wint's loyalty to Routt had angered her; she was willing to hurt him—as men and women are always willing to hurt the thing they love.

She said slowly: "Did you know people are beginning to talk about Hetty Morfee, Wint? You and Hetty?"

Wint's anger flamed; he flung up his hand disgustedly: "You women! You're always ready to jump on each other. Why can't this town let Hetty alone?"

"I only meant ——" Joan began.

"I don't care what you meant," Wint told her. "You ought not to pass gossip on, Joan. I hate it."

"I don't see why you have to defend her," she protested.

He said hotly: "I'm not defending her. She doesn't need it. If she did I would, though. Hetty's all right."

Joan drew back a little into the shadow of the porch.

After a moment she said, "Good night, Wint."

He said harshly: "Good night. And for heaven's sake forget this foolishness! Routt, and Hetty. They're all right."

She did not answer.

He said again: "Good night," and he turned and went down to the gate and away.

Joan watched him go. She thought she ought to be angry with him, and hurt. She was surprised to discover that she was rather proud of Wint, instead; proud of him for being angry, even at her, for the sake of his friend, and for the sake of Hetty.

She was troubled, because she thought he was wrong; but she was infinitely proud too, because he had stuck by his guns.

XXXV

JOAN'S warning as to Jack Routt, her word as to Hetty, and Wint's rejection of both warning and advice did not lead to a break between them. They met next day; and Wint had the grace to say to her: "I'm sorry I talked as I did yesterday; last night. I was tired, and—all that. I'm sorry."

"It's all right," Joan told him. "It's natural for you to stick by your friends."

"I needn't have talked so to you though."

She laughed and said he had been all right. "I guess you've been imagining you were worse than you really were," she told him. "It's quite all right, really."

"But I'm sorry you—dislike Jack," he said. "He's an awfully decent sort."

"Is he?" she asked. "Then I'm glad you and he are friends."

"That's the stuff," Wint told her. "That's the way to talk."

Thereafter for a week or so life in Hardiston went quietly. V. R. Kite still bided his time; there was no liquor being sold; Ote Runns went home sober day after day with a look of desperate longing in his eyes. That sodden man who had embraced Wint in the Weaver House so long ago, whom Wint had jailed more than once for his drinking, suffered as much as Ote—or more. He came to Wint and upbraided him for what he had done.

"It ain't the way to treat a fellow," he told Wint, pleading huskily. "You know how it is. I just gotta have a drink, Mister Mayor. I just gotta. I told Mrs. Moody she's gotta give me a drink, and she told me you wouldn't let her. You ain't got a thing against me now, have you?" The miserable man's fingers were twitching, his lips twisted and writhed. "If I don't get a drink I'm a-going to kill somebuddy, I am."

Wint did not know what to do. He could see at a glance that the man was suffering a very real torment. He had himself never become so soaked with alcohol that his system cried out for it when he abstained; but he knew what torture this might be. He had an idea that candy would alleviate the man's distress; but the idea seemed to him ridiculous and he put it aside. Yet there was an obligation upon him to do something.

He did, in the end, a characteristic thing, an impulsive thing; and yet it was sensible too. There was no saving this man. Highest mercy to him was to let him drink himself to death. Wint told him to come to the house that night; and he gave the poor fellow a quart bottle from his father's store. The derelict wandered away, calling Wint blessed. They found him under a tree in the yard next door in the morning, blissfully sleeping.

The story got round, as it was sure to do. The man told it himself; he boasted that Wint was a good fellow. V. R. Kite heard of it and waved his clenched fists and swore at Wint by every saint in the calendar. Also he sent for Jack Routt.

"We've got him!" he cried. "He can't put over a thing like this on me, Routt. I'll not stand for it. I'll run him out of town. Or get out myself. Damn it, Routt, he's a hypocrite. He's a whited sepulcher. I'll ——"

Routt laughed good-naturedly and held up a quieting hand. "Hold on," he said. "We'll have better than this on Wint before long. Good enough so that I—I'll tell you a secret, Kite."

Kite looked suspicious and asked what the secret was; but Routt decided not to tell; not just yet. "Wait till the time comes," he told Kite. "A little later on."

So Kite waited.

Toward the end of June the street carnival came to town for a week's stay. These carnivals are indigenous to such towns as Hardiston. They resemble nothing so much as an aggregation of the added attractions that usually go with a circus, broken loose from the circus and wandering about the country alone. A merry-go-round reared its tent and set up its clanking organ at Main and Pearl Streets. Down the hill below the tent the snake-eating wild man had his lair; and below him again there was an ocean wave. Along Pearl Street in the other direction the museum of freaks and the galaxy of beauty were located. Main Street itself was given over to venders of popcorn, candy, hot dogs, ice-cream sandwiches, lemonade, ginger pop and every other indigestible on the calendar. There also you might for the matter of a nickel have three tries at ringing a cane worth six cents or a knife worth three. Or you might take a chance in the great lottery, where every entrant drew some prize, even if it was only a packet of hairpins. The arts and crafts were represented by a man

(Continued on Page 70)

"Close Up Your Shows. All of You. Your Permit's Canceled. Get Out of Town To-Morrow"

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Both Ends and the Middle

THE need of the country is not more idealism, but more pragmatism; not communism, but common sense. Radical idealism is always promising more than it can pay and then defaulting. It is always going to make good sixty days after date and then stepping out from under.

Radicalism at its best usually means well and generally does harm; but just now it is not at its best nor even at its second best. It is at its get-rich-quick worst. It is operating with plausible literature and an army of smooth-spoken agents, selling pretty promises. But its mines will pinch out, its oil wells prove dusters and its pot of gold shift to the foot of some new rainbow.

In the end, common sense always has to straighten out the messes and pay the notes of radical idealists; to feed the starving and bury the dead of the reds. Common sense not only means well, but does well. Though its best is not perfection, it is pretty good and getting better.

There is more common sense left in the country than one would suspect from reading the papers, for nothing becomes news until it becomes the exception. But if the red program continues to make progress we shall see the man who does an honest day's work played up on the first page under the big type now sacred to sabotage and direct action. These will be such commonplaces of daily life that a line or two on an inside page will exhaust their news possibilities. Honesty, thrift and morality will then be the abnormal and the scandalous. The most sensational stories of the yellow press will be concerned with them. Free love will pass unnoticed, while an old-fashioned wedding will be good for a page story and an editorial reproving the bride for her defiance of the conventions.

The world has been feeding on a soft sweet slush of idealism until its stomach has been turned; and it has been drinking the synthetic redeye of the radicals until half of it is having delirium tremens. Now it is a case of plain fare—or the stomach pump; of cutting out the redeye—or the padded cell.

History will see our present state of mind as one with that preceding the burning of witches, the children's crusade, the great tulip craze and other examples of softening of the world brain. Heretofore we have kept fairly sane through epidemics of madness. When anyone explained just how the world could pull itself up by its boot straps, we have been disposed to remember a few well-known facts about strains and the law of gravitation. Where Ajax defied the lightning, old Ben Franklin went after it with a kite and a key. That would seem to be the better and the common-sense American way.

The Russo-German movement that is now trying to dominate America is at once so bogus and so sinister that it is hard to see how so many people can be deceived as to its meaning and intention, blinded though they may be by nearsighted self-interest. To those who have their wits about them, whose self-interest is farsighted, the trail of the red leaders is as plain as that of the mole. Like him they work underground, but their direction and objectives are perfectly apparent. Their tracks lead back to Russia and finally to Germany.

In America, where a peaceful lawful remedy for any condition that a majority does not favor lies ready to the hand, it has been necessary to work indirectly toward the ends sought and to make the poisoning of the public mind progressive. The alien worker, un-American in training and thought, speaking little or no English, often mercilessly exploited by his own countrymen, without understanding American conditions and institutions, has been the most fertile field for the agitator, and it has been carefully plowed, harrowed and seeded to a full crop of hell-raising. The American has been approached less directly, more adroitly, by sympathizing with him over his real and fancied grievances—then by leading him gently over the line that divides common sense from lunacy.

The red program, though perhaps without the latest Russian trimmings, is clearly stated in the pamphlet on Syndicalism written by Earl C. Ford and William Z. Foster—who was instrumental in organizing the men for the steel strike—and published by the latter when he was secretary of the Syndicalist League of America. In this book the authors say:

"The Syndicalist knows that capitalism is organized robbery and he consistently considers and treats capitalists as thieves plying their trade. He knows they have no more 'right' to the wealth they have amassed than a burglar has to his loot, and the idea of expropriating them without remuneration seems as natural to him as for the footpad's victim to take back his stolen property without paying the footpad for it. From long experience he has learned that the so-called legal and inalienable 'rights' of man are but pretenses with which to deceive workingmen; that in reality 'rights' are only enjoyed by those capable of enforcing them. He knows that in modern society, as in all ages, might is right, and that the capitalists hold the industries they have stolen and daily perpetrate the robbery of the wages system simply because they have the economic power to do so. He has fathomed the current system of ethics and morals, and knows them to be just so many auxiliaries to the capitalist class. Consequently, he has cast them aside and has placed his relations with the capitalists upon a basis of naked power.

"In his choice of weapons to fight his capitalist enemies, the Syndicalist is no more careful to select those that are 'fair,' 'just' or 'civilized' than is a householder attacked in the night by a burglar. He knows he is engaged in a life and death struggle with an absolutely lawless and unscrupulous enemy, and considers his tactics only from the standpoint of their effectiveness. With him the end justifies the means. Whether his tactics be 'legal' and 'moral,' or not, does not concern him, so long as they are effective. He knows that the laws, as well as the current code of morals, are made by his mortal enemies and considers himself about as much bound by them as a householder would himself by regulations regarding burglary adopted by an association of housebreakers. Consequently, he ignores them insofar as he is able and it suits his purposes. He proposes to develop, regardless of capitalist conceptions of 'legality,' 'fairness,' 'right,' and so forth, a greater power than his capitalist enemies have; and then to wrest from them by force the industries they have stolen from him by force and duplicity, and to put an end forever to the wages system. He proposes to bring about the revolution by the general strike."

And again: "*Sabotage.*—Next to the partial strike, the most effective weapon used by Syndicalists in their daily warfare on capitalism is sabotage. Sabotage is a very general term. It is used to describe all those tactics, save the boycott and the strike proper, which are used by workers to wring concessions from their employers by inflicting losses on them through the stopping or slowing down of industry, turning out of poor product, and so forth. These tactics, and consequently, the forms of sabotage, are very numerous. Many of them are closely related in character. Often two or more kinds of sabotage are used simultaneously or in conjunction with the strike.

"Perhaps the most widely practiced form of sabotage is the restriction by the workers of their output. Disgruntled workers all over the world instinctively and continually practice this form of sabotage, which is often referred to as 'soldiering.' The English labor unions, by the establishment of maximum outputs for their members, are widely and successfully practicing it. It is a fruitful source of their strength.

"The most widely known form of sabotage is that known as 'putting the machinery on strike.' The Syndicalist goes on strike to tie up industry. If his striking fails to do this, if strike breakers are secured to take his place, he accomplishes his purpose by 'putting the machinery on strike' through temporarily disabling it. If he is a railroader he cuts wires, puts cement in switches, signals, and so forth, runs locomotives into turntable pits, and tries in every possible way to temporarily disorganize the delicately adjusted railroad system. If he is a machinist or factory worker, and hasn't ready access to the machinery, he will hire out as a scab and surreptitiously put emery dust in the bearings of the machinery or otherwise disable it. Oftentimes he takes time by the forelock, and when going on strike 'puts the machinery on strike' with him by hiding, stealing or destroying some small indispensable machine part which is difficult to replace. As is the case with all direct-action tactics, even conservative workers, when on strike, naturally practice this form of sabotage—though in a desultory and unorganized manner. This is seen in their common attacks on machines, such as street cars, automobiles, wagons, and so forth, manned by scabs.

"Another kind of sabotage widely practiced by Syndicalists is the tactics of either ruining or turning out inferior products. Thus, by causing their employers financial losses, they force them to grant their demands. The numerous varieties of this kind of sabotage are known by various terms, such as 'passive resistance,' 'obstructionism,' 'pearled strike,' 'strike of the crossed arms,' and so forth."

Mr. Foster recently told a Senate committee that he had had a change of heart since collaborating on this hot stuff and pages more like it. But quite apart from the question of Mr. Foster's present views, this pamphlet is fairly representative of the beliefs and practices of a large body of propagandists, many foreign born, some American born, but all working against the peace, prosperity and Government of the American people.

Capital, of course, is far from perfect; many of its practices are in need of reform. But we cannot cure capital by killing it, much as those who hope to inherit forcibly would like to do so. A vast deal of nonsense has been written about capital, its functions and its powers. There is nothing sacred about the present system. It is simply the world's accumulated experience as to the best way to feed and clothe itself and to get ahead with its business. If anyone has a new way that looks better it deserves a trial on a small scale, just as we would try out an improvement in railroading before scrapping our whole transportation plant. But these ideas and panaceas that are being so ardently advocated are not new. They are as old as starvation and murder. They would spill the beans for the workers, to get the pork for the agitators.

The cure for the abuses of the present system is not less, but more common sense. Certain branches of labor are becoming more badly watered than certain kinds of capital. Both impose a consumption tax on the whole country. Cutting down production by loafing on the job; enforcing demands for hours that are too short and pay that is too big for the welfare of the industry and the community come to exactly the same thing as watering the capital stock of a corporation. There are hogs in both capital and labor—men who want more than their share—and they get it at the expense of the rest of us.

Between these two classes of profiteers and victims of them both lie the great silent majority of fair-minded Americans—farmers, workers at trades, clerks, professional and business men who have a sense of decency in their dealings with their employers and of responsibility in their dealings with the public. Neither help nor moderation can be expected from profiteers at either end of the line. Self-help is the best help—a steady crystallizing of that resistless and relentless public opinion that hounded slackers off the streets on gasless Sundays. Make the striker, the retailer, the middleman and the manufacturer who are asking for more show cause and mighty good cause too. The war and the increased costs of material and living are being stretched pretty thin in spots. Work, cut down your consumption and save. Make everyone that you can control or influence do the same. If you are a manufacturer you must content yourself with moderate profits before you can ask the consumer to pay high prices. Common sense first sets an example, then makes one.

Legislation can do much to lower the cost of living; a few basic laws might affect it profoundly in the course of five years, but immediate relief must be largely a matter of personal moderation and voluntary sacrifice of opportunities to grab the quick and easy dollar. Men who deal largely in the foodstuffs, materials and manufactures necessary to existence should be satisfied with very moderate profits this year, not solely as a matter of patriotism and public spirit but for sound prudential and common-sense reasons. Some of these extra dividends declared by companies dealing in the necessities of life look just as bad as some of these causeless strikes, though it must not be forgotten that the purchasing power of the dividend dollar has shrunk along with that of the salary and wage dollar. The old six per cent is now a scant three when you start out to spend it.

The trouble with all this is that it is quite obvious, perfectly simple, not at all exciting—but hard and dull to do. With the lessons of the past few years before them there are still capitalists who would keep right on admitting any kind of aliens, underpaying labor, watering and milking corporations in the fatuous hope that in some way they may contrive to grab off abnormal profits at any cost to the country—and get by with it. With Russia's fate before them, there is still a section of labor ready for direct action, the general strike, any old strike, if they too can grab off something at the expense of the rest of us. Both play the game for the red leaders.

Idealism is the hope for better things. Common sense is the quality that makes them possible. What we have to-day, our system of living and working together, with its rules and conventions, is the result of mating with our young and high-strung ideals. Blonde, brunette and redhead—we have honeymooned with them, jazzed with them, supped with them, breakfasted with them, quarreled with them, sent them home to mother and brought them back again, until finally by mutual compromise they have been shaped into comfortable companions with toleration for our human weaknesses and imperfections.

Russian radicalism is the world-old harlot that walked the streets of Babylon and Rome. "Her feet go down to death, her steps take hold on hell." Hatred, disorders, strikes, riots and death follow after her.

There is a kind of idealism that is mawkishness, a toleration that is cowardly, a habit of compromise that is criminal. We have said please be good to those who would destroy America, and slapped some of them lightly on the wrist. The time has come to speak harshly and to use the big stick. Society cannot find any basis for compromise with an element whose first principle is no compromise with society.

BETTER THROW THE LITTLE ONES BACK

The Red Cross Program

THE war is over, but its wounds are by no means healed. According to official figures three hundred thousand families of soldiers and sailors was the greatest number to receive Red Cross assistance during any single month of the war; but six months after the signing of the armistice this record was broken by an increase of fifty-three per cent. That it will continue very high during the coming year of readjustment and realignment goes without saying. In addition to its work at home the Red Cross still stands committed to the completion of its undertakings not alone in France but in Eastern Europe and in Siberia as well. Its problems are practical and fundamental, such as combating tuberculosis, local sanitation, the feeding of starving peoples, the building up of man power and the nurturing of sickly and undernourished children.

Part and parcel of the Red Cross program is a carefully worked-out system of preparedness for disaster relief, supported by a nation-wide nursing organization. A permanent militia of mercy is its end and aim.

In order to carry out a plan of work that has already been pared down to paramount essentials, the Red Cross has announced an intensive campaign that will open November second and continue until the eleventh. The object of this drive is twofold: First, to enroll a membership for 1920 far in excess of that which existed during the height of the war; second, to raise funds for carrying on its work. A large enrollment is emphasized because experience has taught that two dollars from two members are better than three dollars from one member.

It is encouraging to learn from official sources that the end of Red Cross work in Europe is in sight. We should not like to see this organization shirk any of its real obligations, either plain or obscure; but by the same token every consideration of wisdom and common sense forbids any program contemplating the permanent coddling of foreign populations. Let them be set on their feet; let them be enabled to help themselves; and then let them hew out their own salvation by hard, honest work, just as we have had to do in America.

The whole subject should be viewed broadly and farsightedly, but not with that pathological farsight which discerns glamouring distress three thousand miles from our own shores and is blind to the misery and suffering that exist all about us among our own flesh and blood.

BLACK SHEEP

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

VIII

NEVER in his life had Lowell Winthrop faced anything so disagreeable as the disclosures made to him when he sat in Mr. Dinsmore's den the night before and overheard all that passed between the merchant and McMurtry, the blackmailing lawyer. Never had he imagined that he should face anything so disagreeable. For once in his life he had not slept well. His mother noticed it—as an experienced trainer notices that a race horse has mysteriously gone off from perfect form. He laughed pleasantly at her fond solicitude and suggested that possibly he'd taken a slight cold.

All day at the office he wasn't up to the mark—somewhat distrait, nervous, even somewhat irritable, his smooth brow wrinkling now and then in a frown of disapproval. All the time he was waiting for a message that did not come. At dinner he was still waiting for the message and still it did not come.

Instinctively and consciously he was an artist in living—all should be bright, smooth, perfectly ordered. And here was a great muddy, bloody splotch right down in the middle of it! Naturally, he felt a deep exasperation. He was angry because the message did not come—and felt a contempt for Dinsmore for failing to send it. All the same, he had a duty to perform. He hated it more than he had ever hated anything else in his life; but it was a duty—a duty to himself. After dinner therefore he went to the telephone and called Dinsmore up.

"I should like a talk with you. I'll come down now if you can see me," he said. His voice was cool and even, a pleasant voice; but there was a sort of fatefulness in it. There was to be no dodging him.

So that evening the two men met again in Dinsmore's library—Winthrop as before in a perfectly fitting dinner coat, the color of perfect health in his smooth cheeks; but his gray eyes under heavy yellowish eyebrows looked uneasy. Dinsmore, as often happened when he dined at home, was wearing the sack coat and colored shirt of business hours. And Winthrop noticed at once that he didn't seem in his usual vigorous health and spirits—slightly paler and with circles under his eyes. There was, subtly, a reserve in his manner.

"You asked me here last night, you know," Winthrop began a bit nervously when they were seated.

"Yes," Dinsmore replied.

"It was by your invitation that I overheard anything," Winthrop went on. "I wish you to keep that in mind."

"Of course I owe you an apology," said Dinsmore. "I shouldn't have left you that way. I clean forgot it. It was—only toward morning that I remembered about your being here. I knew you would have gone home before then. Sorry."

"Oh, that's no matter," Winthrop assured him—a note of impatience in the polite tone. He touched his short, neat, blond mustache nervously with the tip of a forefinger, hesitated a moment and said, "Of course I expected to hear from you to-day."

That statement seemed mildly to surprise Dinsmore; but he made no answer, simply waiting.

For once Lowell Winthrop was not in perfect form, but obviously nervous. He frowned and even fidgeted a bit; then fairly blurted in uncontainable impatience, "I heard you accused of murder."

"Don't You Mind, Louise! He's a Brute to Treat You That Way! I'll Never Speak to Him Again!"

That also seemed rather to surprise Dinsmore. He knew the fact before, but seemed now to see it from a new angle. He looked deeply perplexed and said "Yes," in a rather toneless voice; then plucked his beard, stifled a sigh and muttered helplessly, "God knows whether that's true!"

"You mean you don't know?" Winthrop demanded incredulously.

Dinsmore rubbed his brows in perplexity and replied earnestly: "It's a long story, Lowell—an old story. I wish I could go over it all with you. But I can't. I'm simply bound to keep my mouth shut."

Winthrop was frowning and seemed interested in the state of his finger nails. After a moment he asked plumply: "Did you send McMurtry the seventy-five thousand dollars you mentioned to him?"

"Yes," Dinsmore replied.

Again a pause, during which Winthrop stirred a bit in his chair.

"It's true, then, that you've been paying somebody money regularly for a good while?"

"Yes," said Dinsmore.

Winthrop folded his hands and contemplated them and presently looked over at Dinsmore.

"If you're in the hands of blackmailers, Dinsmore, I'll do all I know to rid you of them. I'll make it my business."

It was an honorable offer, earnestly made, and Dinsmore was aware that to a man in that situation Winthrop's eminent law firm might be very helpful.

"I know you would, Lowell," he responded warmly. "It's good of you to offer. But there is absolutely nothing you could do."

"Paying blackmail, you know, is like a drink habit or a drug habit," the lawyer urged. "The more you do it the harder it is to stop. The only way is to make a stand and down it."

"I know that," Dinsmore replied. "But—well, I've nothing to stand on. I simply can't do it. I've gone over it a thousand times. I've just got to hump my back and pay—for the present." He looked deeply disturbed and added, "Some day, no doubt, I can tell you all about it. But not now. My mouth is shut."

The silence then was longer than any preceding one and Winthrop found it necessary to clear his throat of a slight huskiness before speaking, but when he spoke his voice was perfectly steady:

"Of course it is tremendously important to me. I suppose the dinner invitations were sent out yesterday?"

Dinsmore evidently didn't understand the relevance, and looked a blank question.

"The engagement is to be formally announced then, you know," Winthrop reminded him, looking at the grate.

Slowly an astonishing idea dawned upon Dinsmore's mind. The astonishment held him for some time as he looked over at his perfectly groomed caller. Finally he asked in a slow and controlled voice:

"You mean that—what you overheard last night would make a difference about your engagement to Louise?"

"Decidedly," Winthrop replied, and even looked Dinsmore firmly in the face. Then his eyes fell and he said with some emotion: "I wish heartily this had not come up until after the marriage. I would have accepted it then as a fact accomplished. But it has come up. We've got to deal with it."

"I see—it has come up," Dinsmore muttered after a little while.

"It has come up," Winthrop repeated firmly. He lowered his voice further, looking Dinsmore in the face. "You are accused of murder—a very shocking murder, as it happens. You are paying blackmail to the accusers. You say you must continue it—you can't make a stand against them. Would you expect me to overlook that?"

Dinsmore moved in his chair and plucked at his beard, his eyes avoiding the other man's.

"I hadn't thought of it in that way," he said. "That hadn't occurred to me." He gave a flickering smile and added, "No one has accused my daughter of murder."

That suggested the romantic idea of marriage as nothing but a love affair between a young man and a young woman—an idea for which Lowell Winthrop had much contempt.

"Well, look at it!" he suggested. "Things of that sort have a way of coming to light. I gather that you've been paying somebody to keep still for a good while. Now somebody else has got wind of the affair. Other people are on your back demanding hush money. I told you McMurtry was a blackleg. He'll bleed you white and then probably betray you too. Lord help anybody who must depend on him for each day's security! Say we're married and this thing comes out. You can see the mess. It isn't myself, Dinsmore—not myself alone. You're too sensible to think that. I owe something to my family. My messes are their messes. You know well enough what I would

(Continued on Page 32)

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Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

(Continued from Page 30

have let them in for. I owe something to my children. People in our position—the grandfather is one of the child's conditions. I wish heartily it hadn't come up until after our marriage. But it has come up. I've got to meet it."

Whenever he fixed his thought on Louise—beautiful Louise, charming Louise—he really did wish heartily that it hadn't come up until after their marriage. But he wasn't always thinking of Louise. Frequently he was thinking of himself, and then his thought was, "In any event, thank God, I got hold of this in time to smoke it out before it was everlastingly too late!"

Fastidious to extreme in all his tastes, any such mess as this affair foreshadowed was simply intolerable to him. He hadn't remained a bachelor so long, in spite of many temptations, in order to wed a ghastly murder. That would harrow him up in the most unbearable fashion. A beautiful wife, and her father hanged, or as good as hanged. The idea fairly sickened him. And always there had been a sort of reluctance in his mind; giving up his comfortable bachelorhood was quite a sacrifice.

"I hadn't thought of it in that way," Dinsmore repeated mechanically.

He was looking at his caller with curiosity, as though finding a new man in him. He knew all about Lowell Winthrop's fastidiousness and formalness; knew he had a very high idea of family—especially his own family. Yet it had been his unformulated, taken-for-granted notion that if a peril confronted his daughter—the peril, say, of disgrace to her father—this young man would be the first to leap to her side, ready to spend his last breath defending her. But in his peril, it seemed, the young man's idea was to scuttle out of harm's way as quickly as possible.

Winthrop addressed him again very earnestly: "I'm ready to do all I know, Dinsmore, to help you out of this. I believe that's the only way. Finally you've got to fight it out with them. If you wish to do that now I'm at your disposal absolutely."

His new idea of this young man prompted Dinsmore to suggest, "But if I did that, most likely there'd be a mess as you term it—a scandal. I might be indicted—a trial. All that would take time. What I'm thinking of, you see, is your affair with Louise. Making a stand would take time. I believe the invitations were sent out yesterday."

Winthrop paused for deliberation. It was a painfully disagreeable point. Looking at the grate he replied under his breath: "All I can say is—unless you can give me a different idea of the situation from what you have given me—the invitations should be recalled. What happened later on—we could only wait and see."

So it was as Dinsmore had suspected. The urgent advice to resist the blackmailers was the advice simply of the conscientious attorney who was warning his client against an unprofitable course of conduct. As to the intimate personal relationship of prospective son-in-law, Mr. Lowell Winthrop proposed to keep his skirts clear until he was assured that Dinsmore was such a person as he could accept for grandfather to his children.

A smile so faint that Winthrop missed it played behind Dinsmore's beard.

"As I get your point of view, probably the only thing is to recall the invitations," he said dryly.

"I think so," Winthrop murmured—with conviction. It was a very painful thing to him. A mental picture of Louise intrigued his heart at that moment. "I think we should wait. In time—it may be different," he added lamely.

There was a moment's silence. Then Dinsmore said, "You will tell Louise?"

"I think you should tell her," Winthrop replied. "It would be difficult for me to tell her without telling more than I have a right to." After a little pause he added, "I must trust to you to make it fair to me."

And Dinsmore was faintly amused at this appeal to the honor and chivalry of a murderer. A moment later he perceived that Winthrop was perhaps not entirely relying on those qualities in him, for the young man observed in what might have been a significant way:

"Of course I shall see her myself later." Which was another indication of how absolutely sure of himself Winthrop felt.

"Well—there seems to be nothing more at present," said Dinsmore.

"No," Winthrop replied.

The two men stood up and there was a certain amazement in Dinsmore's mind as he looked at his caller. The interview had occupied half an hour or so. They had been sitting within ten feet of each other. Yet he now saw Winthrop as though they had been separated by many years and long distances—fairly as though he had just returned from a couple of decades in the Orient. The man looked different. His yellowish eyebrows were thicker, he was heavier, there were marks of age upon him hitherto unperceived.

In a lesser way Lowell Winthrop felt this wide alienation. Practically breaking one's engagement to a gentleman's daughter must involve considerable alienation. It had been intensely disagreeable. He hadn't a doubt that he had acted correctly, yet it was all excessively unsatisfactory.

"I think you can appreciate my point of view," he said as they stood—his nicely modulated voice pitched low and his eyes downcast. "Just put yourself in my place." He looked up at Dinsmore. "You know Louise and young

The Idea of a Spy Turned Her Rather Sick. Who Could Have a Motive for It?

Proctor were rather thick at one time. You put a stop to it, she tells me. None of us wants to be let in for a thing like that."

That shaft went home. Dinsmore's eyes showed it.

"Good night," said Winthrop with courtesy.

"Good night," Dinsmore replied mechanically, and let the young man find his familiar way out.

That reference to Ned Proctor had fairly hit him amidship. He certainly had put a stop to it when disgrace claimed Proctor's father—a disgrace decidedly less black than murder. He could defend himself on the ground that Ned Proctor's career before that hadn't been such as to recommend him; that, in fact, Louise's thickness with him had been disagreeable all along; that the disgrace had involved the young man himself to the extent of getting him indicted; that the senior Proctor's crimes were peculiarly detestable to him—an odious mess of lying and swindling that finally ruined all those savings-bank depositors; that his solicitude for his daughter was rather different from Lowell Winthrop's solicitude for himself; that Louise and Ned Proctor were not engaged. He could defend himself; but, after all, the shaft went home. The man who had just left the room could turn his own action against him.

He sat down on the arm of the chair to think it over a while, and when he went to join his wife it was in a different mood from that in which he would have gone if Winthrop had omitted the reference to Ned Proctor.

The first mood had been just the reaction of his pride. He couldn't imagine himself negotiating with any man on earth as to whether that man should marry his daughter. There couldn't possibly be anything to negotiate about that. If Lowell Winthrop had been a crown prince and intimated that for any reason whatever he wished his engagement with Miss Louise Dinsmore terminated, Dinsmore would at once—figuratively—have handed him his hat and indicated the door by which he could depart. That was the reaction of his pride. But the Proctor business coming up—well, he went in a humbler mood.

He found his wife in the living room, and as it happened his daughter was with her. Mrs. Dinsmore was very little given to literature. She looked over a daily newspaper—if she happened to think of it; sometimes read a magazine story and once in a while—a rather epochal event—a popular novel. But she got through life very happily and competently with surprisingly little reliance upon print. So now on this quiet evening at home, instead of a book or periodical, her pretty hands held a little embroidery frame on which she was skillfully working a pattern in colored silk threads. They were very pretty hands—like her whole graceful, beautifully clean, wholesome, gracious self. Louise sat on an ottoman at her mother's knees, like a full-grown child—taller than her mother, in fact. Evidently the two women had been talking intimately. Dinsmore caught that impression as he approached and they looked up at the intruding male. At sight of them his errand became more difficult even than he had imagined it—especially at sight of Louise.

She was but three inches shorter than himself; full-grown, mature woman. The flowing lines of her body beneath a filmy gown, as she sat with her hands clasped round a knee, proclaimed that. It came to Dinsmore that in playing his rôle of benevolently intervening Providence—first as to Proctor, next as to Lowell Winthrop—he had probably made too little account of the heart that beat under that filmy gown. This lovely compound of graces and affections on the ottoman might have been bruised by parental hustling to this side and that in a way he hadn't properly allowed for. He would have liked to begin by stooping and kissing her; but there was that miserable discord; they were off key. He sat down opposite them, therefore, and gnawed a corner of his lip. Seldom was a father in a more difficult situation. He had only his set will to carry him through.

"Winthrop has just been to see me," he began. "The invitations to that dinner must be recalled. He wishes the engagement broken off—or suspended at any rate."

At that amazing statement Mrs. Dinsmore dropped her embroidery frame; her lips parted, but no sound came. She sat gorgonized, staring incredulously at him. Louise also stared and slowly paled.

"It's no fault of Louise's," Dinsmore proceeded steadily. "He finds—that I'm not eligible as a father-in-law." He would have given very much to let it go at that, but he could not. "He finds me in a disgraceful situation—liable to be brought into public disgrace." He forced his eyes to remain on Louise's face and his lips to say: "You know how I felt about young Proctor. Well, Winthrop finds me in a worse situation than Proctor's father. He mentioned that precedent to me. He doesn't wish—to commit himself now to marriage with the daughter of a man in that position. He wants the engagement—not announced formally at this time."

So he got it out and it seemed mostly all Greek to the two wide-eyed women before him.

"Proctor?" Mrs. Dinsmore murmured.

"Yes, the Proctor case, only worse—as he sees it," Dinsmore replied.

And after another incredulous moment Mrs. Dinsmore said softly, like one playfully protesting at a joke, "Oh, Alf! I don't believe a word of it."

A sigh escaped him and he said: "It's perfectly true. He wishes the engagement—suspended or broken off."

The sigh, which he would have suppressed if he had had time, seemed to carry more conviction than his words. Mrs. Dinsmore promptly laid down her embroidery frame, stepped over, seated herself on his knee and put an arm round his neck. There was no suspicion of tears in her eyes, and except that she had lost color her face showed no great

(Continued on Page 34)

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Come what might, no liberties have been taken with his *full Havana filler*. The vigilant care in curing, which gives to that Havana its rare mildness, never for a moment was relaxed.

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Robt. Burns Cigar

ROBT. BURNS
Longfellow
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(Continued from Page 32)

emotion. Her male person had always been a difficult person in some situations. This was one of them.

"What is it, Alf?" she said. "What has happened?"

He put his hand on her waist and replied, "It's something I can't tell you now, dear."

"But we'll both have to know," she coaxed. "Has the business gone wrong?"

"No, it has nothing whatever to do with the business—any business," he replied.

She pushed back his hair and kissed his forehead, her arm tightening round his neck. He felt immensely grateful to her and immensely proud of her. Her superior friends often confessed to one another indulgently that she had no mind to speak of; but he knew she would go through any ordeal close to his side without a murmur. She was not good at intellectual exercises, but she knew her man to a degree he hardly realized—divining the difficulties he had with his temper. She knew he'd got himself locked up now in obstinate pride.

"There are other people in it?" she guessed as a reason for his silence.

"Yes, some other people." He looked in her eyes—his fond steadfast mate after all—and hugged her against him, saying: "Nell, it will all come out right in the end—for me. You don't need to doubt that."

"I don't doubt it, dear," she said, and kissed his forehead again. "Has the business gone wrong, Alf?"

"Oh, no," he replied with a touch of impatience. "The business was never better. It's nothing about business or money. I wish I could tell you, but I can't now. It will come out right in the end. The thing now is—he breaks the engagement."

The girl on the ottoman had been left out of this little scene between husband and wife—a little scene not exactly agreeable to her, as demonstrations of love between father and mother are apt to be not quite agreeable to grown children, who instinctively regard that as something for youth. But Dinsmore's last words brought the girl into it again. Looking over at her, Mrs. Dinsmore saw that she had lost color and her eyes were round with astonishment.

Certainly it was an affront—an insult—to the young woman. Whatever the reasons for it might have been, it put her in the humiliating position of one rejected. Inevitably it would cause talk—much disparaging talk. That phase of it came to Mrs. Dinsmore. Sitting on her husband's knee, her lip trembled.

"He's a brute!" she said, and tears of sympathetic pain came into her eyes. "I don't care what happened, it's a shame! He's a cad to treat a girl so! She's not to blame! I hate him for it! I'll never speak to him again in my life! He's a brute to treat her so!"

Never had they heard her speak of anyone in that way before. She got up from her husband's knee, returned to her chair, and put her hand on Louise's head, her eyes dropping tears.

"Don't you mind, Louie! You haven't done anything wrong! He's a brute to treat you that way! We're well rid of him! I'll never speak to him again!"

She had been the strongest partisan of Lowell Winthrop, and Louise had thought the social distinction which such a marriage involved was precious to her. But at this injury to her daughter all that was wiped out.

"It's outrageous to treat you so, dear!" she stormed on, her heart wrung with sympathetic pain.

Her rain of tears and sweet, distressed voice afflicted Dinsmore's heart. It came to him bitterly that as husband and father he had little enough to congratulate himself on, seeing what he had brought to his daughter and wife that night. He felt a great guilt and contrition.

"I'm terribly sorry, Lou," he said humbly, his eyes downcast.

"You mustn't mind, father; I don't," her low voice came back like the fond touch of a hand.

But he had no doubt she did mind very much—as who wouldn't? She was rejected, humiliated; and finally it was his work. He felt very humble and an immense kind of disgust with himself. But there was nothing to be done. The matter was settled. He got up and walked from the room silently, leaving the women to their grief of his making.

Louise saw him rise, with a pang. If he had stayed longer she might have spoken out. Her first impression, when he said Lowell Winthrop broke the engagement, was like the cut of a whip. She was astonished and indignant at the affront to her proper self-respect. But that impression was rather fleeting. A little later her heart bounded and she wanted very much to laugh outright.

"You mustn't mind, dear; it's no fault of yours," her mother was saying, weeping, when they were alone.

Louise lifted a shining face to her and exclaimed: "Mother, I don't care a rap! Not a rap! I'm glad! I don't want to marry him any more than he wants to marry me—nor a hundredth part as much! I'm glad!"

She meant it, too; the swirl of emotions in her breast had come round to that. She had accepted Lowell Winthrop deliberately, with her eyes open, but without pretending to herself or him that it was an overmastering passion. He could give her what she wanted in life; with him it would always be front seat as a matter of prescriptive right. He was able and agreeable, always doing the right thing in the right way. She liked his looks—that appearance of perfect bodily condition. There had been another motive—the sharp reaction from her quarrel with her father over Ned Proctor—a sort of heaping of coals of fire. If her father wished to manage her affairs for her, let him have exactly what he liked. She had said that she was very fond of Lowell. Her disposition was warmer and more impulsive than his. In those little matters of a squeeze of the hand, a pressure of the arm, even a kiss, it had rather been she who gave and he who received than the other way round—for she had accepted him without reservations, meaning to be perfectly sweet to him from the moment she said "Yes."

Those little wooings on her part came into her mind when she was upstairs in her own room, after having parted from her astonished mother. There was a certain sting in them. Probably, she thought, he believed she was tremendously in love with him and would humbly sit on the doorstep waiting until he took her back—if he should finally deem himself justified in taking her back. There was a sting to her pride in that thought. But in spite of it she laughed, saying to herself, "He was perfect—a perfect tailor's dummy," and so figuratively threw him out of the window for good.

She had said that she was only decently sorry for poor old Ned; that it was just decent and nothing more to look him up a bit and give him a passing handshake. She had kept on saying that to herself after she knew it was a lie. But of late she had found herself in a monstrous position from which there seemed no escape. How could she avoid marrying Lowell Winthrop when she had deliberately plighted her troth? Well, Lowell Winthrop himself had let her out of that impossible position.

"You're Sensible Enough, McMurtry, to Know There'll be a Real Fight. I'll Take No Punishment Lying Down. Suppose You Spring Your Story"

It all came round to that—the one thing that counted—and her heart laughed. And then misgave somewhat, too, for a settlement with Lowell Winthrop was vastly different from a settlement with the other man. Yet a great and joyous sense of relief was her chief emotion. Under the impulsion of it she went to her writing desk to indite a little note—a very innocent little note, mentioning that she would be round by the bank at five the next afternoon. But as she approached the writing table something else came up in her mind.

Before going downstairs that evening she had laid three letters on the table—two of them addressed to herself, opened, read and replaced in their envelopes; the other written by herself and put into its envelope, but not sealed. The letters looked as though they had been carelessly dropped where they lay, but, in fact, she had so placed them that she could identify their positions by a hair's breadth. Into one of them she had put a tiny bit of tissue paper; into another a speck of face powder; into the third half an inch of white silk thread. Her own wits had suggested those expedients to her.

Approaching the writing table, she remembered this and saw at a glance that all three letters had been moved from the position in which she had left them. As she drew them from their envelopes she saw that the traps had been sprung, for her telltales were missing. Beyond doubt somebody had read the letters since she went downstairs.

At their last meeting, as they were driving home from the tea room, Ned Proctor had said to her: "I supposed I was about as obscure and humble an individual as could be found nowadays. I thought they'd simply wiped me off the slate and forgotten that I was alive. But I must be of more account than I supposed, for somebody is enough interested in me to keep watch of me—find out where I go and what I do. Probably a sleuth's trailing along in the shrubbery over there now. I'm sure they're welcome."

"Not really?" she had exclaimed, astonished and indignant.

"Fact, Lou," he replied. "Somebody's hired to keep tab on me all the while—some of that old business of father's, I suppose. But you mustn't ever smoke a pipe or slap a waiter when you're with me. They'll get it down in the report if you do."

It had a light sound, yet there had been something peculiar in his manner of saying this—a kind of nervous self-conscious note. She noticed that he avoided looking at her.

"The idea!" she had exclaimed once more, but fainter. In fact, it had occurred to her that he meant to convey a warning—let her know by indirection that a watch was kept on them. That hint had worked in her mind until she decided to find out by this little trap of the letters whether a watch was kept on her; for she had noticed some things which—if she had been inclined to suspicions—might well have raised a suspicion that her maid, Jenny Dupee, was spying.

Well—she was spied upon. No doubt of that now. The test of the letters showed it. She might have imputed it solely to Jenny's curiosity but for Ned Proctor's hint.

The idea of a spy turned her rather sick—naturally a nauseating idea. For she could imagine no motive for spying upon her except with regard to Ned Proctor. And who could be setting a spy on them? Who could have a motive for it? Could it be Lowell Winthrop? Could it be her father? That question, too, turned her rather sick.

The gilt clock on the mantel showed five minutes past ten. Too late, she decided loathly, to call Ned up then. She would find out to-morrow; but instead of writing a note to make an appointment she would take the surer means of telephoning.

IX

IT WAS an unhappy evening for Charles Purcell, managing editor of the Leader. He had learned of the murder of William Pomeroy about eleven o'clock that morning and had promptly set the conspiratorial forces in motion. He had viewed the body of the victim, immediately and positively identifying it; Pomeroy was certainly dead.

He had telephoned McMurtry, saying, "It's the man; no doubt about it."

And since then not the slightest sign or sound of the conspiratorial operations had reached him. He had telephoned McMurtry's office during the afternoon, but the lawyer was out; and when he telephoned again at half past five the answer was that Mr. McMurtry had not returned and the office was closing for the day.

To be left in the dark that way was trying. He was not free to dispose of his time as the lawyer and detective were; duties at the newspaper office claimed him. He accused his partners of at least slighting him. Surely something was happening. The most momentous things might be happening. Certainly they could have sent him a little word.

Sometime after Morden sat down to eat in the little restaurant at Highlands—no more thinking of Purcell than of the man in the moon—the managing editor went out to dine, taking care to leave word where he was going, so that anyone who called up the office would know where to find him. But nobody did call up the office. It came nine o'clock, ten o'clock, eleven o'clock—and not a word.

The managing editor became increasingly nervous, resentful—and suspicious. He didn't like what had happened the night before—McMurtry and Morden meeting

(Continued on Page 36)

All Sorts and Conditions

The personality of a business is as distinctive as the personality of an individual, but the principles of good taste and sense in business correspondence everywhere require a good paper and a presentable letterhead design.

When it comes to picking a good paper for letterheads and forms, however, the average buyer often is puzzled at the proper balancing of quality and price.

Systems Bond is pre-eminently the paper that satisfactorily answers this problem. Rag-content, loft-dried, it is a real quality sheet—possesses a crispness, a feel, and an appearance that make it fit choice for any business. Produced by an organization that itself performs every step in the making from log-cutting and rag-selection to the final seasoning, it is an ever uniform paper. Standardized and guaranteed by the mill watermark, it stands out from the welter of unknown papers as offering certain satisfaction. And its quality bears no price penalty attached—Systems sells at a true business man's price.

Ask your printer to use Systems on your next order of letterheads. He can also obtain for you our book "The Modern Manufacture of Writing Paper", interesting and valuable to the paper buyer.

Systems Bond is the standard bearer of a comprehensive group of papers—a grade for every Bond and Ledger need—all produced under the same advantageous conditions—and including the well known Pilgrim, Transcript, Atlantic, and Manifest marks.

EASTERN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
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SYSTEMS BOND

"The Rag-content Loft-dried Paper at the Reasonable Price"

(Continued from Page 34)

before he got there and McMurtry reporting he had got no money. An uneasy man naturally, rather timorous, yet led on by a mighty hunger for money, he was sure to be most unhappy in this situation. He realized that the affair had been taken out of his hands—more than ever since his find, Pomeroy, was dead. McMurtry and Morden could double-cross him if they wanted to—an unpalatable thought to a suspicious nature.

But cowardice is sometimes more dangerous than courage; a cornered rat is a bad opponent.

At half past eleven he called up the Morden Detective Agency—doubtful that anybody would be in at that hour. Somebody was in, however. The sharp-nosed young man answered.

"This is Mr. Purcell of the Leader. Mr. Morden there?" said Purcell.

"No, Mr. Morden hasn't been in this evening," the voice answered.

"Expecting him?"

"He didn't leave any word."

"Take a message for him. I have something of the greatest importance that I want to speak to him about. If he comes in I want him to call me up right away—right away! Get that?"

"Yes, sir; all right, Mr. Purcell. I'll give him the message if he comes in."

"Right away! This can't wait!" Purcell repeated, and hung up the receiver in a fine glow of determination.

Whereupon the sharp-nosed young man with the moth-eaten hair stepped back into the tiny hall, and turning to the open door of the small den on the left, said: "Purcell of the Leader has been asking for you. He said it was important and he wanted you to call him up right away, soon as you came in. He seemed kind of huffy about it."

"Huffy, eh?" Morden asked thoughtfully.

"Sounded that way," said the young man. "He said 'Right away' two or three times."

"I ain't in if anybody else calls," Morden observed, repeating an instruction he had given when he entered the office ten minutes before.

He had repaired to his office after searching James Collingwood's room at Luke's Hotel, partly because he wanted to see if anything in particular had turned up there and partly because he wanted to think. The sharp-nosed young man having withdrawn, he gave himself over to that occupation as he sat square-shouldered, square-jawed and glowering at his desk.

He didn't like McMurtry's report of the night before that Dinsmore had agreed to pay only fifty thousand dollars. Fifty thousand was nothing to Dinsmore. The man ought to have been brought across much stronger than that. He didn't like the further report that even the promised fifty thousand had not been forthcoming. At best, McMurtry was too cautious; not handling the thing right. Morden was perfectly confident of his own ability to bring Dinsmore to time far more satisfactorily. He'd have said half a million—and got it.

He took the odd, murderous knife out of his pocket and looked it over with affection. As the game stood, it was even more in his hands than in McMurtry's hands. That was what he wanted to think over. McMurtry was waiting up for him over at the Hotel Cardinal—or McMurtry was over there, whether waiting up or not, for their last word had been that the lawyer would stay downtown that night and the detective would report to him as soon as his night's work was done, or by breakfast time in the morning in any event. Morden was considering what he should report, or whether he should report at all. Neither of them had thought particularly about Purcell.

Purcell needed some handling, however. All round it needed handling and McMurtry was the only man to do it. Much as he would like to do it, Morden couldn't push the affair through on his own hook. With that conclusion to his cogitation, the detective went over to the Hotel Cardinal, ignoring the managing editor's message. The lawyer was waiting up for him. In the hotel bedroom the two men sat down together and Morden faithfully repeated his discoveries, down to the knife, which McMurtry examined with lively interest.

"Hell, we've got him!" the detective growled. "We've got him cinched seven ways from the ace. We'll pull his leg for a million at ten o'clock to-morrow morning." He glowered at his friend, with his air of a savage dog about to bite, and added significantly: "If you won't, I will. He's got to come across."

McMurtry realized that his intractable associate was perfectly capable of doing just what he said; and as he rubbed his smoothly shaved over-developed jaw, above which there was the hint of an ominous grin, his gray eyes twinkled thoughtfully.

"It does look a sure thing," he admitted conservatively. "I'll go at him in the morning."

Morden, with a steady glance and unmistakable significance, replied: "I'll go along myself. He might just as well know what he's up against. I'll go with you."

In the detective's looks, even more than in his words, there was an ultimatum. One result of his cogitations had been that there should be no more faltering about the business and that he himself would be present when the financial details were concluded. McMurtry understood both motives perfectly; understood also the man with whom he was dealing. So he said readily, "All right, Jake, I'm agreeable," concealing whatever disappointment he felt. He considered a moment further and added: "Meet me here at half past seven in the morning. We may as well get him here as anywhere. We'll catch him before he leaves his house."

"Sure!" said the detective; and on that understanding they parted—Morden not even remembering to mention that Purcell had called him up.

But McMurtry remembered the other partner as he was undressing and called up the newspaper office.

"Our case is moving along," he said pleasantly over the wire. "Our man will probably be working on it all night. I'm going to turn in now, but I expect to hear from him by morning. I'll call you up by noon anyway. It's moving along."

And with that small crumb the managing editor was compelled to be content for the time being. So when the conspirators retired that night each of them was entertaining some strong mental reservations respecting the others.

At half past seven next morning Morden tapped on the door of McMurtry's room and they spent a little time discussing at what hour Dinsmore would probably come downstairs for breakfast.

"We might have found out from Jenny," McMurtry observed with a passing regret.

"What difference does it make? If he ain't up, he can get up. Call him anyhow," said aggressive Morden.

"I'd rather catch him on the wing," the lawyer objected. "We'll wait till a quarter of eight."

At that hour he called Dinsmore's house, saying, "Mr. McMurtry—Mr. Lawrence McMurtry—wishes to speak to Mr. Dinsmore immediately on a very urgent matter."

Some minutes passed and the servant's voice answered, "Mr. Dinsmore is not dressed yet. He will call you." And the speaker immediately rang off.

With a muttered curse at the stupidity of servants in general, McMurtry got the connection again and instructed, "Have Mr. Dinsmore call me at Room 812, Hotel Cardinal." He repeated it to be sure it was taken down properly, then they waited. At twenty minutes past eight he called again and repeated his message: "Mr. Lawrence McMurtry wishes to speak to Mr. Dinsmore at once on a very important matter."

There was a long delay, while McMurtry held the wire; then the answer came, "Mr. Dinsmore has gone downtown."

Repeating the message to the detective, McMurtry observed ominously, "Looks as though the gentleman is trying to dodge the gaff."

"Ought to have given him the gaff in the first place hard enough so's he'd be acquainted with it," Morden retorted, blaming the lawyer's softness for this contemptuous treatment of them on the part of Dinsmore.

That retort nettled McMurtry, who replied, "He'll get it this time. We'll wait a little and try him at his office."

The waiting with their nerves on edge was disagreeable and this difficulty in reaching Dinsmore's ear reminded them of how amply he was protected.

At a quarter past nine McMurtry called up Dinsmore's office. The answer was that Mr. Dinsmore had not arrived yet. The lawyer left no message for him, but called again at twenty minutes to ten. Then the answer was that Mr. Dinsmore was in a conference and could not be disturbed.

So they had spent two hours merely in trying to get word to Dinsmore—and all in vain. Morden's ill nature had increased steadily and McMurtry had been reflecting—knowing well enough that Morden blamed him for their victim's disparaging attitude.

"We'll go over to my office," said the lawyer as soon as the last message came. "I can get a messenger there that I can rely on."

They went over to the law office in almost complete silence, Morden blaming his partner and the partner resenting it. In his office McMurtry took a sheet of note paper with his letterhead on it, and a plain envelope. Looking at his watch, which showed five minutes of ten, he wrote on the sheet:

I have reason to believe that James Collingwood may be arrested on a charge of murder in half an hour. Kindly call me up at my office before 10:30. L. McM.

Showing that to the detective, he commented, "If his private secretary wants to read that, let him."

He put the note in the plain envelope, addressed the latter to Mr. Dinsmore, wrote "personal and immediate" in the corner and underscored the words. Then he called a young man from the outer room and directed him to deliver the note at once at Dinsmore's office.

Again they waited. All this delay, the difficulty in merely getting word to Dinsmore and the contemptuous attitude on his part which that implied, was trying to their nerves and tempers.

"You've let him play horse with you," Morden remarked ungraciously. "You ought to have soaked him right when you had him."

Naturally, that was irritating to McMurtry, but he was more diplomatic.

"This Pomeroy business hadn't happened then," he reminded his friend; but he added with heat, "If that note don't fetch him by half past ten we'll have Collingwood pinched on some trumped-up charge and see if that jars him any."

"Sure!" said the detective, pleased and mollified by that prospect of bold action.

But at twenty minutes past ten the telephone rang and McMurtry with tingling nerves exulted to hear a voice saying: "This is Mr. Dinsmore. What do you want?"

"I want you to come down to my office," the lawyer replied promptly. "I have something very important to say to you." There was a little pause and he added, "A warrant may be issued at any moment."

Then the voice said: "Very well; I'll come down there. But one thing, McMurtry—you mentioned a Doctor Dill to me the other night. I want to see him and hear what he has to say. I want to clean this up once for all. There'll be no use in my coming down there unless you have the doctor present. I mean to see him and hear what he has to say myself."

"I'll have him here," said the lawyer promptly.

"Very well, I'll be there in fifteen minutes," said the voice.

So the lawyer had gained his main point of getting Dinsmore to the office; yet he turned away from the telephone with a thoughtful expression and reported to Morden:

"He wants Doctor Dill here—wants to see him and hear what he has to say himself. Says he won't do any business with us otherwise—or it amounts to that."

"Won't, eh?" Morden growled. "We'll make him! As to Doctor Dill, he can go to hell. We're to name the conditions—not him."

They both realized the vital importance of keeping Doctor Dill securely in their own hands; but, after all, the greatest thing was to get the money in the easiest and quickest way.

"The main thing now," said McMurtry, turning it over in his mind, "is to get him down here. If he doubts that we've got Doctor Dill or that the doctor will stick to the story ——" He turned it over further and suggested: "He can't start anything against Doctor Dill without tipping off the whole story. I don't see but we'd be safe enough—here in my office. What could Dinsmore do?"

Morden didn't see that he could do anything in particular in the way of getting the doctor out of their hands; but he naturally resisted any concession to Dinsmore, and repeated: "Let him go to hell! We'll fix the conditions."

"But if he's holding off because he doubts that we've got Doctor Dill or that the doctor will stick to the story we may as well satisfy him on both points," McMurtry argued. "The great thing, Jake, is to shake him down—get the money out of him. If he'll shake easier after he's seen Doctor Dill with his own eyes, don't you see—what we want is the money. The quickest way to get it is the best, so long as it's safe. He couldn't start anything against Doctor Dill without giving the whole story away—which is the last thing in the world he wants to do. I don't see but we'd be safe enough."

They argued further, with the upshot that Morden telephoned his office so that Doctor Dill could be produced in a few minutes if that seemed desirable. And when he had finished a stenographer from the outer office tapped on the door and said Mr. Dinsmore was there.

He came in with a composed air and a quick glance that took in the scene—a lawyer's private office, one of a suite of rooms in a tall office building and as like a thousand other lawyers' private offices as two peas. His glance also took in the burly, carelessly dressed stranger in the room with an unspoken question. Whereupon McMurtry spoke up with the greatest affability:

"This is Mr. Morden, Mr. Dinsmore—Mr. Jacob Morden of the Morden Detective Agency, who is associated with me in this matter."

It was in the form of an introduction, but the two men merely looked at each other—a truculent look on Morden's part and a calm survey on Dinsmore's part. Quite in his character of affable host, McMurtry motioned to a chair at the office table and said "Take a seat."

The indicated chair was on the nearer side of the table. Dinsmore took it and the other two sat down opposite him. The scene was thus set and it seemed the lawyer's cue to speak.

"Soon after I left your house night before last, Mr. Dinsmore," he began in a subdued voice, but very distinctly, "you changed your clothes, put on a black-and-gray checked hat and took the ten-eighteen train downtown. You went over to the Christopher Columbus Club, called James Collingwood into the hall and after a little talk went away with him. James Collingwood then killed William Pomeroy. The knife with which Pomeroy was killed was found in Collingwood's trunk last night—in his

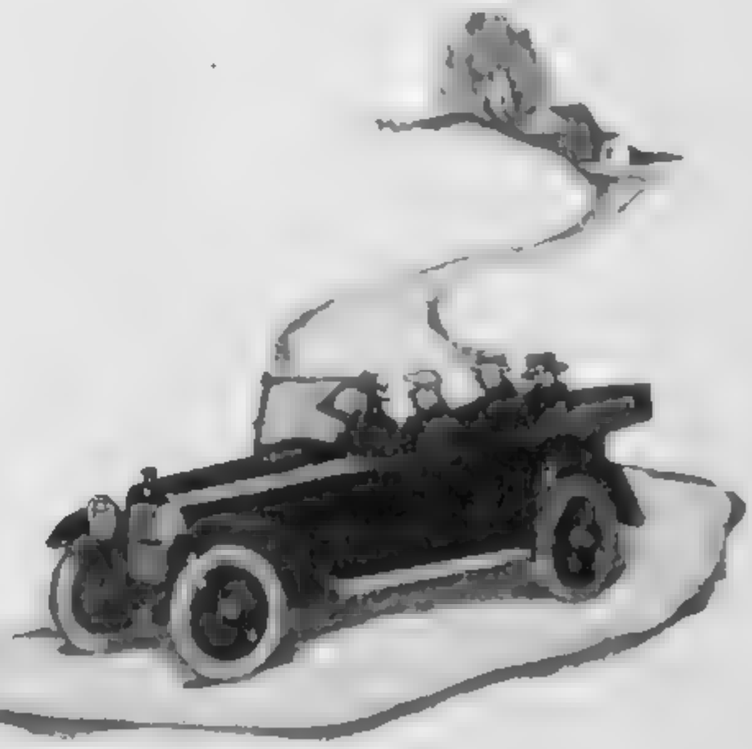
(Continued on Page 177)

The Comfort Car

IT is really not strange that many who formerly drove other cars, should now be numbered among our most enthusiastic Hupmobile owners.

The reasons why this is so are perfectly plain.

It is only necessary to recall that *The Comfort Car* has the name of being a really extraordinary performer among all types; that its economy and freedom from repairs are likewise quite unusual; and that it is regarded as one of the soundest and most lasting values in the automobile market.



Hupmobile

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

An Electric Solution

IF ALL the railroad and trolley tracks in the United States were placed end to end they would form a single line that would circle the earth eighteen times. The marvelous system of transportation that has been developed in this country is largely responsible for the rapid industrial growth of the nation. The railway route mileage here in America totals 265,218, while the mileage of all of Europe is only 217,000. The United States railways consume more than 25% of all the coal that is mined in America each year. The carrying capacity of our roads is seriously restricted by the movement of coal required for hauling the trains themselves. One authority estimates that 10 to 12% of the total ton-mileage movement behind the engine draw bar on our steam roads is made up of company coal and coal cars, including in this figure the steam-engine tender and its contents. This indicates that the useful, or revenue-carrying, capacity of our steam roads could be increased at least 10% with existing track facilities by eliminating the entire company coal movement.

Rotary Snow Plow, Operated by an Electric Locomotive, Clearing the Main-Line Track Near the Summit of the Bitter Root Mountains

Few people realize just how serious the nation's transportation problem really is, and how we are driving rapidly toward a situation where industrial progress must inevitably be checked by the failure of railroad development to keep pace with our trade advancement. For months we have damned the telephone companies for the delays and annoyances they have caused us. The average citizen had blamed the phone troubles on every phase of human neglect and inefficiency, while the whole matter in recent months has been a purely mechanical problem brought about by the cessation of telephone development work. It is simply impossible in this day of rapid industrial growth to handle enormous increases in business with old equipment and ancient methods.

Our railroads are even more closely linked with our lives than the telephone, and what we have been remarking about our phone service is nothing compared with the things we shall be saying about the country's railways unless some miraculous change comes soon. Limited telephone facilities created inconvenience; limited transportation service will create actual suffering since the handling of food and fuel is essential to our existence.

No one can say what the outcome of the railroad problem will be in a political way; but the time is appropriate to direct attention to certain scientific remedies that will help quite a little in restoring a healthy condition. Frequently when the future appears to be hopeless the engineer or the inventor steps in, and many obstructions disappear.

The use of electric power on our railroads is not a new subject but it is a science that in late years has been developed far beyond the general public understanding. Some few years ago many railroads were ready for electrification, but the engineering problems connected therewith had not been solved in a thoroughly practical manner. Now that all the elements of electrification have been perfected the railroads are without the necessary capital to make the investment. As a consequence there is urgent need for the country to understand how great are the advantages that will result from the more extended use of electric power. In the transportation business capital surely needs all the encouragement that can be afforded it.

Let me start out by saying that even if we had an abundance of money available not all of our railroad lines would be immediately electrified. Conditions for economical steam haulage and those for electric traction are exactly reversed. Steam roads are most economical when they operate large units—locomotives—and fewer trains. Electric transmission means smaller units and a uniform load all along the line. In most cases it would be very little cheaper to run three or four trains a day by electricity than to run thirty or forty such trains over the same line. The power has to be there continuously to pull the load. It is for this reason that electric haulage pays best on short lines connecting large cities, where the traffic is heavy and frequent. It is likewise true that in localities where fuel is scarce and dear electrification is the one and only system to use.

This does not mean that electrification is not suitable on main-line railroads. What I have tried to convey is the idea that electric power can be used for haulage much more economically in some places than in others. Furthermore, it is well to state at the beginning of such a discussion as this is that electric locomotives are not going to displace steam engines right away. In fact, there are many places where the modern steam locomotive at the present time is the cheapest unit to use.

In the United States we operate more electric locomotives over a greater electrified track mileage than all the other countries in the world combined. The latest figures show that exclusive of our trolley lines we have approximately 680 electric locomotives operating over 4900 miles of route, or 8400 miles of electrified track. Compared with this in all the rest of the world there are only 455 electric locomotives operating over only 1800 miles of track.

In order to show the economy of electric operation Messrs. W. B. Potter and S. T. Dodd, transportation engineers, made a careful examination of recent reports of revenue traffic, and found that the railway traffic for the year under consideration (1914), was 1,000,000,000,000 (one trillion) ton-miles. Out of this the movement of coal for railway purposes, together with coal cars and locomotives carrying same, amounted to about 12%. The actual amount of fuel consumed by the steam roads during this particular year to move this tonnage of one trillion ton-miles was 100,000,000 tons of coal and 40,000,000 barrels of oil. They state that this same tonnage could have been moved with electric locomotives by an expenditure of 40,000,000 tons of fuel, a saving of 100,000,000 tons a year.

It is further estimated that the annual electric power necessary to operate all our steam roads would be 37,200,000,000 kilowatts. Power stations capable of delivering this amount of power per year would have an aggregate installation capacity of 8,500,000 kilowatts, while at the present time the installed capacity of power stations in the United States is approximately 21,000,000 kilowatts—a capacity which is nearly two and a half times the requirement for operating all the steam railroads in the country. It is evident, therefore, that the task of supplying enough power to complete the job of railroad electrification is no Herculean undertaking.

It is not to be expected, however, that the nation will adopt any universal plan of electrifying our transportation systems. Furthermore, it is not necessary to enter upon this work so broadly in order to derive many of its benefits. The railroad-fuel problem is most serious in our mountainous districts, and it is precisely in such situations that electrification has demonstrated its greatest value. Under the most unfavorable conditions electrification of a railroad in a mountainous region will at least enable a road to double the amount of traffic to be moved over existing tracks and grades. This increased capacity results largely from the greater reliability and higher capacity of electric locomotives under all conditions of service. Under average conditions electrification permits a speeding up of train schedules by some 25%.

Likewise, it should be borne in mind that in extremely cold weather, when the steam locomotives practically go out of business, the electric engines make their best showing. Extreme cold—aside from the physical condition of the traffic rail—does not hamper the operation of the electric locomotive, but actually increases its hauling capacity. In January or February, when the steam engines are using up most of their energy by radiation from their boilers into the atmosphere, leaving very little useful power available to move the train, the electric locomotive is operating under its most efficient conditions, and at such a time will haul a greater load than in warm weather.

As for the use of oil on railroad engines the practice is no less than an industrial sin, and will be so considered by all who look back in a few years to come. Our limited supply of oil will all be needed in the nation's struggle for supremacy in world trade. A coal-burning merchant marine will not carry off the palm of victory in our fight for foreign business. We can't electrify a line across the ocean. Our merchant ships, farm tractors and motor trucks will soon be demanding more oil than we can easily furnish them.

As to the part water power will play in electrification, experts estimate that there is not less than 25,000,000 horse power of available water in this country. If this were developed and used in driving our railroads each horse power so utilized would save at least six pounds of coal now burned under locomotive boilers for each horsepower hour developed. In this connection, however, it

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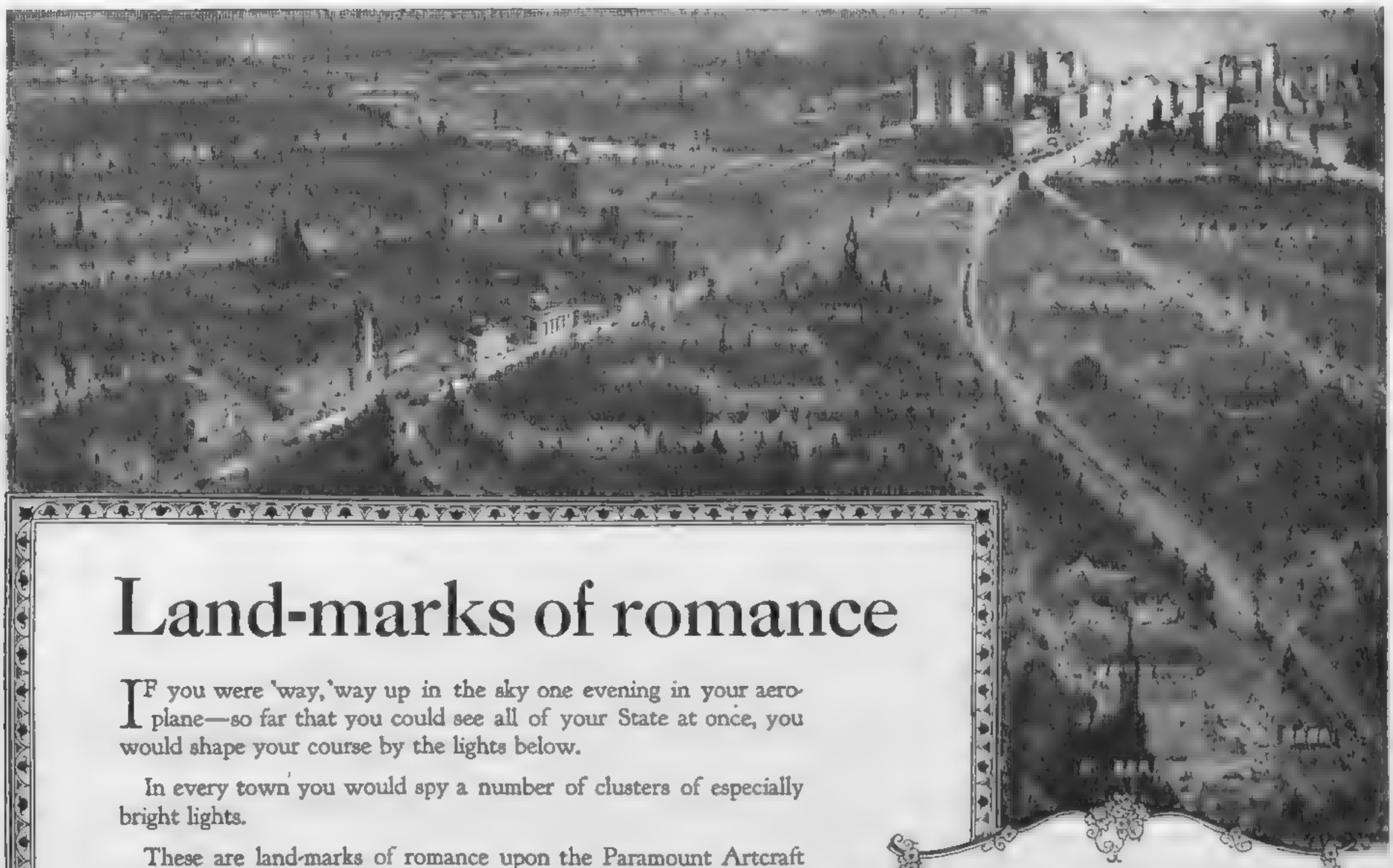

Land-marks of romance

IF you were 'way, 'way up in the sky one evening in your aeroplane—so far that you could see all of your State at once, you would shape your course by the lights below.

In every town you would spy a number of clusters of especially bright lights.

These are land-marks of romance upon the Paramount Artcraft map of America.

Go a little nearer to any one of these theatres—plane down in your machine—and except for the noise of your engine you would hear the cheerful swing of music and the little bursts of applause that punctuate the performance.

You could call on any one of the thousands of communities all over the country and you would find exactly the same thing,

—the same great Paramount Artcraft Pictures exciting the admiration of hundreds of thousands of people in *all* the best theatres, everywhere, *simultaneously*.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is at the helm of the most romantic industry that ever occupied business men, and the measure of its success will always be determined—as it has been in the past—by the good times you and everybody else have with the pictures called Paramount Artcraft.

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These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

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Wallace Reid in	"The Lottery Man"
Maurice Tourneur's Production	"The Life Line"
George Loane Tucker's Production	"The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick in	"In Mizzoura"
Bryant Washburn in	"It Pays to Advertise"
"The Tenth of the Tiger"	With a Star Cast
"The Miracle of Love"	A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Dark Star"	A Cosmopolitan Production

* Supervision Thomas H. Ince

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in*	"What Every Woman Learns"
Dorothy Dalton *in*	"L'Apache"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May *in*	"23½ Hours' Leave"
Charles Ray *in*	"Crooked Straight"

Paramount Comedies

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Paramount-Ernest Truex Comedies	*One Each Month*

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Paramount Magazine	*issued weekly*
Paramount-Post Nature Pictures	*issued every other week*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures	*one each week*
Paramount-Burlingham Adventure Pictures	*every other week*
Paramount-Briggs Comedies	*one each week*

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should be stated that not all our water power is located in regions where the transportation requirements are greatest. But this does not excuse the nonuse of resources that could be harnessed.

Over in France the lack of mineral combustibles is forcing a detailed study of the country's water resources. A particular investigation is being made of the economical use of electricity for motive power on railroads. A committee has been appointed to draw up a program for the electrification of the principal lines. The preliminary report of the French engineers upholds the conclusions that have been arrived at by our own experts. The committee states that mountain lines should be among the first to be electrified, but also recommends the electric operation of roads having a low grade and heavy traffic. The program proposes the electrification of 5220 miles of track. The probable cost based on prewar prices is estimated to be $335,000,000. Basing their figures on the normal traffic of 1913 the Frenchmen estimate that electrification would save 1,500,000 metric tons of coal annually, and in the near future the economy should not be less than 3,000,000 metric tons.

The amount of coal in the United States is enormous, but nevertheless it is limited. Every ton that is wasted cannot be replaced. Electric power will save millions of tons. Then there is the railroad muddle; electrification is the quickest and cheapest solution. Many a business has saved itself by the simple process of adopting methods that reduce costs and turn deficits into profits. In some localities the steam railroad no more covers transportation possibilities to-day than would a stage coach on a motor-bus route.

Easy Money

A PROMINENT merchant in a large city had been sending a yearly check to a man who bore the self-styled title of "reverend" and who resided in another city a thousand miles away. One day it occurred to the business man to look up the party to whom he had been giving for twenty years and see if the reverend gentleman's activities really were as praiseworthy as had been set forth. The investigation brought out the facts that the man was not a minister of any denomination or a representative of any organization; his solicitations netted him considerable sums of money; he spared no expense in satisfying his personal desires; some years before he had been arrested in two Southern cities on felony charges; he claimed to assist young boys, but was reticent on this subject. The merchant, of course, stopped his annual donations to this dubious cause; but think what a loss he had already sustained!

A visit to the office of the district attorney in most of our large cities will prove to any skeptic that the business of catching or exposing these fake charities is no easy task. In the state of New Jersey there is a law known as the Membership Corporations Law, which forbids any individual or group of people to incorporate a supposedly philanthropic organization without there being a preliminary investigation resulting in approval of the scheme by the State Board of Charities. Notwithstanding this very helpful legal precaution, the district attorney of a near-by metropolis has experienced trouble in frustrating the plans of a society acting under the authority granted by New Jersey incorporation papers. The New York officials found that the society had scattered mite boxes over the entire United States. So many such boxes had been sent out to banks, offices, business houses and places of amusement that the gentleman managing the project did not even know himself where all of these boxes were located.

On each box was displayed an appealing picture and the scheme pulled so well that $19,580.87 was collected before the authorities were able to call a halt. The investigation showed that of the amount gathered in, $17,214.23 was disbursed for overhead expenses, and no attempt had been made to select a site for the proposed home for girls. The result of the inquiry was the ordering in of all the mite boxes, but this was as far as the law could go, and the careless givers are out all they contributed.

Collectors for a home for needy children recently invaded New York. They procured a lot of money before the police caught one of the leaders. This culprit was charged with teaching young boys to steal. His trial resulted in a sentence of several years and a fine of two thousand dollars. Yet many business men gave liberally to this unknown association.

If anything is more amazing than the carelessness people exercise in their giving it must be the ease with which the average citizen is fooled. The easy-money men of the days of Barnum were paragons of virtue compared with the charity swindlers of to-day. The modern dishonest solicitor does not hesitate to use bogus letterheads and forged credentials. He frequently poses as the representative of some reputable and well-known association. Two men were sent to prison recently in New York for soliciting advertisements for a proposed book to be issued by a benevolent association. That the city was easy is proved by the fact that they got away with four thousand dollars before they were apprehended.

Frequently the solicitor and his accomplices create an organization for the sole purpose of getting out a yearbook or a souvenir program. One such group gathered in some unsuspecting dollars in Eastern cities this year. The only copies of the journal of the supposed association were those got out for use in the collecting campaign. The addresses given by the collectors proved to be saloons. Yet many merchants placed advertisements with these dishonest salesmen.

In many cases, even when the cause is worthy, the plan followed in getting contributions does not permit much of the money to reach the charity that needs it. Take, for instance, the case of a magazine selling for ten cents. The agents maintained that the proceeds were applied to sending tubercular children to an institution in a Southern state, and caring for them there. An examination showed that of every ten cents collected the solicitor got four and the managing agent two. The financial report of the organization indicated that $4000 had been spent on the general maintenance of the home, while $25,000 had been applied to printing, headquarters, expenses and overhead charges. In other words, only fourteen per cent of the total money reaching headquarters was used to benefit the children. Furthermore, this fourteen per cent was only about six per cent of the gross receipts.

When it comes to the question of the chain letter, which is used so often to help a cause, the plan is nearly always undesirable, due to the uncertainty and lack of control that attends this method of procuring funds. The mathematical shark knows that such a letter asking that copies be mailed to four friends will reach into the billions in a very short time. This, of course, assumes that the chain is not broken and that each series of letters bears the next highest number.

Some of these chain letters are pure frauds. A firm in an Eastern city started such a letter, promising a certain article of merchandise to all who would remit ten cents. The scheme was exposed by the post-office inspectors, but at last reports the postmaster in the city where the letter was started had received 600,000 of these letters inclosing dimes, and since there is absolutely no way to stop a chain letter once it is started the money continues to come in, notwithstanding the fact that the fraud order was issued some time ago. One chain letter quoting a prayer has been circulating for more than ten years. It predicts calamity for those who do not comply, so it is probably good for a century or two.

The remit-or-return scheme for collecting foolish dollars has been used extensively in recent years. The Chamber of Commerce in Rochester, New York, which body has thoroughly investigated the question of dishonest solicitations, tells the story of a method that was unique if not successful: A former president of the chamber received a rug, following the receipt of a letter purporting to be written at the request of an old friend and offering the rug as a great bargain. The following extracts are taken from the correspondence:

"Our mutual friend, Harry Smith, dropped in here this morning on his way to the coast and bought a couple of Navajo blankets. During our chat he mentioned your name, stating that you wanted to get some of these goods, but had not bought any for fear of getting stung. It was his intention to pick out half a dozen blankets for you and have us ship them on, but there wasn't time—the train only stops a few minutes—so he left it to my judgment to make the selection and forward them. 'Better send one first,' thinks I, 'and see how he likes it,' and so I am shipping by parcel post to-day one of the best-woven and prettiest blankets in the house—a regular ham-stringer. Invoice is inclosed. You will note I have made you a ten per cent discount from the regular price—thank Harry for that.

"Shall be going East this summer and expect to stop off and see Smith, who has promised to show me round a little. Hope to have the pleasure of meeting you at that time."

The prospective customer replied: "Returning your bill herewith. I beg to say that I have turned the rug over to the Rochester Chamber of Commerce, which has a department looking after this kind of thing. If you feel like it you may thank Harry for that. I do not recall any such friend named Smith. Am amazed you should expect to find anybody so easy as to send a check for $23.85 for something he doesn't want or wouldn't take the trouble to pack up and send back. Of course the parcel is subject to your order, or will be delivered to your duly authorized representative."

The Western man replied: "You're there when it comes to spotting a frame-up. A Chicago firm said I could get away with this game—that checks would come in from nine people out of ten. I fell for the idea, though I didn't like it and I don't like it any better now. I'm going to quit."

Then the letter asks Mr. Blank to try to sell the blanket to some of his friends, offering a further ten per cent reduction, and ends with: "Of course if they pass it up I'll quickly send stamps for return postage."

In this scheme of remit or return articles of merchandise are sometimes sent with the request that a certain sum of money be remitted or the goods returned. Usually the sender claims to be suffering from some incurable illness and has a family to support. One such fraud was exposed and it was

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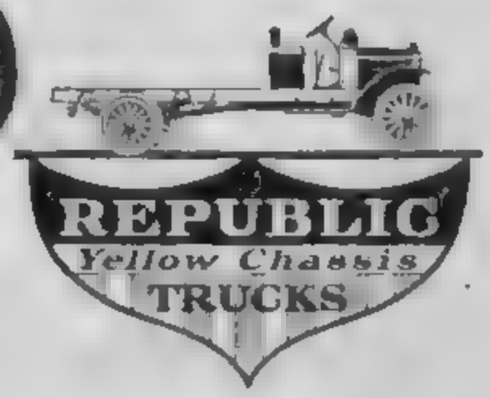
PHOTO BY COURTESY OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

An Electric Train Descending a Two Per Cent Grade on the Eastern Slope of the Rockies

You can't get away from the fact that 60,000 Republic Trucks have been bought by shrewd, sensible business men. Among them will be found a solid conviction that their trucks are not equalled —in *performance*, in *ruggedness*, in *economy*. In six years, this preference—based solely on the wonderful Republic record—has made this company the largest manufacturer of motor trucks in the world.

REPUBLIC TRUCKS



Republic Motor Truck Co., Inc., Alma, Michigan

ON THE LORDSBURG ROAD

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

"'Kick Down That Box and Stick Up Yo'r Hands,' Says the Road Agent. I Did 'em Both at the Same Time"

ONE blazing windy Arizona afternoon in the days when liquor selling was still a licensed privilege over in New Mexico, Sheriff Bob Reed and I were sitting under a hackberry tree beside the Lordsburg road. The sheriff's roadster, parked near by, was smeared with dust, its fenders bore scars from recent reckless driving and the sheriff himself showed signs of much hard usage. Unshaven, stained by wind and dirt and sun, he blinked his weary eyes—sometimes he nodded—peering down the road into the east.

We had been watching that highway for a week now, traveling back and forth over its dusty reaches through the long hot days, lurking beside it through the cool nights while the mocking birds sang all about us in the darkness. On the branch roads which twisted in and out among the swarthy malapi hills deputies were maintaining similar vigils, at what expense in gasoline, tires and repair bills we did not know or care to think of; time enough for such griefs when it came to turning in accounts to the board of supervisors.

Some tokens of small success marked the devious routes we had traveled—a half dozen heaps of broken glass, each with its array of paper labels fluttering in the breezes and its aroma suggestive of pay-day night in a wide-open mining town. There was also a wrecked touring car where the road makes the sharp turn at the head of the grade; and there were four dismal young fellows in the jail at Chiricahua, writing their friends for bail. But the fragments of bottles merely marked the points where first offenders—their illicit wares destroyed by their own hands—had departed from our company on their promises to sin no more against the laws of the commonwealth. The overturned auto belonged to a novice at bootlegging, unfamiliar with the hazards of our county highways; and as for the prisoners, they were small fry. The big game whom the sheriff had come forth to hunt was still at large. Just now he was—or anyway we hoped he was—somewhere down that gray road which twined away between the sun-baked hills to New Mexico.

Big Tom Williams was the name men knew him by—it may have been his own for all I ever learned, but that is doubtful—and he was old in the crafty game of smuggling long before Bob Reed wore a star on his vest. Back in the days when Black Jack Ketchum was robbing express cars he had learned the art of packing rifle cartridges so that they would pass scrutiny as sacked flour; and the more recent years of border warfare had afforded him a post-graduate course in smuggling munitions, to the end that when prohibition came it found him not only ready and willing but apt at carrying contraband. So long as he traveled the road to Lordsburg the miners in the copper camps need never go thirsty.

We had met him at the beginning of the week, while this expedition was still young and our hopes were high, and he had stopped his high-powered touring car long enough to tell us flat-footed that he was on his way to Lordsburg after whisky. With which he sped off in a cloud of dust and left the sheriff frowning, even as he frowned now under the hackberry tree, gazing off into the tawny landscape.

A hundred yards or so up the road Bill Savage was sitting in the shade of his huge eight-cylinder car and I could see the cow-puncher who did chauffeur duty for him removing a deflated tire. They had passed us some minutes ago, to come to grief on one of the sharp rock fragments at the creek crossing. I looked from the old-timer, who had established his ranch down in the valley in the days when Cochise was on the warpath and had maintained it by force of arms until the coming of the railroads, to Sheriff Bob Reed and found the latter still peering off into the distance. I knew what he was thinking. I had asked myself the same question:

"Where in that tangle of hills is the route Tom Williams traveled?"

"Why don't you ask Bill Savage?" I said.

The sheriff shook his head.

"Bill," he answered, "is an old-timer."

"Sure!" I argued. "That's the idea. He's tracked Apaches over every rod of this country, and if there's a road ——"

"You don't get me," Reed interrupted. "And I'll explain. Did you ever hear of the time Bill Savage got into trouble in Tucson? No? Well, some years back he came to town—the place had changed a whole lot since his last visit, along of Eastern people, but he didn't know it. He had his dog with him.

"One day this dog of Bill's got into a fight with a dog belonging to some newcomer from the Middle West. It was a pretty hot scrap and at the beginning Bill's dog was getting the worst of it, taking a devil of a lacing. Bill stood by and listened to the other fellow laugh, but didn't make a move to stop the fun. Finally his dog made out to climb on top and just as it was sinking its teeth in for a good hold the man from the Middle West kicked it.

"Bill shot him through the foot.

"'There,' says he, 'you won't kick another dog for a while, pardner.'

"It cost his friends a heap of money to square the case, because people were getting so they didn't understand such things any more."

"Well," I said hopelessly, "I'm afraid I don't get you yet."

The sheriff smiled, but forbore to remind me that I, too, was a newcomer in the country.

"It's like this with the old-timers," he went on quietly. "They don't go to meddle with the other fellow's business, not even when the other fellow is their own dog."

He paused to relight his cigarette, which had gone out a half hour ago, and then: "Savage," said he, "doesn't look on bootlegging as a matter of lawbreaking—like killing beef or rustling cattle. He'd regard this as a personal affair between me and Tom Williams.

"He's known me ever since I was a boy and likes me a whole lot, but if I was to get into a gun fight with Tom Williams he'd stand by and never turn a hand. That fight would be my business and Bill would figure he'd have to keep out of it—unless he saw that Williams was stacking the cards on me some way."

He puffed on his cigarette, exhaled a thin blue cloud of smoke, and then I saw his eyes narrow as he peered down the road. But when I looked into the east there was no sign of traveler there. A few moments later he rose.

"We may as well go over and pass the time of day with Bill," he told me. "It's no more than neighborly."

We walked through the flaring sunshine to the creek crossing and Savage rose from his seat on the running board to shake hands with us. From shoulder to knee he had surrendered himself to present-day conventions, but the trousers of his neat business suit were tucked into the tops of high-heeled boots and his hat was the old-fashioned broadbrim. He wore a spade beard and his eyelids would have betrayed him anywhere as one of that implacable breed who wrested the West from Indians and bad men, for they did not curve above the eyes but curtained them in rigid slanting lines, which is the case with men who have learned to sight their rifles in the face of death with the same cool accuracy they attain on a target range.

"Howdy, Bob," he said, and to me, "Howdy."

The cow-puncher glanced up from his toil on the spare tire to nod and we three disposed ourselves with what comfort we could inside the patch of shade which the big car afforded to talk for some time on such everyday topics as the prospects of a badly needed rain, the bewildering variety

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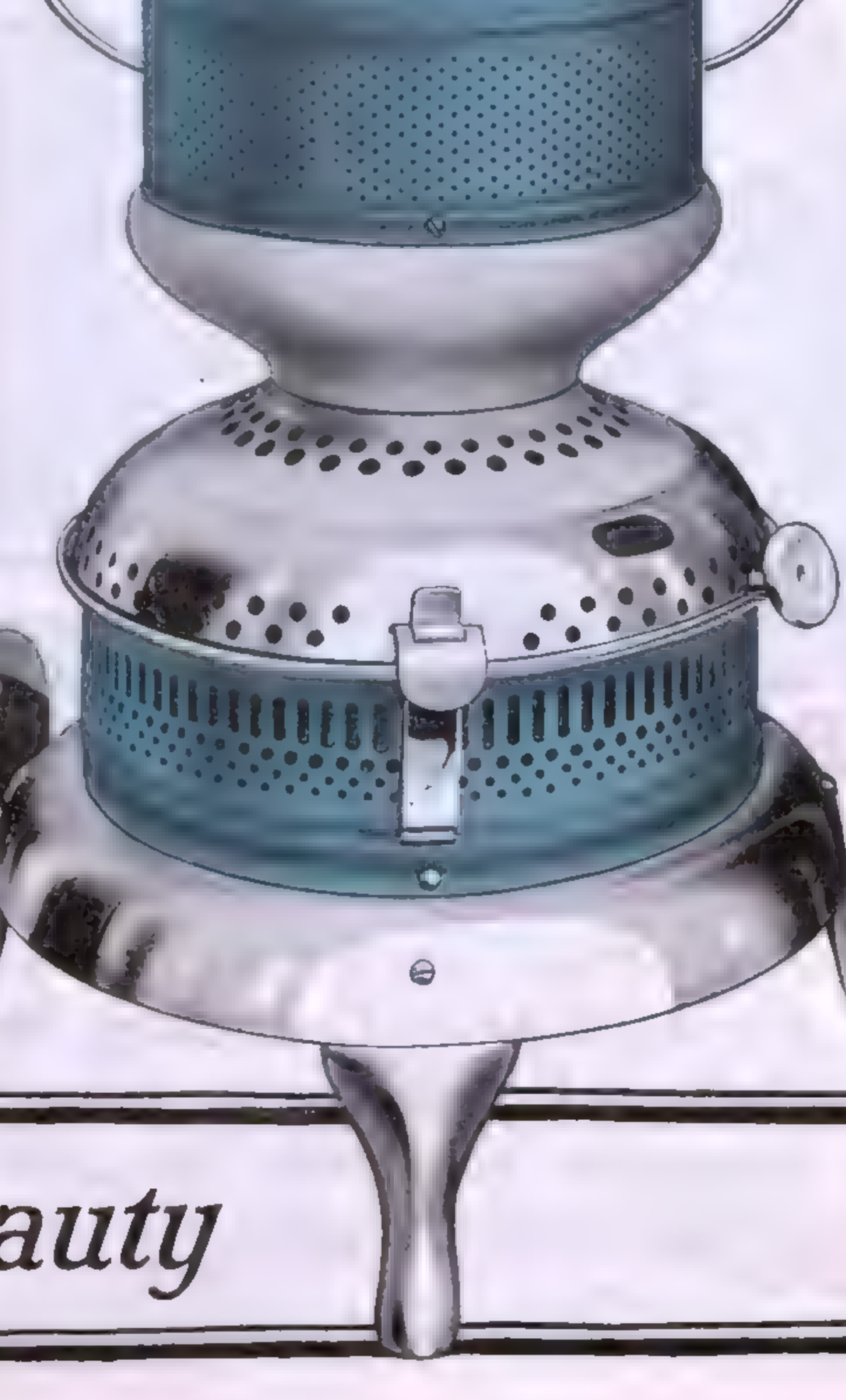

Heat plus beauty

(Continued from Page 42

of duties which Mexican generals were imposing on cattle, copper's brisk rise, the new tungsten discoveries just north of us. I say we talked; the sheriff did, and I helped out as best I could. But Savage contented himself with an occasional fragmentary phrase. Conversation came from him like water from a dried-out pump—in jerky dashes after much priming.

The wind tortured the little willows by the scanty stream into a thousand grotesque posturings; the sun beat down on the stark rocks about us; a bunch of cows came to the creek with their calves, caught sight of us and departed precipitately, waving their tails on high. The cow-puncher went at the dismal task of pumping his tire.

"Been down the road?" Savage asked, and as Reed nodded: "Thought so when I saw those piles of busted bottles. Bob, that's first-degree murder." After which unwonted gush he subsided to thick uncompromising silence.

The sheriff explained the circumstances leading to those heaps of glass fragments.

"Better to let the fellows go than have them hire a lawyer who'd get it into their heads they could beat the law again," he concluded. "Besides, I don't want to go back to Chiricahua just yet; I'm after Big Tom Williams."

Savage made a sound resembling that which the Indians often used in place of an articulate exclamation.

"We met up with him a week back." The sheriff went on to recount the incident of the bootlegger's bold defiance. "I've got to get that hombre now," he growled.

"Prohibition," said Bill Savage, "is plumb nonsense. In my day we wasn't bothered by such triflin' laws."

"It's not my law," Reed answered bitterly. "I didn't make it, but I'm up against enforcing it." He looked Savage in the eyes. "This fellow Williams has a road somewhere over there," he waved his hand toward the east; "a road he carries whisky by to Chiricahua. The election's coming on this fall and already the Republicans are making a lot out of it because—they claim—I don't stop bootlegging."

Savage shook his head.

"Fool law!" he muttered. "It's you and Tom Williams for it, Bob. If you ketch him you're the best man. None o' my business."

The sheriff smiled grimly.

"I aim to catch him some day," he said evenly. "But it's keeping the boys out a lot just now when they could be used in Chiricahua. There's Jim Lacy—he's been watching that cut-off down near the pass for ten days now when I ought to have kept him busy summoning jurors."

Silence followed. I saw the straight lines of Savage's eyelids descend until the eyes were two slits. He plucked his jackknife from his pocket, cut a slender willow switch, trimmed the wand and sat regarding the smooth sand between the ragged rock fragments at his feet.

The sheriff started to say something further, but the old-timer looked him in the face. "I was just thinking," he began slowly. "This road here put me in mind of it, and how they haven't fixed it—only to kick a few o' the rocks off the bank—since the days when I used to ride stage over it as shotgun messenger for Wells Fargo."

The sheriff swallowed whatever words he was about to utter and I stared at the speaker in astonishment. Anecdote from Bill Savage was about as much to be expected in the usual course of events as steamboat navigation on the Gila. Plainly the desire to avoid intercourse on the subjects of bootlegging and Big Tom Williams must be strong upon him to make him resort to such measures.

."'You Win,' He Says, 'on This Deal, Bill. But You're a Fool Just the Same.' And He Went Right On Cooking the Bacon"

He held his willow wand by one end, brushed away some bits of rock from the sand with his foot and with the point of the stick described a long loop on the smoothed surface.

"Here," said he, and marked a cross at one end of the loop, "is Chiricahua; and here"—he made a similar mark at the other end—"is the pass. Comp'ny had stations at both places and I rode this loop through the hills between 'em. Funny thing happened to me up the grade there—back in the old days."

I settled down to listen more comfortably, for when such men as Savage do open up one does well to hearken while he may. The sheriff leaned back against the front wheel of the auto.

Savage tucked one leg under him and sat on that heel, cowboy fashion, holding the willow switch in one hand to demonstrate on his rude map in the sand after the manner which has come down from the days when the Indians scratched the first charts of the West in the dust for white pathfinders. It was evident we were going to get no information about Tom Williams, but I—at any rate—was going to be compensated.

"Staging," he began, "was no Sunday-school picnic in Arizona in those days. Bad roads, wild hosses—runaway at every change—Apaches, road agents, fried salt pork and sody biscuits. There was times, when the Indians had raided several stations, the passengers had to eat the barley we carried for the stock. Fact! And glad to get it.

"This piece of road"—he traced his wand along the loop in the sand—"was about the worst, I reckon. Man named Rucker held down the station at the pass. He married a big rawboned woman in Benson and fetched her home. First mo'nin' she baked a batch o' biscuits and when he sat down to breakfast: 'What kind o' biscuits d'yo' call these?' he says. 'They're heavy as ore samples.'

"She went into the other room and come back with his forty-five.

"'Eat 'em,' says she; and when he'd finished the last one: 'Say they're good.'

"'They're good,' says he.

"But she couldn't go to makin' a gunplay at every customer, and passengers used to howl a lot. I never did get used to her grub myself and I put away a lot of it in my time.

"Apaches used to jump us right often. Renegade Mexicans and holdup men was industrious. Been a robbery for every hundred yards on this loop. Comp'ny lost a heap o' money and some messengers. You can see the bullet holes in those ol' stages over in Chiricahua now."

He paused and regarded the marks in the sand with narrowed eyes.

"What I'm gettin' to—there was one road agent busy on the grade back there. Made it his partic'lar range and held it down a year or so. He always wore a sombrero and a serape, though his talk showed him for a white man, and he'd long black whiskers. He'd get the stage in one o' them hard places with the cut bank on one side and the bluff on the other. Me, I was lucky. He tried to stop me once, but I'd a good driver and he piled the leather into the hosses. I let fly as we went by, both barrels, and the holdup got about a quarter of a pound o' buckshot in one laig I heard afterwards.

"The road agent mended up all right and went to work again; always inside the same mile now, where the grade was steep at them hairpin turns; and always headed back for the Chiricahuas.

"There was another shotgun messenger—fellow name o' Wolf, a sandy-haired young Texas Indian fighter. One day down at Rucker's he says to me:

"'Fello's a fool to risk his life and eat Mis' Rucker's biscuits for a hundred a month.' Then he goes on to say how a man could hold up the stage along this stretch o' road when there was a rich box on and get away clean. 'They'd think 'twas the road agent,' says he, 'and strike back for the Chiricahuas; and all a fello' needs do is "

Savage dropped the end of his willow wand to a point near the end of the loop which represented the pass and drew a line straight across the bight to the other end. I recognized that route. It was the cut-off of which Reed had spoken, the one where Jim Lacy was spending his time looking for Big Tom Williams.

"Wolf," the old-timer resumed, "explained to me how a man could hit back by that cut-off—wasn't any road there then—and be in Tucson inside o' three or four days spendin' the money while they'd be lookin' for him in the Chiricahuas. I told him a man could if he wanted to be damn fool enough, and he agreed I was right. Messengers was always talkin' holdup and such like and I let it go in one ear and out o' the other.

"A few nights after that I went out on the seat with a rich box—shipment o' currency. The stage come in along about one in the mo'nin' and 'twas cold—month o' January. Snow at the summit of the grade and on the hills beside the pass. We'd two green bronchos in the team and we went out of Rucker's on the dead jump. The driver never got 'em in hand till we was away along toward the turn here."

He pointed with his willow switch to the curve of the loop and I recalled the nature of the ground—rocky hills rising on one side and on the other a steep-cut bank dropping away to depths unpleasant to contemplate in daytime.

"'Twas there the bulk of the robberies come off. And I had my mittens off, my shotgun in both hands—all set and ready, watching the rocks on the hill as much as I could see of them at that time o' night, waiting for the fellow with the whiskers and serape to step out—and let fly at him.

"Well, no one showed and we went on by. Come to the level stretch where 'twas easy goin'. Hosses on the trot and I'd put my shotgun back between my knees. I had my mittens on again and was beatin' my chest with my arms to warm up.

"'Whiskers has passed us up to-night, I reckon,' I says.

"And the driver says he reckoned the road agent showed good sense to stay in bed such weather. 'Only a man that's damn fool enough to drive the comp'ny's stock or ride in one of its stages would be out now,' he guessed.

"Then, 'Whoa!' he says, and pulled up hard.

"There was the holdup man beside the leaders. They'd shied away when he jumped out o' the ditch. He'd been layin' there on his belly waiting for us and he had us foul. Me, I was covered good and proper and my shotgun between my knees. I made out to shed my mittens. 'Twas as far as I did get.

"'Kick down that box and stick up yo'r hands,' says the road agent. I did 'em both at the same time.

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The Big Bull of the Shoshone

By HAL G. EVARTS

MEN who should know say that it is true. All those who have lived long lives on the headwaters of the Shoshone believe it. They say that a calf elk gives off no scent; that a coyote, the keenest-nosed animal of all the wild, will pass downwind and never turn; that the mountain lion, the lurking slayer of the hills, may almost step upon the motionless mite of new life and still be unaware of it. It must be true, for the long tawny shape which glided down the slope passed within a few feet of the two calves. The old cows were far down in the timber, yet their scent was heavy in the quivering nostrils of the big cat—but when he could have touched the calves he passed them by without turning his head. If either had moved a muscle he would have seen it, but no calf elk will move an inch from the spot where its mother leaves it.

The lion crept like a noiseless shadow through the trees. One of the cows saw a movement thirty feet away and bounded wildly to her feet. Four sets of claws struck wickedly through the skin of her back as the killer fastened there, his teeth tearing at her neck as she plunged madly down the slope.

All through the night the two calves lay motionless and both were suffering the pangs of hunger when the bull-calf's mother slipped through the shadowy trees at dawn. The little bull, shaking with eagerness, sprang up to nuzzle her flank.

The she calf lay without a move. The warm milk scent reached her baby nostrils and she breathed deep of it. It was only the drag of starvation which at last caused her to move before her own mother returned. She scrambled suddenly to her feet and edged in beside the bull calf for a share of the meal.

The old cow angrily drove her off. She could conquer her fear of the mountain lion, her deadliest enemy, and return to her own; nurse the motherless offspring of another she would not. This was not mere callous savagery, but stern necessity. There was but milk enough for one. The rules which govern the lives of the wild things of the hills are the rules of expediency, not those of tender sentiment. Self-preservation and the she brute's care of her own young are the guiding factors in the bitter struggle of all wild things to live, ruling to the exclusion of all less selfish aims. The bull calf did not know that he was but one tiny cog in the law—that some must die that others might live.

Given the history of any single animal met in the hills and it would prove conclusively that he survived only through the sacrifice of others. If he be a meat eater, then the mere fact that he exists is evidence of a continual series of victims who died that he might live. If he be not a meat eater his past life would reveal a thousand near-tragedies through which he had won only because the next one fell in his stead; that his life was spared at the expense of another's life—spared that he might live to be winter-killed in his old age, and this only to the end that scavenger beasts and the meat-eating birds of the hills might feed upon his wasted frame and so keep life in their own.

White men know this as a law of Nature and are prone to view it as a planless scheme of haphazard killing without point or purpose. The Shoshones who had once peopled the head reaches of the river knew it for Manitou's law of balance—the law which regulated the numbers of the animal tribes—and they saw the intricate plan and reason for it all. They knew that each nonkiller had some weakness which rendered him not too difficult a prey for the killers; that every meat eater had his limitations which prevented his killing too wantonly and thus exterminating the browsing and grazing tribes.

The lion had struck down one cow, while the other escaped, and thus the bull calf survived at another's expense. As the old cow moved on he followed her, unconscious of the fact that Manitou held him gripped in the meshes of the law. He was conscious only of a full stomach and a returned sense of well-being after the long fast. He capered awkwardly about on his baby legs and butted the she calf playfully. The heifer calf tried repeatedly to nurse and each time was driven off. She was very weak by nightfall and flinched away from even his tiny rushes. When the old cow left her bed in the spruce at dawn the heifer calf lay still and the little bull followed his mother on alone. He had lost his first playmate in the struggle to exist. He looked back once and could see nothing of her. A flight of magpies were chattering toward the spot and a single raven wheeled overhead, making one spiraling tour of observation before swooping down to the feast.

Manitou has endowed some beasts with a memory so short that all bitterness of tragedy is soon obliterated and the knowledge gained through the circumstance is all that remains of it. In less than an hour the bull calf had forgotten. Even then he was menaced by the relentless workings of the law.

Jacques Lear hunted for meat upon a ridge that flanked the bottoms where the old cow was feeding. His sturdy six-year-old son, Matt Lear, traveled with his father. The boy was old for his years, having known only adults. He was the first white child born in the Shoshone Valley and playmates of his own age were unknown to him. His fairy tales were the folk tales of his French-Canadian father and the Indian legends of his Shoshone mother.

From the one he learned of the workings of the white man's Nature. From his mother, Meteetse, the last princess of the Shoshones, he learned of the wise teachings of Manitou. Between the two he was taught the art of reading signs as other children are taught to read the printed page. Matt Lear suddenly pointed to the bottoms and spoke one word.

"Wapiti," he said softly, and Jacques knew that the boy had seen an elk. It was the name by which his Indian mother called them.

He lined down the long barrel of his rifle as the cow left the edge of the timber and grazed across an opening in the trees, but lowered it as the boy spoke again.

"Ne-Wapiti," he said as the calf trotted from the timber.

It was no thrill of sympathy which caused Jacques Lear to hold his hand. His law was the law—the same as that of the wild things themselves. The few settlers on the river lived by killing. They killed for meat and clothing, for fur which they traded for the simple necessities of life. He needed fresh meat for himself and family. His own came first, and the fact that the calf would perish if he shot the cow mattered as little to him as the desertion of the motherless calf had mattered to the old cow herself an hour past.

But Jacques sought for a young bull or a fat barren cow and the meat of a nursing mother would be lean and tough. This he knew only as a fact, but his son knew what lay behind the fact. From his mother he had learned that this was a provision of Manitou, to make the meat of a nursing cow less palatable and thus drape animal mothers with at least partial immunity from man, the most ruthless killer of all.

The wind blew from the cow to the hunters on the ridge, so she could not scent the menace, and Wapiti frisked round the meadow with no thought of the danger that hovered near.

As they entered the timber at the far edge of the opening he heard a shattering report. Once more he lived at another's expense. Jacques had slain a yearling cow. Wapiti's mother fled at the sound and he raced after her, his heart beating wildly. The meaning of the sound was unknown to him, but he felt the fear of it. Fear came easily to him. For countless generations his ancestors had one and all felt fear. Wapiti's relation to the law was that of fear. Not that he was a cringing beast; on the contrary he sprang from a noble race. Manitou's most gracious gift had been that of fear—which was but the realization of his own weaknesses, and only through the exercise of caution bred from fear did the antlered tribes survive.

The great bands of elk that had wintered in the Shoshone bottoms were breaking up. Cows were going off by themselves to calve, then

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The Velvet Growth is Proportionate to the Animal's Physical Well-Being and His Antlers are Indicative of the Conditions Under Which He Wintered

There is but One Super-Six—Hudson Controls It

Without Increase of Size or Weight, 72% was Added to Power and Countless Records Proved its Greater Endurance—That is Why it is Called the Super-Six

Don't forget this.

Endurance must always be the most important automobile quality.

It is not appearance, speed, hill-climbing or acceleration, though the Super-Six leads in all these.

Look at the records. Hudson holds all that are worth while. What car offers more proof?

For instance, a Hudson stock car with top and windshield up, made the fastest official time for one hour and for 100 miles. A stock chassis holds the fastest one mile record at 102½ miles per hour.

But these speed records are not nearly so important as are those which prove endurance. Many tests are required, to be considered final proof.

Look at these. A Hudson stock chassis was driven 1819 miles in 24 hours. The best previous record fell 347 miles short of that.

The greatest endurance test ever made was that of the Hudson double trans-continental run. The 7000 miles was covered in 10 days and 21 hours. It was the only round trip test ever completed and the distance each way between San Francisco and New York was made in less time than any other car has ever done.

No Car Ever Offered Such Proof

The reason these records, made years ago, still stand unequalled is simple. The Super-Six is a patented motor developed and controlled by Hudson. The principle which gives it power and endurance over others would, if incorporated in any other six, make it equal to Hudson in that respect.

But you must choose a Hudson to get those qualities. There is no other way.

Hudson also leads in style. It has introduced models that are today standards with all fine cars. The Sedan, Coupé and Cabriolet were first made popular by Hudson. The Touring Limousine and Speedster are Hudson creations.

The new lines of body design and finish are usually first seen in the Hudson models. The stream line body, the beveled edge tonneau and now the square lines that give to Hudson such distinction and simplicity, first appeared on the Super-Six.

Don't Forget that Hudson's Endurance is Exclusive

These things enhance the Hudson. But the one important quality is that of endurance. Nothing else is so important.

Close to 50,000 Super-Sixes are now in use. Before the present model was offered 60,000 earlier types had shown the way to its development. The things men had said would make the Super-Six the best car that is built are incorporated in this new model.

Others can not build a car like it, for Hudson alone controls the patents that make it the greatest speed and endurance stock car.

Also it is the Most Wanted Fine Car

That is proved by its sales record as the largest selling fine car. It is proved by the thousands who have waited their turn to get delivery. The demand during the active buying seasons has always been in excess of supply. On some models and in some seasons thousands have waited months.

You will certainly want a Hudson, if not this year then next. Now is not too early to speak for it.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit

20023

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We are placing LION hats in the best hat stores in America. You'll find the LION sign in the window and the LION shield in the hat.

It will be your assurance that you will be offered only authentic styles, latest designs, undeviating quality.

The LION is the sign-manual of a gentleman's hat.

LANGENBERG HAT CO.
St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.
ESTABLISHED 1860

Manufacturers of Lion Hats, Caps and Gloves

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reassembling in smaller droves and drifting toward the summer range.

Along with fifty other cows, calves and yearlings, Wapiti and his mother grazed slowly up Seclusion Creek and over the Rampart Pass; down the Thoroughfare to the big upland basins at the head of the Yellowstone, the summer paradise of the elk. They reveled in the rank knee-deep grasslands and the bull calf grew strong.

All round him the law was working; from the smallest to the largest, all life was touched by it. Insects preyed on lesser insects and were themselves preyed upon by the birds of the air and the trout in the streams, while they in turn were sacrificed that the lives of hawks and mink might go on. If the hawks and mink were not killed in turn it mattered little in Manitou's scheme of things—for eventually they died and the lesser insects fed upon them.

This endless circle temporarily passed Wapiti by and left him untouched. His mind was not one to learn from the mishaps of others. Only those things which affected him personally made a lasting impression. It is true that he learned from things which befell others of his own kind if those things were of the type which roused fear, his saving grace. Thus he feared the crashing reports from which his mother fled, but this was vicarious fear and therefore vague. From the tragedies of other races of animals he learned nothing at all.

Late in August the nights were sharp with the heavy frosts of the high country. In early morning the tall grass bent stiffly underfoot, but as the sun thawed it the blades resumed their springiness. Only bitter cold dries and cures the mountain hay. The cows were growing restless and milling from one pocket to the next. They sounded their high-pitched barks more frequently.

Then Wapiti heard a new sound in the hills. Clear silvery bugle notes pealed among the rough country high above the valleys where the cows had summered. After a few days of increasing clamor a wonderful creature joined the band. He looked much like Wapiti's mother except that he wore great branching antlers on his head. He traveled with them throughout the fall and early in November he herded them back across the divide to the winter range.

Then Wapiti suddenly missed the tyrant who had ruled them for so long. He expected his return, but he saw no more of him and the bugle notes were no longer heard.

The following spring Wapiti found another calf at his mother's side and she had no further use for him. But he now had other things to occupy his mind. Two bulbs of fibrous velvet sprouted from his skull. These grew rapidly until at last they towered in two slightly curving rods a full eighteen inches above his head. In the late summer the veins which fed the velvet sheath dried up and it shriveled and cracked away from the hardened inner core.

Wapiti tried these new weapons out upon a feathery young spruce, tenderly at first, then more vigorously. After he had ruined a dozen young trees he stood forth armed with a pair of polished spears. He was now a yearling or spike bull. He was vastly proud, but he was to lose them all too soon. Wapiti belonged to that tribe whose antlers are deciduous, falling each year as the leaves and sprouting anew each spring. Late in February his antlers loosened round the bur and he shed first one and a day later the next. He had only a short time in which to be ashamed of his nakedness of head, for the velvet growth started sprouting shortly after the falling of the discarded pair.

Wapiti felt no desire to spend the summer with the cows, but instead retired to a rock-rimmed pocket near timber line and spent the season nursing the tender velvet growth from harm. It branched out and up, having five points on each side where but one straight shaft had grown before.

Two other bulls and a blacktail buck shared his lofty retreat. Many times during the summer Wapiti knew the fear. Three times some great grizzly came swaying through the pocket, his swagger announcing that fear was not his portion—the opposite in fact.

Each time one came the buck and the oldest bull rose and watched him warily. Their attitudes showed controlled fear and from this Wapiti and the other young bull felt the quickening of their own. Each time the grizzly passed on after a brief look at them. Once certain that they were aware of his presence and thus eliminating the chances of his stalking close enough for a rush, he lost interest in them. He knew that he had not the requisite speed to overtake Wapiti in a fair race and he was far too wise to waste time and energy in useless chases.

Then Wapiti learned the great fear, the awful dread which all horned game are doomed to feel when the wind bears the message that the tawny killer is near. He was grazing with the other young bull in the narrow strip of grass between the timber and the rim of the pocket. The shifting breeze carried a new scent to them. Instantly the buck was in full flight along under the rims, followed by the old bull with his velvet growth thrown low upon his back as he exerted all his speed. It was then that one of the weaknesses showed up. Wapiti knew from their actions that the danger was grave. Before he could wheel to follow them the other young bull fled in a blind panic. His was uncontrolled fear and led him to his death. He stopped not even to locate the source or direction of the menace, but plunged down a game trail which led down through the timber on the steep slope below the rims. In his inexperience Wapiti followed one leap behind him.

PHOTO BY EDWIN A. GARRISON, BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Great Bands of Elk That Had Wintered in the Shoshone Bottoms Were Breaking Up

A long shape was launched from an overhanging limb and a lioness fastened on the bull ahead. At the same instant her half-grown cub sprang for Wapiti. The leap was short, but the young cat's foreclaws fastened on his rump and the hooks of the hind feet slashed his legs as it struggled to retain its hold. It fell off at last and Wapiti ran on for miles. He returned to the pocket no more, but sought out another summer home. He trampled the soft dirt near a sidehill spring and made a bull wallow, in which he rolled, plastering his cuts with mud.

Thereafter he knew that controlled fear was his salvation—uncontrolled fear his worst enemy. Never again did he rush off in a panic without first making sure that the direction of his flight led away from the danger.

The fall brought him a set of five-point antlers and also brought ambitions. He tried out his voice and was pleased with it, finding no fault with the shrill quaver of his bugle note. He descended from his lofty home and joined a band of cows. He paraded his glory before them for a full three days before an old herd bull came down and drove him off.

Wapiti scouted on the flanks of the cow herds throughout the running moon and followed the migration across the range to the winter feed, feeling the urge of the season but getting soundly thrashed whenever he attempted to cut out a few cows for his own. He added his peevish bugling to that of other disgruntled young bulls until the whole expanse of the hills rang with the music of discontent.

Wapiti's knowledge of man was derived solely from the actions of other elk and from no actual experience of his own—and for that reason was not large. Older elk moved off from the man scent and were uneasy when the deep reports came from afar. From this he knew that men were to be feared by his kind.

During the first heavy storm of the winter he grazed out into a long opening in the Shoshone bottoms. At the far edge of it stood a solid mass of logs before which was a small animal who walked about on two legs. The wind brought the man scent and he knew then that the small figure was of that kind.

A spike bull fed with him, and another weakness was evidenced in each of them. The fear was so vague that its effect was counteracted by curiosity. The two bulls stood and gazed at the small figure of Matt Lear. His voice reached them as he called to someone inside. A larger figure emerged from an opening, which suddenly appeared among the logs, and moved into the timber close behind. The two bulls stayed on, pawing the snow away for each bite of the cured grass and watching the boy.

Jacques had circled swiftly downwind and come up from the opposite direction. The first Wapiti knew of it was when the roar of a muzzle-loader sounded from the timber edge of his own side of the open. The spike bull gave a great coughing outrush of breath and the fresh blood scent was hot in Wapiti's flaring nostrils. He fled across the snowy meadow and the spike bull ran with him, staggering in his stride. He gave one last desperate bound and fell with his neck doubled back beneath his body—fell to rise no more, and Wapiti ran on alone.

The effects of the slashing claws had left him thin and he had not yet plumped out, so looked less sleek than the luckless spike. But he would have been judged fat enough except for the other's presence.

Thereafter Wapiti classed man as his enemy and feared him second only to the big yellow cat. He spent no more time in the bottoms, but climbed to a long bald ridge, the crest of which was kept scoured free of snow by the winds which followed each storm. Here he found a number of other bulls, their differences buried and forgotten since they no longer contended for the favor of the cows.

There was game in abundance in the bottoms and those who hunted for ment did not trouble to climb the adjacent ridges. Wapiti wintered unmolested and only heard the dread reports softened by distance.

His next velvet growth was heavier than ever before. It seemed to grow and lengthen endlessly; swept outward and upward and at last arched back and toward the center, the perfect shape called the basket spread by the trophy seekers.

Wapiti's tribe are not long-lived and so reach maturity as three-year-olds. When the inner horn grew solid under the sheath he rubbed off the shreds of velvet and polished his points on the young second-growth trees. He now had a perfect set of six-point antlers, wonderful in length and spread, beautifully proportioned and with massive beam. This beam was very dark, but the tip of each point was keen and ivory white. He had reached his prime. Below him he could hear the yelping barks of the cows, excited at the nearness of the season. The forest echoed with the pealing bugles of lesser bulls.

After a week of ever-increasing clamor he sounded his own note. It was round and clear, but with more volume than formerly, and carried a hoarse undertone. Then he dropped down from his lofty home—down through the dense spruce belt to the land of the lodgepole pine, open parks and the cow elk. Far down an open meadow he spied a bunch of cows. Forward he thrust his head, the massive antlers lowered almost to the level of his back as he issued his clarion edict. The old herd bull with the cows heard the hoarse undertone and understood—knew that this was no paltry bull but a big six-pointer come to take his own. Eyes flashing and nostrils distended, he pawed the ground and returned the challenge.

Wapiti advanced majestically down the long open, pausing to bugle once again. He covered the last hundred yards with a rush and the antlers of the two met with a ringing clash. Again and again they charged. It was a battle without rules or quarter and they struggled long. For an hour at a time they stood with locked horns, neck muscles bulging and bodies heaving as each exerted every ounce of magnificent strength to drive the other back and force him from his feet; then drew suddenly apart, charging desperately time after time only to clash horn against horn. Neither could find an opening behind that defense.

The cows, indifferent to the outcome, retired to the timber and slept, but the two bulls battled on. An acre of soft sod was torn and uprooted under their churning feet. After four hours, during which the valley was tortured by the clattering crash of horns, the older bull began to weaken.

In one last furious lock he failed. Slowly at first, then more rapidly, he gave ground in short circles under the heaving pressure of the other's drive. The bloody froth dripped from his jaws and streaked his breast, but his eyes glared undying hate

Wapiti pressed him without respite and with one mighty wrench he overthrew him. As the old bull gained his feet the brow tines of his adversary raked his side and flank. Twice more he was overthrown and the flashing brow tines cut him. Then a royal tine swept full up against him, driven by a terrible upward surge of Wapiti's head and neck. It sank deep between two ribs and a gush of blood bubbled forth. Then he fled—an old bull whipped from his band and destined to spend his remaining years alone.

Wapiti stood proudly in the open park, his sleek fall coat flashing against the dark background of the forest as he issued his challenge again. The bull calf had won through the perils of the law to his rightful kingship. He had come into his own at last.

Every winter thereafter for many years Jacques and Matt Lear saw a great bull who brought more cows across the divide to the winter range than any other herd bull And each season he deserted them shortly after the crossing. Matt Lear knew that fatherhood in the antlered tribes carries with it no responsibility; that the bull elk who remains the year round with his wives and offspring is the bull elk of fairyland. It was Manitou's plan that bulls should leave the cows at the end of rutting and consort with them no more for the next ten months.

Other men who sometimes threaded the valley in the dead of winter also caught glimpses of the mighty bull—only long-range glimpses, it is true, for Wapiti avoided the bottoms and the proximity of man. When they saw him at all it was while silhouetted upon some distant rim or outlined against the white background of a snow-clad slope. They marveled at the spread of his antlers and came to speak of him as the Big Bull of the Shoshone.

Jacques' interest was only casual. As long as young bulls and fat cows were abundant he would waste no powder and lead on any tough and stringy herd bull. But with Matt Lear it was different. The low country at the foot of the hills was settling up and a village now stood at the mouth of the valley forty miles below. These men hunted not for meat alone but for trophies and they spoke of record heads. Some day when he had a gun of his own he would take the horns of this giant bull.

The Mountain Lion, the Lurking Slayer of the Hills

Matt Lear knew the ways of Wapiti as no other did. He scoured the hills and studied the habits of the wild things. He applied himself to this schooling with a single-hearted purpose seldom equaled by those of his age who attend the school of books. Thus he fitted himself for his future calling. Later he would live as the other settlers of the valley lived, to hunt and trap. They lived to kill and killed to live, an integral part of the endless circle. Matt Lear knew no other way. He therefore learned the habits of game and fur that he might later attain the highest efficiency as a killer.

The big bull, being easily recognized, was the best subject for the study of his kind. The boy noted that Wapiti was even more shy than other old bulls. When he climbed the ridges upon which they wintered he found that many of these had grown careless from long immunity and were easily approached. Even after being apprised of danger they were slow to start. But Wapiti seemed to make swift decisions. His caution was never relaxed. He bedded down with the wind at his back and a fair field of view in front. When wind or crunching snow warned him of the boy's approach he was off upon the instant. From this and many other things Matt Lear learned that Wapiti was a superior bull—that the fear was more easily quickened in him than in other bulls. And Wapiti's was controlled fear.

Early in the fall of Matt's sixteenth year a sportsman came up the valley and made his base camp near Jacques' cabin. Matt Lear knew the man who acted as his guide and went over to visit the camp. From the guide he learned that this man was a famous surgeon from a distant city who spent each succeeding vacation hunting in the hills; that his wealth was great, far beyond imagining, and that his one hobby was the collecting of fine animal specimens. Matt Lear knew only those who killed for money or its equivalent. This man paid money to those who showed him where to hunt and kill. Conditions were thus reversed.

The boy was shy, having known few men, and he spoke but little. His eyes followed the surgeon's every move and Enright divined the truth—that this half-wild youth looked upon him as a being wonderful among men, one whose wealth and mode of life set him apart from other men. He tried to draw him out and spoke to him of simple things, but these fell upon Matt's ears as miracles previously unknown. His respect increased with every word. When at last the boy gained confidence to speak of the things he knew, Enright found this wonder to be mutual.

The surgeon's spare time had been spent outdoors in the study of animal ways and habits, but this time had necessarily been restricted. Even so, he felt that his knowledge of the subject was far-reaching—and found that it was merely infantile when compared to the knowledge of this boy.

The gods of Matt Lear's parents were different gods. Manitou, the god of his mother Meteetse, seemed so much nearer and more easily understood than the distant Creator of his father. Manitou's words were all of the daily habits of wild things and the reasons for these habits. Every day the wisdom of Manitou's teachings was proved before his very eyes. He had long since questioned Jacques as to why there should be two different gods in the same household.

"There is but one, my son," Jacques had told him. "All those who have lived their lives in the open know that some great mind planned all Nature. It matters little by what name we know him."

So Matt Lear told Enright of the work of Manitou—told it as he himself had found it to be true. As his self-confidence expanded under the surgeon's interest he spoke of the law, which was the endless circle, and of its purpose, which was the balancing of the animal tribes. He knew the difference between courage and ferocity, between fear and cowardice, and their relation to the law. He told Enright of the fear—controlled and uncontrolled; of the weaknesses of each nonkiller and the limitations of each meat eater.

In a few short weeks Enright learned more of his chosen hobby than in all his past life combined.

Enright's object was to take an elk head for his collection. There were many elk who did not follow the migration across the divide but summered on the Shoshone slope. But they found no bulls with the cows and the guide was puzzled.

No Calf Elk Will Move an Inch From the Spot Where Its Mother Leaves It

"They should be bugling now," he frequently said. "It is time for the season."

Matt Lear shook his head.

"The season is not yet begun," he said. "True, it is the usual time for rutting. That it is late means but one thing—that the snow will lay late in the hills next spring. Manitou has set back the running moon so the cows will not drop their calves while the drifts still lay deep in the valleys. If you will take M'sieur Enright to the high rims you will find that the bulls are there."

They acted upon this and there they found them. But the heads were poor, the antlers slender and irregular. Enright suggested that trophy hunting had exterminated the larger bulls, but Matt Lear knew that this surmise was wrong.

Bulls who wear massive antlers one year may grow but a poor set the next. The velvet growth is proportionate to the animal's physical well-being and his antlers are indicative of the conditions under which he wintered. Matt Lear explained this and advanced as the reason that Manitou had but to look at the antlers of the bulls to determine how the whole elk tribe had fared the preceding winter—and this last one had been long and hard.

Enright hunted for quality, not quantity, and would not shoot until he found a head worthy of a place among those others on his walls. He left the hills without his prize. Before leaving he talked with Matt Lear at length upon the law of the endless circle. He knew the boy for a thinker, that in different environment he would have applied himself to books with the same absorption which he now showed for reading signs.

"There is another name and another purpose for the endless circle of Manitou," he told Matt Lear. "You have found one purpose for yourself—that of regulating the numbers of the animal tribes. I will give you the name and let you find the other purpose. Men call it evolution.

"I'll give you one point to work on. A good many thousand years ago there was a small beast, the three-toed Eohippus. Our horse of to-day descends direct from him. The relation of the Eohippus to the law was that of fear. To-day some of our best-bred horses shy away from shadows along the trail."

He took from his pocket a common screw and touched the point.

"Call this point the Eohippus and the end of the last spiral at the top the horse. Think of Manitou's endless circle as the threads round this screw—the circle does not meet, but each completed circuit is a trifle higher than the last. Then think of each spiral as ten thousand years of time, for time as we measure it has little meaning in the plans of Manitou, who lives on forever. Remember that men pick the most mettlesome high-bred horses for the selective breeding of choice strains, those whose qualities they wish to see handed down. If you can assort these scraps of information in your mind, then when I come back next year you can tell me another purpose of the endless circle."

As he followed his trap line over the hills that winter Matt Lear carried with him the screw and day after day he traced with his finger the spiral from the Eohippus to the horse. As he strove to solve this problem he also from force of habit continued his study of the ways of feather and fur. He found Wapiti less alert than in the past. His antlers in common with those of other bulls were poor, but it was not this alone. He had lost much of his lordly pride of carriage, and Matt Lear out of his vast knowledge of wild life guessed the truth. Late in the season Wapiti had been whipped from his band by a young bull in his first prime. With his great head drooping dejectedly he had traveled that trail over which he himself had sent so many others, off by himself to die.

Matt Lear found that thoughts of Wapiti were interwoven with the knotty problem roused by Enright's words. He made but little

(Concluded on Page 53)

This Was No Paltry Bull, But a Big Six-Pointer Come to Take His Own

AUBURN CORD AND FABRIC TIRES

RESIST BLOW-OUTS

Fierce, sudden shocks like the one in the illustration are a daily menace to your tires. To ordinary tire construction they are usually fatal. As a matter of fact rocks, railroad tracks and breaks in the road send more tires to an early grave than all other causes.

The Tire and Its Development

As makers of tire reinforcements—tire "life-savers"—for over 16 years, we have had the opportunity to study all forms of tire construction, tire injuries and tire weaknesses, under conditions not duplicated in any tire factory. We learned the reasons for fabric ruptures, stone bruises and blow-outs and, thus, how to *build against* sudden strains and shocks—how to *safeguard* the fabric—how to *prolong* tire life

"Extra-ply" Tires

Auburn Tires are *extra-ply* tires. Understand plainly what this means. It means that every size of Auburn Tires is built with *one more ply of fabric* than standard construction calls for. For example, where so-called "standard" construction calls for 4 plies *we use five.* Where 5 plies are customary *we use six.* And instead of ordinary fabric we use only the finest imported, long-fiber Egyptian fabric. Thus, in Auburn Tires we start with a fabric carcass 15% to 25% thicker, which means fully 50% greater power to resist "blow-outs."

Into this "extra-ply" carcass we put 17% more rubber—right down in the fabric where it holds the plies together with unusual tenacity. And this rubber, or "friction," is 94.3% pure Para; no shoddy—no substitutes—just pure Para Rubber with enough sulphur to cure.

The result is a carcass surpassing in flexibility and "hold-together" qualities—a carcass with practically double resisting power—a carcass that is immune to sudden shocks that are so many times fatal to the lighter "non-extra-ply" construction.

Auburn "More-Rubber" Tread

The Auburn "extra-ply" carcass is protected by a thick, tough, slow-wearing tread that is *81% pure Para Rubber* combined only with expensive oxide of zinc, the best known rubber tread toughener. It is "vulco-cured" to a point where amazing toughness is combined with all the original *liveliness* and *flexibility* of pure Para Rubber.

Records prove that this Auburn tread averages wear of *only* 1-32 *inch per* 1,000 *miles of ordinary service*—a distance equivalent to a trip from Chicago to New York. It is one of the great feats in modern tire construction—a feat which amazed even the nationally selected tire experts who conducted the U. S. Bureau of Standards investigations.

This slow-wearing tread, combined with the Auburn "extra-ply" carcass, makes a tire that is practically immune to ordinary road damage

Phenomenal mileage records, carefully checked during the past 5 years, prove that the Auburn policy of *more rubber* and *more fabric* is the ONLY SURE GUARANTY OF TIRE SERVICE, SATISFACTION AND ECONOMY.

Priced Lower Than Other "Extra-Ply" Tires

Auburn Tires cost only a little more than "standard" or *non-extra-ply* tires—tires which have only 4 plies where Auburn has 5 plies—5 plies where Auburn has 6 plies—only 6 plies where Auburn has 7 plies and 7 where Auburn has 8 plies. Yet present prices are considerably lower than other "*extra-ply*" tires.

On a "cost-per-mile-of-service" basis (the only right way to figure tire cost) *Auburn Tires are the most economical*

Ask your local dealer to show you an Auburn Tire. Inspect the construction. Note the big volume of fine material—the quality "look" and the fine rubber "feel." Then try an Auburn in comparison with your other tires. That's the way to find out.

If you cannot locate the Auburn dealer—write us.

THE DOUBLE FABRIC TIRE COMPANY, Auburn, Indiana

DEALERS: **The Auburn proposition is entirely new and different. It offers you many unique advantages. Auburn Dealers say it is the most desirable tire proposition in the field. Thousands of agencies have already been established. NOW is the time to write, wire or 'phone us for details.**

AFTER the game, when the dirt and grime are ground into the skin, wash up with Goblin Soap.

Watch it work wonders; it dissolves the dirt in a soft, creamy lather which rinses off easily and leaves the skin fresh, smooth and clean.

An all purpose soap; fine for office, shop or home. Meets all needs.

If your dealer does not have Goblin Soap, please send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

CUDAHY, 111 West Monroe Street, CHICAGO
64 Macauley Avenue, Toronto, Canada

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headway in unraveling it. It was these thoughts of Wapiti which at last led to its solution. When he thought of the best-bred horses handing down their qualities it occurred to him that even though Wapiti, the greatest of all bulls, had passed his prime, yet his qualities had been handed down to many hundreds of elk.

As he pondered over the fact that the best-bred horses shied at shadows along the trail he was conscious of the fact that Wapiti was a very shy bull. This blended imperceptibly with his thoughts of the fear and its relation to the law—and suddenly the fragmentary shreds of thought crystallized into the whole. He knew!

Undoubtedly there were those among every tribe of nonkillers who exercised their fear to better purpose than those of lesser brain, and through this quicker response to fear lived longer than their fellows. Naturally then their descendants had been more numerous. All along the trail from the Eohippus to the horse the way was dotted with the bones of smaller circles, the circles of each individual's span of life, but the sluggards had fallen first. Not invariably, for there was still the element of chance with individuals, but in the main those with a quick sense of controlled fear lived beyond the mass. The horse who shied at shadows was but possessed of the remnants of Eohippus' fear.

That other purpose of Manitou was to make each tribe better.

Thereafter he ceased to look upon Wapiti merely as an animal to be killed. He stood for the improvement of his kind.

When Enright's pack train came winding up the valley in the fall Matt Lear went down to meet it. As he drew up beside the surgeon's horse he greeted him as if their last conversation had been interrupted only for an instant, not a year.

"I have found it," he said simply. "Manitou's real purpose in the law is to improve."

And Enright nodded assent as he smiled down into the lean eager face, knowing that his seed of thought had fallen upon fertile soil and sprouted.

Instead of lessening, Matt Lear's respect for Enright grew and ripened with every hour spent in his company. He dreaded the time when his friend should leave and forget him.

The elk herds had wintered well and the bulls were in better horn than the season past. Enright at last brought in the head of a splendid bull. He was well pleased and pronounced it the prize of his collection. It was this elation which gave Matt Lear the clew to a way in which—even though far away—he would still be remembered by his friend. If only he could make a gift more highly prized than this latest trophy, then most assuredly Enright would frequently think of him.

"If M'sieur Enright would care to have it I will some day send him a better one," he offered.

"I'm afraid that is impossible," Enright smiled. "There are no better heads than this."

"But surely—far better!" the boy stated. "I myself have seen him often. Men speak of him as the Big Bull of the Shoshone."

The guide nodded.

"I have heard of him," he said. "He is said to be a monster bull."

"Then why has no one taken him?" Enright asked.

"For the reason that he summers far beyond the divide in the high country where few men go. He comes back late, after the trophy hunters have left the river. Those who live here hunt for meat alone and the meat of this old bull would not be good. Therefore he still lives—unless he has died this very summer of old age. I will buy a gun with the money for my winter's catch, and if he still lives I will procure his horns for you."

Enright broke camp on the following day, but Matt Lear's sense of loss was lightened by his promise to return. As the surgeon rode down the trail the boy stood gazing after him and in his hand he gripped a rifle, Enright's own, and two full boxes of glistening shells.

"Here's the gun," Enright had said in parting. "Now don't forget that you're going to get those record horns."

And he had gone on with no least thought that he would ever see the head of the fabled bull.

The rifle was one such as Matt Lear had never dreamed of owning. One did not have to tamp powder and ball down the barrel for each succeeding shot. It handled brass cartridges and could be fired many times without reloading—a gun such as only rich men could buy.

While the pack train was still visible in the distance Matt Lear set forth to scour the hills for the record bull. He was still essentially a killer; knew only to live by killing, but his views had been qualified by his knowledge of the real purpose of the law. The gaining of this truth had been simultaneous with the loss of his desire to kill the bull. It had seemed that to do this would be to obstruct the workings of the circle. But he knew, too, the value men attached to record heads. Wapiti had been whipped from his band and would hand down his qualities no more. He lived now only to die of old age in some obscure spot where his massive antlers would be lost to men.

He watched the migration lanes, but the big bull failed to come. The routes were not always the same, so he ransacked the high hills in his search, but Wapiti was not to be found in his old haunts. He began to fear that the old bull had died on the summer range and that his hopes of a fine gift for his friend would never be fulfilled. But he persisted in his search even after the last stragglers had come back to the winter feed.

Wapiti had not followed the migration to the summer range the preceding spring, but remained behind on the Shoshone side, electing to let his old bones bleach on the same slope of the divide that had seen his birth. The deposed monarch drowsed away the summer in a grassy pocket high up among the rims. A few hours morning and evening he grazed, but for the most part he slept. He polished his points as usual in the fall, but felt no desire to go forth in search of cows. The season was in full swing about him, but the old once-dominating impulse was manifested only by a vague restlessness which sent him wandering aimlessly from one high pocket to the next.

The first few storms did not drive him down. Instead he pawed through the ever-deepening snow for what little grass he needed. Then a heavy storm swept across the hills and caught him high up among the peaks. Experience told him that this would be a long one and that the snow which fell now would lie in the hills till spring. But lethargy held him in its grip and he was disinclined to leave his comfortable bed in the spruce. That spark which impels all life to struggle to the last eventually drove him forth. The snowfall ceased on the third day and he started out to buck the drifts toward the lower feed.

Far off on a distant ridge Matt Lear hunted on the fresh tracking snow. He saw a dark speck plowing through the white of an open slope and started swiftly for the spot.

The old bull was weak and tired and cared little to exert himself. He stopped frequently to rest. Each succeeding attempt was more futile than the last. After a seemingly endless struggle against the drifts he came out of the timber on the lip of a bald ridge that overlooked the valley. He sprawled prone on the edge to rest, his head stretched forth and his lower jaw resting flat upon the snow to ease the weight of the massive horns. The details of the valley faded and blurred before his eyes. The bright light of the sun on the dazzling snow seemed to gray and dim and then turn dark. The Big Bull of the Shoshone heaved a sigh and made that last great migration of all elk to the summer feeding grounds.

And a bare hundred yards back up the slope Matt Lear was following along on the trail of the record bull.

MIND THE PAINT — By Berton Braley

THE door in the kitchen," said Mrs. George Gray,
Addressing her middle-aged mate.
"Is stained and discolored. I noticed to-day
Its almost impossible state.
I've had the maid rub it
And wipe it and scrub it
Until she made frenzied complaint,
But still it looks queer,
So I ask you, my dear,
To bring home a small can of paint,
And also a brush and some turpentine too.
It's too small a job for a painter to do."

Alas, Mrs. Gray, you wot not what you've done.
Your words sounded harmless and yet you have spun
A web of black magic.
You know not how tragic—
But, whoa, there, my muse, for the tale's scarce begun!

Mr. George Gray, like a dutiful man,
Brought home the paint in a nice little can,
A can that was innocent-looking enough
And labeled "Gloss White"; but the Fates will agree
'Twere better for him were it filled up with stuff
Like cyanide, lyddite or else T. N. T.
He opened the can, stirred its contents with care,
And then on the door he began to apply
A first coat of paint with no small savoir faire,
While Mrs. Gray watched with affectionate eye
Her husband's endeavor; and little she thought
What havoc she'd started, what ruin she'd wrought.

Now Mr. George Gray was no clumsy old dub.
He finished that door in a scant half an hour,
Then scrubbed up his hands and went off to his club,
Remarking, "That's done"; unaware of the power
Malevolent Destiny held over him.
The next night he glanced at the door.
"It looks dim,"
He thoughtfully stated. "I'll get out my brush
And give it another coat. Truly, the white
I put on last night seems a faint bluish blush.
One more application will fix it all right."

The coat was applied. Next evening he eyed
His work with anxiety rather than pride.
"My dear," he complained
With voice slightly strained,
"It's true it looks better by far than before.
But still, to be perfect, it needs one coat more."
He gave it that coat and next morning he viewed it
And rushed back at night to the paint and renewed it.
In fact, to cut short
This part, I'll report
He gave that door seventeen coatings of white
And, after all that, wasn't satisfied—quite.

II

MR. GEORGE GRAY on the day after that
Wavered a moment when starting to town,
Picked up his overcoat, put on his hat,
Then with a frown
Laid them both down,
Sneaked for the kitchen and gazed at it long.
"Nope, it's all wrong," he said, "totally wrong!
The rest of the woodwork won't match with that door,
I rise to remark;
It looks dull and dark.
I'll give the whole kitchen one coat—and no more."

Well, you know the rest,
Or it might be guessed.
He toiled in that kitchen like one who's possessed.
Neglected his office, neglected his wife,
He had but one interest left in his life—
To paint and to paint.
He broke all restraint,
For when he had finished
The kitchen he cried,
"The pantry looks dingy
And cheap, mean and stingy."
With zeal undiminished
His brush was applied.
And thus he went on through the rest of the house,
A drunkard on paint with a permanent souse,
Who covered the walls
Of rooms and of halls
With coat after coat and with can after can
Of gleaming Gloss White. The unfortunate man
Was gripped in a habit far worse for the brain
Than drugs such as heroin, morphine, cocaine!
His good wife would plead and his children would weep,
But he went on painting with maniac fury.
He'd paint when awake and he'd paint when asleep
Until it was plain that a medical jury
Would have to take note of his piteous state.
But George wouldn't quit
For a long enough space
So the experts could sit
To consider his case,
And it took seven men, or it may have been eight,
To seize him and bind him.
And now you will find him
Within a strong cell, where he's happy, it seems,
Because in his lunatic fancies and dreams
He thinks—just to paraphrase Kipling somewhat—
He's located up in a heavenly spot
And painting with brushes of asteroid's hair
The thousand-league walls of Elysium there!

MORAL

Beware of the paint can, or wiser and sadder
You'll learn that it biteth as sharp as an adder.
Leave paint to the painters, or if you must do it
Beware of the white—for there's no finish to it;
And—one coat or twenty—it never seems quite
As good as it should be. The black is the best:
One coat shows as well as a hundred by test!

FADE OUT

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

SOME people might conclude that I got all the worst of that deal, and that any mental solace coming my way could never square up for the fifteen thousand dollars which I trustingly took out of my hip pocket and handed those people. Maybe so. It was what might be called a fifteen-thousand-dollar joke, and that's the best I'll ever get out of it.

The money has gone where the woodbine twineth, and of course I don't mind that money. It was of no more importance to me than so much spinal column. But gone it is, and I am better satisfied than I was a few days ago. Kotch Creamer likewise feels more like a human being than he did, and after all Kotch and I were the main sufferers.

Until the afternoon he dies Kotch Creamer will regard me as a gifted genius whose talents have been misdirected, but this is not so. I merely saw a place to go in, and I went while the door was open; and to get both arms round what happened out there in Santa Barbara, California, it would be just as well to crank up our harkers and hark back to the early days when I first knew Ollie Thorpe and met but did not know Kotch Creamer.

I think it was about twelve years ago—maybe thirteen. At that time I was a sprightly and eager-eyed optimist with about as much general acumen as a very young waterbug on a strange pond. I had embarked gayly upon the theatrical sea, and became a manager, owning and operating road companies and similar unprofitable things. In association with my loyal troupers I have often fasted all through Lent, and occasionally we kept right on fasting, even after the rest of the Christian world had resumed diplomatic relations with food. However, we were a cheery and hopeful lot, and our road shows wandered both here and there among the towns on the gaslight circuit.

I owned outright and in fee simple the two companies playing East Lynne and The Fireman's Bride, and I likewise fathered a burlesque show, of which little need now be said. It was one of those airy and red-clad exhibitions that kept the ministers in peppery sermons, and I am now ashamed of myself, though at that time I saw nothing very wicked about a good burlesque show.

In addition to these sundry amusement enterprises I had other irons in the fire, and some of them burned me most painfully before I wound up. For instance, I was a fight promoter in a small way, a lover of things pugilistic, and I maintained in New York City a small stable of promising young athletes, all of whom still owe me both interest and principal. I think there were four boxers in my New York squad, and I expected champions, but none of them ever rose from the ranks. They were rank when I took them to mold into topnotchers, and they were ranker when I handed them their final ten dollars and told them to begone. My pugilistic hopefuls were supposed to earn the money that I squandered on my theatrical ventures, and it was a lovely theory, only it didn't work.

The road shows, being what they were, played in towns that can be found on any good map with a strong glass. We never performed south of Poughkeepsie, New York, on account of the public taste, and my stars never walked down Broadway to gaze upon their names in electric globes. None of my players ever found themselves blazoned from the metropolitan billboards, though they all owed metropolitan board bills, which evened it up.

Personally I traveled with The Fireman's Bride, being the manager, treasurer, complaint receiver, paymaster on rare occasions and usher. There was in that company an exceedingly undercooked young man named Ollie Thorpe, and for playing the villain, or what he claimed was playing the villain, he nicked me for twenty dollars a week during his first year. In the course of time we moved into the boundless West and came upon the town of Delaware, Ohio.

We had made formal arrangements to edify the population thereof with three performances of The Fireman's Bride, beginning on Monday night and ending on Wednesday, but there was also an additional interest for me in Delaware, Ohio. Jake Reeves, manager of my pugilistic department, had informed me that there was in Delaware an unsung young boxer who might some day mount to the heights of a championship, and that I would do well to investigate.

I had written to this youngster, whose name was Kotch Creamer, saying I would arrive in his town presently and confer with him. If he was any good at all, I told him, I might take him under my managerial wing and lead him on to opulence and fame. About him and his ability I knew nothing, except what Jake had told me, and Jake's own information was fairly vague.

Passing through the sleeping car the night before we were due in Delaware I paused and talked with Ollie Thorpe, who was fretting me with conversations about more salary. I happened to mention Delaware and Kotch Creamer, and young Mr. Thorpe laughed heartily.

"You don't mean to stand there and tell me you're going to be his manager?" he exclaimed.

"If he can fight—sure," I replied. "Why?"

"You wouldn't think of taking me in hand, would you, and announcing me as a coming champion?" he demanded.

"No," I answered. "Not while still sane. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," he grinned. "Not a thing in the world except that I can personally lick the daylights out of Kotch Creamer. I've done it forty times. You may not know it, but this here town of Delaware is my home grounds, and I've known this prodigy of yours since he quit teething."

I had never regarded Thorpe as a needless liar and saw no reason to doubt him now. He was an athletic sort himself, and I knew he had done some genteel and amateur boxing, but he was not a fighter. If it was true that he could trim Jake's up-country find, then it was likewise true that I wished none of Kotch Creamer in mine. I had four delayed pugilists already.

"If you don't believe me," Thorpe continued, observing my regret, "I'll just put on the gloves with Kotch again and mop him up for you when we get to Delaware. Somebody has been making merry with you, Mr. Loftus. Creamer fight? He couldn't punch a setting hen off her nest."

That's the way we left it. The next morning we crashed upon the town of Delaware, and when our train stopped I dropped off the smoker and found myself in a crowd that had come down to see the actors arrive. A stocky young man with straw-colored hair burst through and shook me violently by the hand. He was about twenty years old, with blue eyes, a hopeful grin and many words. In his fist was the letter I had written before we left New York.

"Howdy, Mr. Loftus," he said heartily, holding out the letter. "I'm right here to meet you. I'm Kotch Creamer."

I looked again and saw that he was a sturdy well-built lad and had the outward signs of a fighter. He was no intellectual giant, but there was the warm light of ambition in his eye, and his manner was earnest.

"Glad to know you," I returned. "I've got eight or nine hundred things to do in the next hour, but I'll see you later. Come over to the hotel this afternoon."

"All right," he answered. "I'll be there."

When he went away I took up my theatrical affairs, which consumed the morning. In the afternoon I sat down to a late lunch and was interrupted by a waiter with the news that Mr. Creamer had called again. He came in a minute later and I invited him to sit down and partake. He refused to eat but was willing to talk.

"Now," I said, "let's get down to this quick. My New York manager steered me onto you, and where he got his information I don't know. He said you could box and had a future, and if that's so I'd like to know, and we can do business. If it isn't so I want to know that too. Ollie Thorpe, on the contrary, told me last night that I'm barking up the wrong tree. He says he's known you for years and that somebody has been kidding Jake and me. The quickest way is for you to bring an armful of gloves round to the theater to-morrow morning and we'll see."

"That's all I ask, Mr. Loftus," Kotch said eagerly. "I'm ready to show you what I've got. I know in my heart if you take me to New York I'll make good. Who shall I box to-morrow?"

"Box Ollie Thorpe," I said. "He claims he can box a little."

"Ollie," he repeated blankly. "Ollie Thorpe! Why, Mr. Loftus, he ain't no fighter. He's—he's an actor, ain't he?"

"He certainly is no fighter," I admitted, "and a lot of intelligent people claim he's no actor either. Only he says he can trim you the best day you ever saw. If that's so, and if you can't murder him, what right will you have in the ring with a regular slugger?"

"All right, Mr. Loftus," Creamer said. "I'll be there in the morning with the gloves."

He turned and walked slowly out, and I could see that he was thinking of something unpleasant. I felt that maybe Ollie was right about it.

At ten the following morning my new prospect came in through the stage door with a set of gloves under his arm, and we halted the rehearsal and cleared a space in the center of the stage. Ollie Thorpe laid down a ladder with which he was rehearsing, walked condescendingly over, shook hands with Creamer, and took a pair of gloves from him. The local fighter acted friendly, but I could see he was depressed.

The rest of The Fireman's Bride climbed on trunks and scenery and I announced a recess until we could see what

(Continued on Page 57)

Ollie Thorpe Walked Condescendingly Over and Shook Hands With Creamer. The Local Fighter Acted Friendly, But I Could See He Was Depressed

They Fit Your Roads

Year after year, Barney Oldfield's big touring car has covered from 40,000 to 60,000 miles.

Today the Master Driver of Speedways and race tracks has perhaps a broader *touring* experience than any other pilot in the world.

Much of this mileage was covered for you—to perfect the Oldfield Tires he has developed for your car.

To make sure that these tires would meet your demands as no other tire has met them, Mr. Oldfield tested his tire improvements in every state in the country, taking roads and weather as he found them, just as you do.

To the specially built, high quality tires that had served him so well on the race track, he was thus able to add the benefits gained by this wealth of touring experience. An extraordinary tire was the inevitable result.

Equip your car with Oldfields—tires designed and built to your personal needs.

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
BARNEY OLDFIELD
PRESIDENT
CLEVELAND, O.

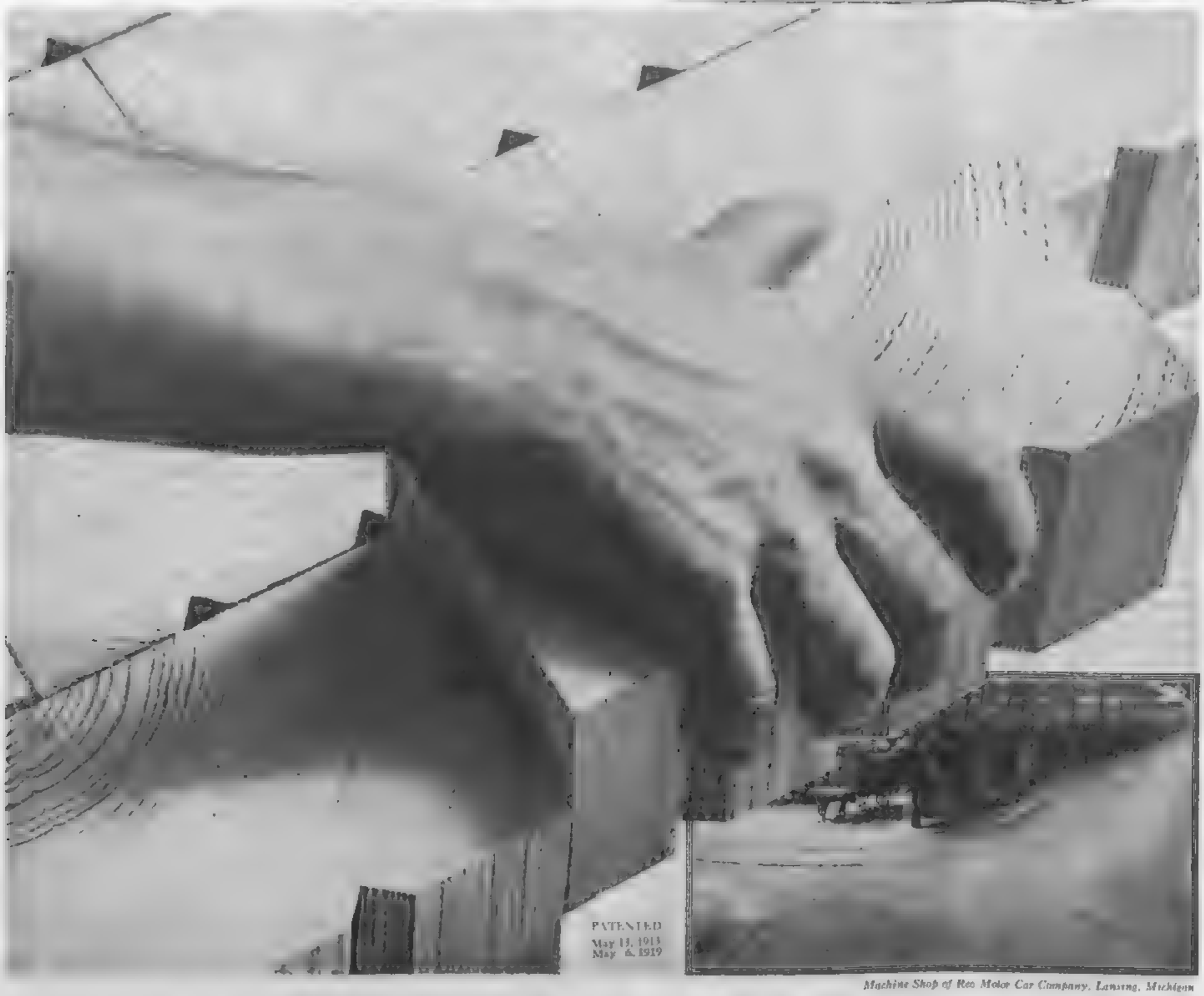
Export Department: 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"

KREOLITE WOOD BLOCK FLOORS

Outlast the Factory



Machine Shop of Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Michigan

The One Permanent Factory Floor

ABOVE all things, *permanence* is most indispensable to factory floors.

Many manufacturers install Kreolite Wood Block Floors primarily for their endurance.

Yet, Kreolite Floors have many other desirable features. They are resilient, quiet, warm and comfortable under foot. They have no substitute.

Long laboratory research has resulted in the discovery of valuable preservatives with which the blocks are impregnated by our patented process.

The exclusive design of the blocks allows openings between them. When these are filled with Kreolite Pitch, the floor is bound securely together, with adequate allowance for expansion and contraction between the joints.

In laying, only the tough end grain is exposed to wear.

The Reo Motor Car Co. of Lansing, Michigan, is one of a number of prominent manufacturers which have replaced their composition floors with Kreolite Blocks, after other floors had failed completely.

This was accomplished without interfering with production.

Kreolite Floors of special groove type blocks were laid in sections, until a total of 307,242 sq. ft. was installed.

Their satisfaction is expressed by Frank Stolte, Superintendent of Buildings, who says, "Kreolite Floors stand up perfectly under service and are impervious to cutting compounds."

To all manufacturers and others interested we extend the services of our trained staff of engineers, always ready to co-operate without obligation.

We will also send our book, containing valuable data on factory floors, upon request. Address all communications to the main office.

The Jennison-Wright Company, Toledo, Ohio

Branches: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland, Detroit, Toronto and other principal cities

Continued from Page 54

this small-time gladiator had. I observed the superchious sneer on the countenance of my boxing actor, but Creamer's manner was without resentment.

The exhibition that followed was interesting but fatal. It buried the hopes of Kotch Creamer right there on the stage of the old Lyceum Theater in Delaware, and I looked on in grieved astonishment while Ollie Thorpe whaled the jasper out of this alleged box fighter who yearned for larger worlds. It was amazing. The spectacle of a fourth-class actor knocking the spots off a legitimate pugilist saddened me, but The Fireman's Bride whooped for joy and urged Ollie to leave nothing but a carcass. It was a three-round thing and Mr. Thorpe pasted Mr. Creamer all over the stage. When they concluded I took the gloves from Ollie and handed them to Kotch.

"Well," I said, "I came here to see you box, and now I've seen you box, and you can take your gloves and go home. Whoever told Jake Reeves that you were a coming champion is himself a coming candidate for the hoosegow. I don't know when I've seen anybody as bad as you are with padded gloves on his fists. I'm sorry, but I can't manage you. Good-by and good luck, and if you want some good free advice give up pugilism."

The Delaware lad said nothing, but stood there breathing hard and fumbling with his gloves. Thorpe turned his back and walked off smiling, while his fellow actors complimented him. I felt sorry for the boy in front of me, but business is business, and I was no millionaire.

"Could I see you privately, Mr. Loftus?" he asked, rubbing a bit of gore from his mouth. "I'd like to say something."

"I've seen all I want to see," I answered, and maybe it was brutal. "I've got a hard day ahead."

"All right," he said, and he turned and walked out into the alley. The Fireman's Bride resumed rehearsal and in ten minutes I had forgotten about Kotch Creamer and his ambitions. We proceeded with our three performances, finished up in Delaware with moderate success, and moved along to the next town.

And that is roughly the end of the first reel. That was twelve or thirteen years ago, and since that morning when he walked dismally out of the Lyceum stage door into the alley I had never laid an eye on Kotch Creamer, until week before last, which naturally leads us into the opening flickers of Reel Two

II

THIS last spring found the world full of a number of things, including me and my nervous bank roll. I had dabbled with theatrical affairs all these dozen years since I managed The Fireman's Bride, sometimes enjoying a little luck, and frequently beating the county sheriff over the state line by superior footwork. I can think of no more remarkable change than that which has taken place in Ollie Thorpe, the same young man who worked for me in the road show, and who is now none other than Oliver Caldwell Thorpe, the famous.

Yes, sir, he is now that same Oliver Thorpe you read about in the daily prints, the romantic and athletic movie star, over whom little girls rave delightedly and write letters to the Answer Department, inquiring is the rumor true about his having dark-brown eyes, or not.

You see his portrait in the trade magazines about every fifteen minutes, and you notice him leaping precipices on his Arabian horse or posing with a Nubian lion under each arm or in evening clothes shaking hands with the Duke of Uruguay. Sometimes he can be seen in a picture entitled Throwing the Bull, wherein he has a sloe-eyed steer on the ground with its innocent neck half twisted off. Always he can be heard throwing the same bull, because with the advancing years Ollie's modesty has not shrunk to any noticeable degree.

That's the Delaware, Ohio, product who played the villain for me in The Fireman's Bride, and now he has a pink-and-gold studio all to himself in Santa Barbara, California, with hot and cold running water, a private secretary to answer the four hundred daily letters which he receives from a rabid citizenry, a private yacht, a private press agent, four automobiles with gold ignition keys and Persian tapestry trimmings, a French château on a hill, and all that lucre, all that fame e'er gave. That's Ollie to-day, and I will tell a waiting world it's nothing but bull-headed, blind, indiscriminating luck.

The funny part is that he can't act now any more than he could when he trouped with me twelve years ago and murdered such rôles as the innocent villain in The Fireman's Bride. He has a row of even teeth, a few regular features, a pleasing grin, and he looks strong and hairy in his undershirt. He can leap upon a horse without borrowing a ladder from somebody, and he fits snugly into evening clothes; and so far as I can see the pop-eyed public demands little more.

My own calm affairs have squirmed along about the same, though I long ago gave up the road-show business and took to less explosive forms of entertainment. I am still interested in taking two dollars out for a walk and mating it up with two more whenever possible, and that's why I sat up and noticed when Ollie Thorpe burst upon New York this last spring, emerging from his private car and smiling tolerantly upon the public.

As everyone bitten by the movies knows, Oliver came to the large metropolis for the sole and laudable purpose of gouging the Redwood Film Company for more of that stuff the strikes are about. He has been drawing one thousand dollars a week for the past two years, which is fair enough when compared with the twenty I paid him. His contract expired last spring, and it was common gossip that he would sign again with the Redwood Company, but not until that large corporation came across with what is slangily known as an increase in salary.

The rumor was that Ollie craved about fifteen hundred a week, beginning with the new contract, and having been absent from New York for a year he combined business and pleasure and appeared once more upon our streets, clad in garments that might have been stolen off Solomon's clothesline.

For the last six months I have had a bee in my own bonnet, and the moment I heard Ollie Thorpe was in town it began buzzing with renewed ferocity. Six months ago some dilapidated genius sold me a manuscript, and I still think it contains an original story, though the chances are it was either stolen bodily or founded on something else. Anyhow the owner wanted money in a hurry, and I bought the thing, after which I took it home and reread it with great care, finally coming to the conclusion that by a modern miracle I was now in possession of the greatest motion-picture story ever discovered. This mental condition is not unusual or alarming among us movie magnates. I said to myself that if I ever produced this story on the screen, and did it right, with the right actors, I should make either one or two million dollars, and then retire in dignity to a small ten-thousand-acre ranch in New Jersey.

When I finished rereading the manuscript, which was called Sunrise, I knew that the one actor who fitted the leading part was Ollie Thorpe. It needed him, and him only. Without him Sunrise might be made into a half-good picture, but with him I should still be packing away large sums years after the Republicans of Texas got together and elected a governor. I started out the morning I heard he was in town, and found him leaning against an onyx pillar in one of our better-class hotels

"Hello, Aleck," he said cordially. "How's things?"

"Good," I answered, looking him over carefully. "I hear you're going back with the Redwood people as soon as they increase the tariff."

"That's somewhere near it," he laughed. "And I'm not worrying. Either they come through with fifteen hundred a week or I'll sign with someone else. There are producers round the corner who would mightily like to see my name on the end of a contract. Believe that, Aleck!"

"It's so," I admitted. "You stick round and they'll ante without a doubt. Keep them anxious. And in the meantime, Ollie, I've got a little proposition of my own Your contract with the Redwood Film Company has just expired, and you won't sign a new one until they say fifteen hundred. That may take a month. During that month why can't you do something for me? You may recall, Ollie, that I gave you what you called your chance."

"You did, Aleck," he agreed, "and I know it. What's on your chest? I never forget a friend, and if I can do something for you now I'll do it."

"I've got the greatest story in the world," I said moderately. "It needs you to play the lead. It will probably take three weeks to make it, but with a lot of speed we may be able to shoot it in two. The continuity is in typewriting, and everything is ready for the director. I've had expert advice and they tell me it's one of the cleanest scenarios they ever saw. The story was tailor-made for you, and my aim is to produce a masterpiece and advertise it wherever the printer pursues his trade."

"It sounds," said Ollie, smiling. "And what will my remuneration be?"

"You'll drag down ten thousand for two weeks and fifteen thousand if it takes a full three. It will be so much clear velvet for you, Ollie. It won't interfere with your old contract, which is dead, or your new one, which isn't born; and furthermore, when this picture starts showing, the fame you have now will be a mere drop in the bucket. This is a great thing, Ollie. Now, how about?"

"I'll let you know in the morning," he replied, appearing to be wrapped in deep thought. "I don't want to decide definitely to-night. I'll say, though, that ten thousand for two weeks sounds right enough. The Redwood Film Company will probably take some time to see things right, and I may as well gather what I can. Come round to-morrow morning, Aleck. I'll let you know for certain."

I knew then what his answer would be, and I was tickled a light pink. I know Ollie and his method. When I telephoned him next morning he stated that he had been thinking about it and saw no reason why two old friends shouldn't get together and hammer out some pin money

"Then it's on?" I asked cheerfully.

"It is," he said; "and glad to do it for you. I'm starting back to Santa Barbara in a day or two and I'll be ready to work whenever you say the word."

"Good," I returned, and hung up. I then hurried round to where you can still buy a colored drink and celebrated to the extent of one. In my mind's eye I beheld that

It Didn't Last Long, But When It Was Over There Was a Near-Riot on the Ball Lot

ranch over in New Jersey, with the red-astrakhan cows being milked by my hired men, and my automobile parked in a stone mansion with gargoyles on the roof.

For the next few days I worked hard. I visited the trade papers, consulted advertising agencies, and laid the foundation for a large and comprehensive publicity campaign which would inform movie lovers throughout the land that Oliver Caldwell Thorpe would appear in a new superproduction entitled Sunrise, under the sole management of Alexander Loftus.

I looked over the actors and actresses I might need, telephoned to some and had others call at my office, where I engaged a few and handed them the money to get them to Santa Barbara. My plan was to engage half the cast in New York and the rest in California, and this I did. I bought a few costumes in New York, following my own ideas, and finally started West, full of bright hopes. The morning I reached Santa Barbara Ollie met me and declared he was ready to begin the picture the minute I was.

From then on Speed was my middle name. I located a large airy studio at the north end of town and rented the whole place for a month, paying the owner enough money to satisfy even a studio owner, who was the original profiteer. I engaged carpenters and a studio manager, and the director with whom I had been corresponding came up from Los Angeles and began reading the continuity. His demand was moderate. I paid him four hundred a week, and gave him two weeks' salary in advance to gain his confidence.

The organization began to take form and I watched them start building the interior sets and select locations in the mountains for the exteriors. On Saturday of that week we began shooting, with two cameras, and the director told me he would be ready for Ollie on Monday morning.

This news I communicated to Mr. Thorpe at his handsome lodge on Saturday night, over the telephone, and he replied that he would be on the job bright and early. At ten o'clock Sunday morning the telephone rang in my bedroom at the hotel, and when I sleepily answered Ollie said a few words.

"There's some news for you, Aleck," he said. "I can't play that lead for you after all."

"You can't what?" I asked, holding up my pyjamas, and feeling certain that long slumber was still interfering with my reason.

"Can't play—can't start to-morrow," he repeated.

"Why?" I asked.

"Just signed up the new contract with the Redwood people," he explained. "Naturally they object to my working with anyone else. It came rather sooner than I expected. You understand that, Aleck."

"I guess I'll come over and talk to you when I get dressed," I said slowly. "I'll have to talk to you about this, Ollie."

"No use talking," he said brightly. "Nothing to talk about, Aleck. Sorry I promised to play that part but you can see how it is. I thought I'd have plenty of time before the Redwood people met my terms, but they rushed me. I'm going to get that extra five hundred a week."

"That's fine," I gulped. "I've invested fifteen thousand in cold cash in this Sunrise picture, the cast is hired, the director is waiting, and everything depends on you. How about that? I've got to talk to you, Ollie."

"It won't do any good," he assured me. "None at all."

He then calmly hung up on me, and I sat on the edge of my bed looking the situation in the face and trying to decide what to do with it. If Ollie Thorpe played the lead I might produce a big famous picture, and enjoy deserved increment; but without him the enterprise was only a perilous gamble and would never make any real money. I could hire an unknown actor and substitute him; or even a moderately well-known star; but even if I did I should probably stand myself in for an additional loss. The leading part in Sunrise was made for Ollie, and for nobody else in California or New York. When he threw me down he blasted my picture.

The worst of it was I had let myself in for so many expenses that I hated to quit, but quit I must. The advertising, which would presently appear in the trade press, would make a blithering ass of me, and my associates would grin. I looked painfully back to the days when this low wretch had started his theatrical career, and I regretted my part in starting him. After a great many baleful and useless thoughts I dressed myself, ate a hurried breakfast, and started to find Ollie and have words with him. In this I was foiled, though I hunted diligently all day Sunday.

III

MONDAY morning I appeared in my rented studio and discharged everybody connected with the new superproduction called Sunrise, whereat there was vast surprise and mingled complaint. I explained that Mr. Thorpe had given us all the rawsberry, and that any actor desiring redress might turn to Ollie for it. I returned the studio to its owner, who seemed surprised but said nothing about refunding, and when I started down the hill toward town that afternoon I was a man who had just come hurriedly out of the motion-picture business and never wished to return.

That day I missed Oliver C. Thorpe twice by narrow margins, because despite the fact that I was no longer a movie magnate I still wished to get close to the star and tell him a few earnest thoughts. Tuesday he left a fashionable downtown hotel at one end while I prowled for him at the other; and on Wednesday the yellow-haired vampire at the telephone window in the new and ornate Redwood Studio informed me that Mr. Thorpe was extremely busy to-day and could not possibly see Mr. Loftus or anyone else. I thanked the lady and moved away, and as I started morosely for the hotel, wondering whether to buy a shiny new ticket to New York and forget the whole disagreeable mess, a sad-faced individual halted me.

"Would it be too much to ask you to stake me to a meal?" he inquired.

"No," I said, looking at him somewhat grumpily, "it wouldn't be too much, but it would be about enough. What's the matter with you throwing your pride aside and earning a meal? This is the land of prosperity."

I stared bellicosely at the succotash solicitor, and saw that here was a chap who needed a shine, a couple of shaves and the attention of a tailor; but on the other hand he was no regular bum of the freight-car and back-door variety.

"Mister," he said seriously, "I tried to get work. I tried over and over. I've been throwed out of this here Redwood Studio more than three times already, and the bouncer says the next time I ooze in there he's going to make it a hospital throw-out."

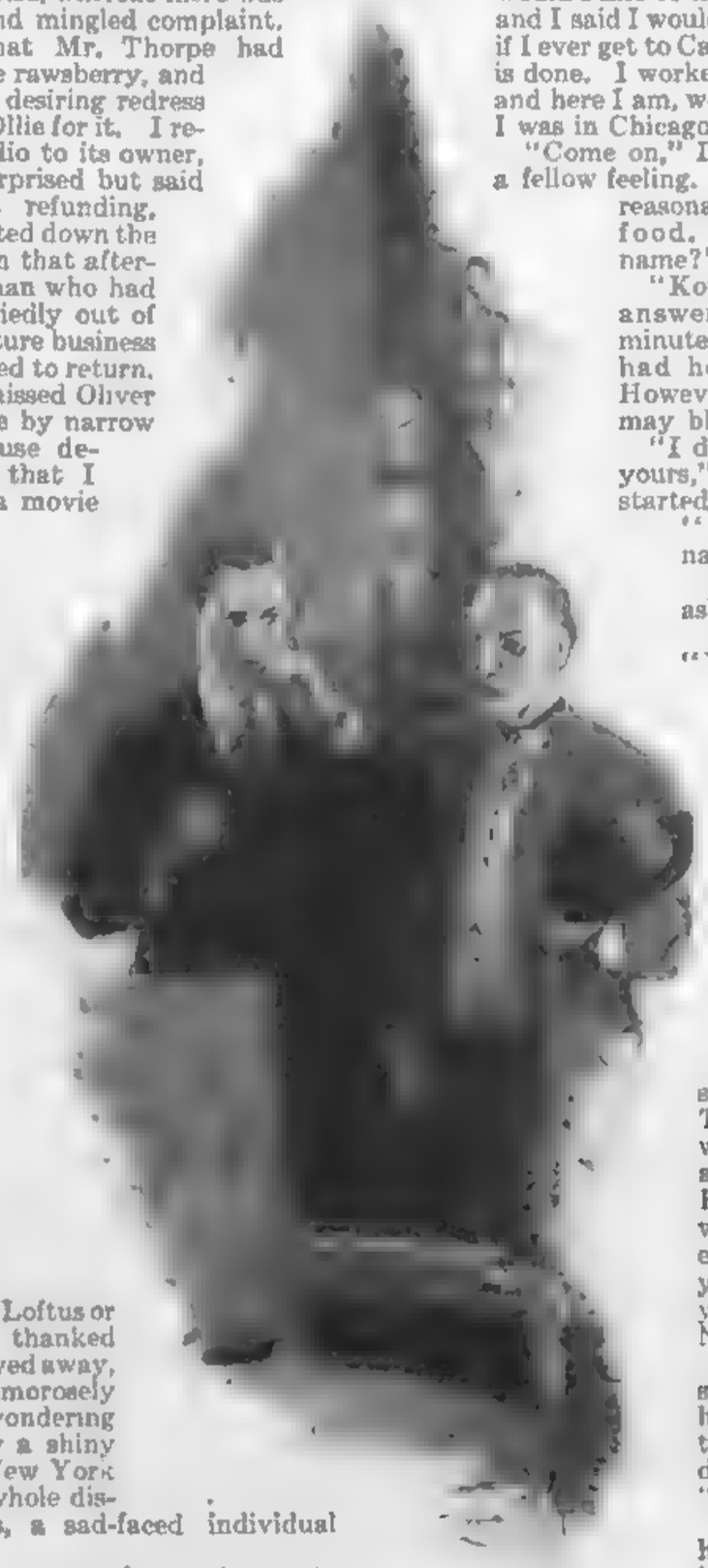
"What kind of work do you work at when toiling?" I demanded. "Are you one of these performers in the silent drama?"

"Me? No," he said. "I'm no actor. I used to be a stage hand, but right now I'm nothing. I'm dead broke and in need of food; and it's on the level about me trying to get a job too. If Ollie Thorpe kept his word I'd never have to ask you for a meal."

"Kept his word," I murmured. "Have you had business dealings with Ollie Thorpe?"

"Me?" said the man. "I'm here from Chicago. I came some of the way on a coal car. And when I got here there was no job, like he promised me the other day in Chicago."

He paused and gazed sadly toward the entrance to the studio.



"I'm Not Worrying. Either They Come Through With Fifteen Hundred a Week or I'll Sign With Someone Else"

"He promised you a job?" I asked.

"He did that. And when I get here there's no job. I keep on going in to see the director, and the bouncer keeps on chucking me out. I met Ollie yesterday, and all he said was that the director has charge of everything, and if the director can't place me he guesses it's all off. Whereupon I get hurled out once more."

"You know Ollie very well?" I inquired.

"Long, but not well," replied the applicant for work. "He asked me in Chicago would I like to have a steady job, and I said I would. So he tells me if I ever get to California the thing is done. I worked my way West; and here I am, worse off now than I was in Chicago."

"Come on," I said, stirred by a fellow feeling. "I'll buy you a reasonable amount of food. What's your name?"

"Kotch Creamer," he answered, and for a minute it struck me I had heard it before. However, thirteen years may blur the memory.

"I don't need to ask yours," he went on as we started for the edibles; "I know your name."

"Do you?" I asked in surprise.

"Sure," he said. "You probably don't recall me, because I've changed some. Maybe you can remember blowing into Delaware, Ohio, about a dozen years ago with your theatrical troupe, and this here same Ollie Thorpe. You wanted to see if a guy named Kotch Creamer would be a good-enough boxer for you to add to your string in New York."

"I got you," I said, staring at him, and noting that he had indeed changed. "Are you ——"

"That's me," he grinned. "Kotch Creamer, formerly a promising boxer, who broke his promise."

"You didn't quite come up to what I expected."

"No, I didn't suit; and there was a reason for that too. The reason is inside that studio we just left. Ollie Thorpe was working for you then."

"I won't ever forget it," I said grimly.

"Me neither. He found out you were interested in me, and then told you I was a bogus boxer. He told you I'd never amount to a whoop in hell, and then offered to prove it by boxing me while you looked on. Remember?"

"I do, indeed," I said; "and he slammed you round the stage."

"He slammed me round the stage is right," Mr. Creamer admitted calmly. "He showed me up before you and your actors. He always showed me up in a fight, even before he went on the stage. That was Ollie Thorpe's chief job in life—showing me up. I never could figure it out."

"Figure what out?"

"I mean that Ollie always had something on me from the day I started to school at St. Mary's and met him. He whipped me that first day and he whipped me ever afterward. The funny thing is that if I had boxed anybody else in America the day you were in Delaware I'd have made a better showing, and you might have taken me to New York. With Ollie sparring I was beat before I put on a glove. It was always so, and he knew it."

"That's funny," I said. "Ollie couldn't fight."

"Don't I know that?" Kotch said, pausing in one of the largest bites ever bitten out of a chunk of bread. "Don't I know it? That's why I say he had something on me, which I never could understand. He couldn't fight, and he couldn't whip the boys that I whipped easy, and yet Ollie always trimmed me. How do you figure that?"

I watched Mr. Creamer dine, and he dined with sincerity and enthusiasm. After a time he slowed up. He discussed his early days in Delaware, and his first momentous meeting with Ollie Thorpe, along with the licking that accompanied it.

"I can remember it well," he said, ordering a fresh cup of coffee. "A gang of the older boys told me to walk up behind Ollie and throw a piece of rope on his shoulder. Being a new arrival I did it. Ollie had his back to me, and I did what the big boys told me to do. I sneaked up with a piece of rope, tossed it on Ollie's shoulder, and said, 'Snakes, Ollie!' as the boys directed. Ollie was standing on the school stoop, carrying his school things, and the minute the rope landed he threw his books one way, his coat another and his slate somewhere else. He yelled and struck out with both hands, like a guy gone suddenly off his bean. Then he calmed down out of his spasm, and I started to run, but it was too late. He caught me, and that was our first fight."

"Was he nervous about snakes?" I asked.

"Nervous? He was scared to death of them. That rope performance always made him slash out blindly at anything in front of him. The bigger boys used to play the same trick on him, only he didn't dare tackle them. The point is this: He licked me in that first fight, and he licked me every other time in the years that followed. I got to be pretty nifty with my fists, and put away a lot of the boys—the same that had sent Ollie Thorpe home with both eyes shut; and yet Ollie was the one lad in that school who had it on me. I used to wonder and provoke him into scraps, just to see if I couldn't beat him for once, but I never did. Then he got to be an actor. I knew when he came to Delaware with you, and you said I had to box him, that my chance of ever getting under your management was gone for good. I could have sparred the best regular fighter in America that morning and made a better showing. Funny, ain't it?"

"Funny in one way," I admitted, "and not so much in another."

"After you ditched me," Kotch went on, winding up his meal, "I sort of lost interest in the game. I'd always figured if I could get to New York and have a real trainer and some good fighters to work with I might make something of myself, but out there in Delaware—well, you know Delaware. I fought a couple of bouts and then quit and got a job as stage hand in the theater where your company played. I hung round a few years and finally drifted West. Lately I've been in Chicago, and I suppose you might say I've made a pretty fair failure of life."

"Like a lot of us," I replied. "Well, that's over, and let it go. You certainly had hard luck, especially where Ollie had anything to do with you. I'm going to lend you a few dollars for old times' sake, and you might get ready to go back East when I go—that is, if you want to."

He thanked me, and when we parted the arrangement was that Kotch would travel to New York when I left, and I promised to land him a job, probably in my own office. Meantime I had decided to linger in Santa Barbara a few days, and what caused this decision was the announcement of the rodeo. I had previously read of this rodeo without any great interest, and regarded it as merely another device to advertise the much-advertised Thorpe.

Santa Barbara was in need of a flock of marble statues for the city park, and the town had all the money necessary to appease the sculptor, except about ten thousand dollars. Ollie Thorpe as a leading citizen naturally had a finger in the pie, and when he suggested a rodeo to help along the statue fund, charging a dollar admission, the town accepted with pleasure. The baseball people turned the park over to Ollie, and the Redwood Film Company sent out for Indians, cowboys and ponies.

(Concluded on Page 61)

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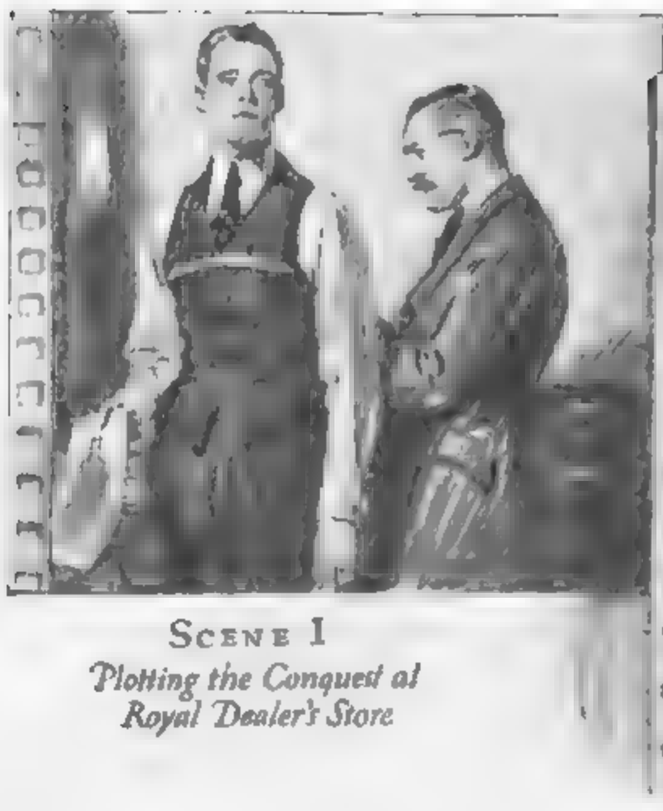


SCENE I
Plotting the Conquest at Royal Dealer's Store

SCENE II
The Triumphant Try-on

THE CONCLUDING SCENE
It Needs No Sub-Title

Whether Reel or Real

the *wise* hero always dresses the part

YOU ARE at the Movies—and the play is on.

Enters upon the screen a shabby young man—ragged and tattered.

Here is poverty and incompetence! Here is weakness and failure!

It needs no sub-title to get these facts across. The sheer suggestive power of *personal-appearance* registers them instantly upon your mind.

As it is in the films, so it is in the flesh and fact. External things—the things that the eye sees—the visibilities of life register impressions; form opinions; create likes and dislikes far quicker than spiritual or intangible virtues.

T·R·T

That is why the Master Actors in Life's Drama are scrupulously careful about their grooming. They realize that they must not only play the part; speak its lines; make its gestures; but they must *dress* it and *look* it.

And that is why they wear made-to-order clothes.

Get that again—made-to-order, tailored-to-measure clothes.

A dominant player in the world's affairs cannot tolerate a mere *approach* to quality. He demands, not an approximate result, but a complete and exact one.

He wears made-to-order clothes because they register accuracy, mathematical fidelity, a carefully calculated and fully achieved result.

There is no such thing as an "almost fit," a "fairly good" fit in the made-to-order idea.

The fit must be exact, or it is not acceptable. Measure for measure, the suit must be right, in mode and tone, in style and make-up, in looks and service-qualities, or it will not pass muster.

T·R·T

Upon this uncompromising standard, we are building Royal Tailored-to-order clothes for half a million of America's star-performers—the "Leads" in the nation's Action-Casts.

Our two great producing plants at Chicago and New York are the cathedrals of all tailoring plants—the citadels of the world's best tailor-talent.

Royal Tailoring is sold everywhere. That is one reason why we can deliver the best made-to-order clothes often for less than the price of ready-mades [price $37.50 to $65].

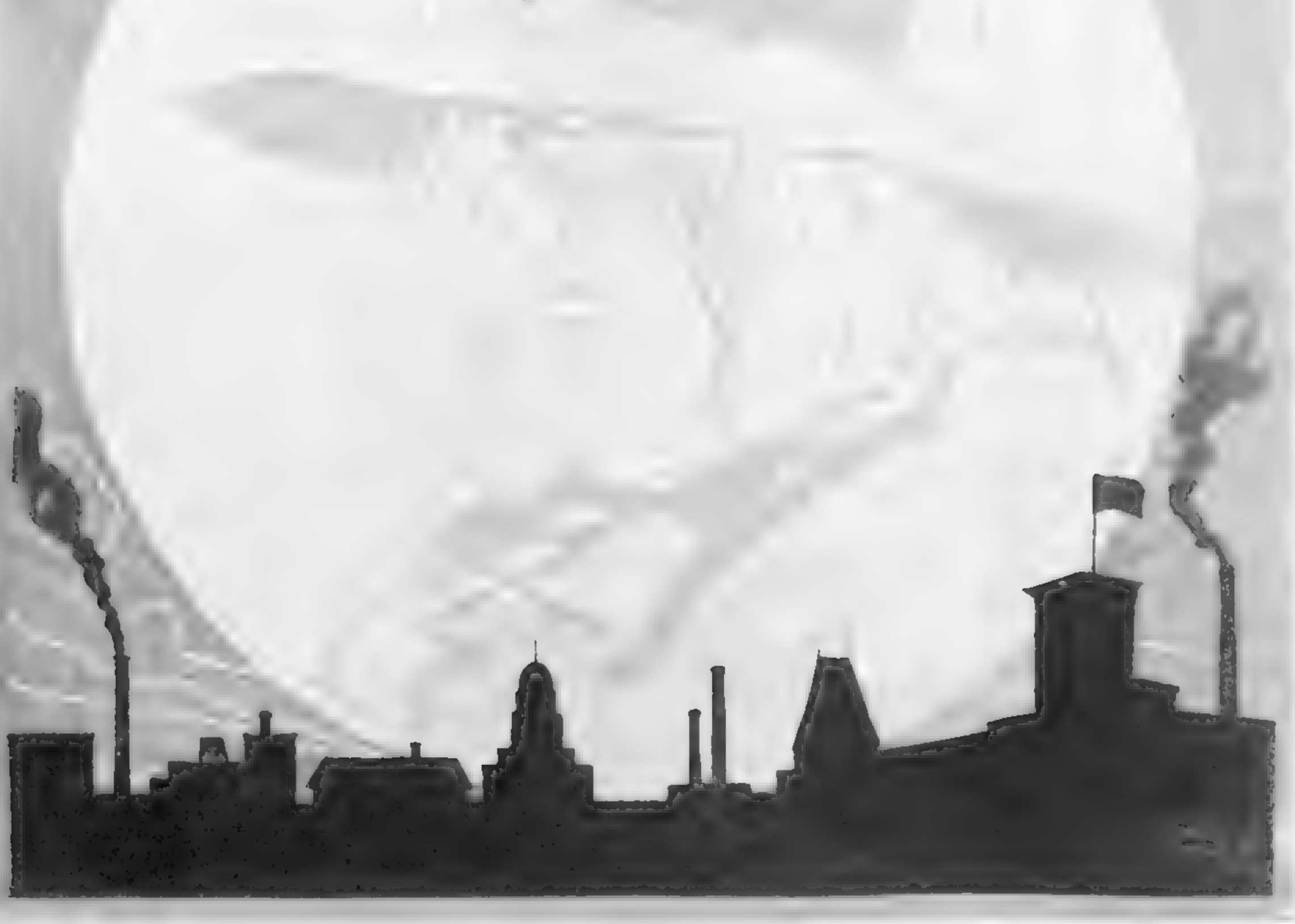
There is an authorized Royal dealer—a master measure taker—in your town.

IN THE DRAMA OF LIFE, THE SUCCESS COSTUMES ARE ROYAL TAILORED TO ORDER

IPSWICH SERIES HOSIERY

For Men, Women and Children

They fit the needs of human feet



(Concluded from Page 58)

The enterprising press agent likewise thought up something of his own. There had just arrived in San Francisco the new Australian champion, Bill Holt, a heavyweight fighter who had gone utterly through the ranks of the antipodean gladiators. Bill was accompanied on his tour of the world by Australian sporting writers, boxing enthusiasts with money, and lesser fighters, and a few days before the Santa Barbara rodeo Bill and his entourage wafted into San Francisco and submitted to enthusiastic interviews.

The Thorpe press agent believed that if he could get the new champion of Australia to appear at the rodeo it would be a strong added card, and he galloped up to San Francisco and made the arrangement.

I had been reading about this big Bill Holt myself with considerable interest, because though I quit the game years ago I still retain my old fondness for it. What particularly impressed me in this new champion was his personal eccentricities, which put him in a class by himself. He was regarded in his native land as one of the most morose, melancholy and irritable fighters that ever kicked a kangaroo off the back porch.

He fought his way up from the bottom without being kind or friendly to anyone. He refused to talk about himself to reporters, or be nice to promoters, or have amiable relations with mankind. He was a natural hangnail, and took refuge in heavy and prolonged silence. Every so often his manager irked him, whereupon big Bill discharged his manager with few words and some damage. He was chronically irritable and when he carried this irritability into the ring his antagonist always looked bad to his friends next day. I wondered if these stories about Bill Holt were true, because most of the fighters I knew were a genial lot.

When the Redwood press agent first approached Sir Bill and his party the champion declined profanely to have anything to do with Santa Barbara. It took the entire kangaroo delegation to convince him that if he wanted to be popular in America and make money he would do well to humor them, as the Americans were a fussy lot and liked a man only if he liked them. They pounded this thought through Bill's thick skull until he finally consented to travel down to Santa Barbara for one day and appear at the rodeo in person. He likewise agreed to box three friendly rounds with Oliver Caldwell Thorpe, and when I came to this item of news I decided to remain where I was and see everything.

"How would you like to go to this rodeo?" I asked Kotch Creamer, who looked better without his whiskers.

"Sure," he replied, "I'd just as soon go. But I thought you were in a hurry to reach New York."

"I am, but I can wait till after the rodeo. I'll get a couple of tickets and we'll go out for the fun of it. I'm crazy about Indians and cowboys."

Rodeo Day was on Saturday. I bought our tickets back to New York on the train leaving Saturday night, so that Kotch and I wouldn't have to linger long after the show. We reached the ball park about two in the afternoon and found a crowd of five or six thousand. Our seats were behind third base, near the rail, and the early part of the rodeo was very sad indeed.

They had some tame horse races and some even tamer bulldogging of steers, but finally it worked round to big Bill Holt and his Australian friends, which was the part I wanted. The film people had erected a ring over the pitcher's box, raising it a foot or two from the ground, and the Champion of all the Australias walked grimly out, climbed into the ring, accompanied by a dozen or more of the smaller celebrities, and all were introduced by the official announcer

The six thousand citizens who had remained in their seats during the rodeo proper now flocked upon the ball field to have a close-up of the champion and the friendly bout with Oliver Caldwell Thorpe. After they had cheered Mr. Holt there came a lull while we waited for the star. He timed his coming to get all the drama possible out of it, and when he appeared he was a gorgeous sight, in blue silk trunks, a wonderful shirt with a lay-down collar, and a dainty cravat of robin's-egg blue.

Then the folks gave huzzas for Ollie, because he spent quite a bit with the local merchants. The Australian fighters of the lesser group were introduced by a man who couldn't talk English in public, and the battery of camera operators gathered round the ring to take a few pictures.

I left Kotch in his seat and clambered over the rail with the rest. The crowd was densely massed round the ring when Ollie climbed in to shake hands with Champion Holt and be photographed. I plowed through till I was up beside the post in Ollie's corner, where there was plenty of confusion, with persons crowding into the ring and being pushed back out so that the cameras could get Mr. Thorpe shaking the hand of Mr. Holt.

You couldn't tell just what was going on, because of the general tumult, but about the time Ollie struck a handsome pose and shook hands with the antipodean warrior he likewise seemed to go out of his mind.

Instead of shaking hands friendly with big Bill, Ollie let out a yell that could be readily heard in Athabasca. He leaped into the air and banged big Bill Holt on the nose twice in rapid succession before that astounded slugger could stagger back out of range. Without waiting an instant the famous Australian beezer began to bleed.

There was a surprised roar of rage from big Bill, and another roar of indignation from the kangaroo delegation. It looked to those innocent foreigners as though they had run into a conspiracy to denude their idol of his title before he had got his land legs.

All the suppressed moroseness in Mr. Holt's character came to the top, and in the next thirty seconds, with the Redwood film employees trying to save their star's life, and the outraged Australians holding them back, and the spectators yelling bloody murder, big Bill stepped into Mr. Thorpe and showed the world just how he came to be a champion.

I have never seen so much genuine action crammed into such a short time. Wherever I looked I could see big Bill's hairy arms swinging this way and that, and every time Bill hit anything it was Ollie. There were many dull thuds, and with every thud some more of Mr. Thorpe's features were erased on the end of Mr. Holt's glove. It was a stirring sight, but not joyous to the Redwood film officials, who expected Ollie to start work on Monday.

It didn't last long but when it was over there was a near-riot on the ball lot. The police swarmed in and surrounded the Australians, who were escorted from the grounds amid flying bricks. Everyone present realized that Champion Bill Holt was without doubt a grouchy guy when hit unexpectedly upon the nose. He lived up to his name, and even more.

Strong hands tenderly scraped Ollie Thorpe off the floor of the ring and bore him away, probably to a waiting ambulance. His silk shirt was a row of small waving pennons, and his lovely trunks were splashed with his own precious gore, while his face resembled something that may be of some use again, and may not.

I found Kotch Creamer with his mouth permanently open, clinging to a pillar and viewing the catastrophe with astonishment and concern.

"What's all this about? That big guy has ruined Ollie," he said as he came down and we started out.

"Well, Ollie attacked him," I remarked. "Didn't you see Ollie bang him on the nose, just as they were shaking hands?"

"I did," Kotch answered in wonderment. "Why should Ollie slam the champion of Australia? He must be off his nut."

"Yes," I said, "but the crowd was thick, and you didn't see it all."

"Didn't see what?" he asked.

"You didn't see me," I explained as we got into a taxicab and started for town. "I was right there all the time."

Kotch looked at me in growing wonder.

"Yes," I went on; "I was there. When I crawled over the railing there was a small piece of rope hanging from a nail, and I took it along, thinking I might find use for it. And I did."

Kotch's newly shaved countenance cracked wide open in a grin that made him look cheerful for the first time.

"Snakes!" he yelled.

"Sure," I said. "When Ollie shook the gentleman's hand I tossed up the rope. It was a ragged small piece of hemp, but it cost me about fifteen thousand dollars. Anyone with sharp ears might have heard me mention the general subject of reptiles too. Ollie heard me all right. I'll say he did!"

Kotch leaned back and rocked in silent ecstasy.

"I'm pretty near even with that bird," he said finally. "He did me a lot of dirt, but I'm even."

"I'm not," I retorted; "but I'm evener than I was. Fifteen thousand is a high price for what big Bill did to him, admitting that Bill did plenty."

All of which may help to explain why the Redwood Film Company has been so extremely behind with its releases of pictures in which the star is Oliver Caldwell Thorpe. I do believe the young man is convalescent, though I haven't heard.

DON'T

get left behind!

THIS car meets the special train for Broadway, Greenwich Village, Wall Street, the bridge club—picking up P. G. Wodehouse, Heywood Broun, F. P. A., Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, George Chappell, John Held, Jr., Ethel Plummer, Merryle S. Rukeyser, R. F. Foster, and others just as numerous and festive.

Makes a special stop-over at the links to collect Grantland Rice, H. H. Hilton and other star players and talkers. Adds a specialist or so on airplanes—motors—motor boats.

Runs over to London and takes on Hugh Walpole, A. A. Milne, Thomas Burke, G. K. Chesterton, Lord Dunsany, George Arliss, Fish, Lady Russell.

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GETTING A REPUTATION

By J. R. Sprague

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THERE was going to be a new store on Main Street. Carpenters had been at work for days tearing out the old-fashioned front and putting in a new one, all plate glass and marble, with unexpected promontories and depressions calculated to give a twenty-foot frontage the display space of fifty feet. Inside the painters and paper-hangers were earning their wages in leisurely fashion, while the new merchant stood round impatiently waiting for the time to arrive when he might unpack his handsome new show cases and get ready for business. A stranger picked his way among the workmen, stepping over the piles of lumber and rolls of wall paper and approaching the future merchant.

"You are the proprietor here?" he asked.

"I will be if the contractor ever gets out," replied the young man discontentedly.

The stranger handed out his card. "I am the representative of the commercial agency," he said, "and I have come to get a statement from you as to your financial affairs."

The young man looked at the card disagreeably. It was his first venture as a merchant; he had always been employed as a salesman before, and knew very little about the financial part of running a business. That a total stranger should come in off the street to ask him how much money he had seemed about the limit of impudence. He wanted to tear up the card and tell the giver to get out; but realizing that a new storekeeper cannot afford to make even a single enemy he answered with a civility that he did not feel.

"It isn't necessary for me to make a financial statement," he said, "because I don't owe anybody. I am paying cash for all my opening bills."

The agency man was a diplomat. "I know exactly how you feel," he said to the merchant apologetically. "You are thinking I have got an awful nerve to come in here and ask about your private affairs. You intend to pay cash for all the goods you buy, and so you think your finances are nobody's business but your own. But you need to be in the rating books just the same. That big department store across the street is worth nearly a million dollars and discounts every bill that it buys, but it looks out for its rating just as carefully as though it was asking six months' time on all its purchases. It sends a statement once a year to my office without even being asked."

The Advantages of Credit Rating

"POSSIBLY you think because you are starting business in a small way that you don't need a rating; that a financial statement is a rich man's luxury. But if you don't have a rating you are handicapped from the start. Take the matter of your fire insurance, for instance; any first-class insurance company will insist on knowing something about your affairs before it will allow its agent to sell you a policy. It will want to know how much goods you have got in your store no matter whether you have bought for cash or on credit. An insurance company that sells a policy to anyone who comes along with enough money to pay a year's premium isn't a good company to insure with.

"There is another place where you will lose by not giving a statement. You will not be offered goods by the highest class of manufacturers. To be sure, plenty of traveling men will come in here and solicit your business anyhow, but they will be from houses that deliberately take chances on selling unrated merchants—and charge enough profit to cover their inevitable losses. The manufacturers who make really fine goods and sell them at a close margin of profit are not looking for new customers about whom there is any element of doubt. Unless you are in the rating books they simply ignore you, their traveling men do not call on you, and so unless you go to the markets frequently you do not even see the high-class lines of merchandise.

"Now you say you are going to pay cash for all your merchandise. A manufacturer will not want to ship you goods even on a C. O. D. basis without knowing something about you, because you might decline to receive the goods when they arrived, in which case he would be put to a lot of useless expense. Or suppose you order some goods by mail and inclose a check with the order. Unless the manufacturer knows something about you he is not going to ship those goods until the check has gone through the banks and he has actually got the cash money. All that takes time; and meanwhile you are probably losing sales by not having the goods in stock."

Eventually the young merchant was persuaded to give the agency man a statement; it showed that he had been employed as salesman in his line for more than ten years and had saved up a little less than three thousand dollars, which was the capital he had to start in business for himself. He had made arrangements to buy all his goods from a single wholesale house with which he had a thorough understanding. He had felt that it was a rather meager showing and this feeling had made him shy about telling it to the commercial-agency man. But to his surprise he was rated as a desirable credit risk. His long experience as a salesman was all in his favor, as well as the fact that he had actually earned the money that he put into his business. That he had confined his buying to one house was distinctly to his credit because it was a long-established house and well able to take care of its customers.

At once the young merchant was in a position where he could write or wire to almost any wholesaler in his line and get merchandise by return express without question. He is now one of the leading merchants in his town and a large part of his growth has come from the fact that he could get anything a customer wanted promptly even though he did not have it in stock.

When a man first opens business he is always surprised to learn that with the hanging out of his sign he has become a public character. Committees come in to ask him to buy tickets to entertainments; to contribute to the fund for lighting Main Street; to help out on the purse to be given the manager of the pennant-winning team. He is expected to let the public use his telephone. And as a part of the business world he is under obligations to tell credit men how much he is worth.

One of the hardest things to convince a new merchant is that the commercial-agency man who comes round to ask questions does not do so purely from offensive curiosity. It seems particularly offensive when the business man has more debts than capital to report.

The manager of a nation-wide commercial agency in an important Western city recently talked to the writer.

"We seldom have any trouble in getting the big concerns to give us statements," he said; "they recognize it as a necessary part of business. But men who are in business on small capital or who are inexperienced are sometimes afraid to tell anyone just how they stand.

"A few years ago a young man opened a clothing business in my city and I went round to get a statement from him so we could report on him intelligently to any inquirers. At first he wouldn't even talk with me. He said he didn't need any rating because he bought only from houses who knew all about him. He also used the argument that if he was in the rating books favorably he would be pestered to death by traveling salesmen trying to sell him all the time. I had my doubts as to whether his rating would be so good that people would fall over themselves trying to sell him, but I finally argued him into giving me a statement.

"I really didn't blame him much for being reticent about his financial affairs after I had seen his figures, his net worth was less than a thousand dollars after paying for his fixtures, which of course could not be classed as quick assets. He had borrowed a few thousand dollars from a relative to pay for part of his merchandise, and for the rest he had made arrangements with two or three wholesalers to let him have what he needed on long credit.

"Before I was old enough to understand much about business I used to see the statements of banks published in the newspapers, and it always puzzled me that their assets and liabilities always added up to exactly the same amount. I knew banks were worth a lot of money, but the statements seemed to indicate that they owed just as much as they had. Anyhow, that was the way this clothing man stood. His stock of merchandise on one side and his debts on the other just about balanced. If his affairs had had to be liquidated on short notice his creditors would have got about twenty cents on the dollar.

"At the end of his first year's business I went to the clothing man again for a statement. It wasn't so hard to get it out of him as the first time, but I could see that he was not very anxious to tell just what the results of the year's operations had been. Like most other retailers he was not an expert bookkeeper; his statement did not contain a single technical term such as Accounts Receivable, Current Liabilities or Liquid Assets. There was one column showing how much stock he had on hand and another showing what debts he owed, which after all is a pretty satisfactory form of statement, though it would have been a scandal in the eyes of an expert accountant. But I have always been unprofessional enough to believe that if a man tells you what he has got and how much money he owes you can subtract one from the other and find out how much he is actually worth.

"The clothing man's figures showed that he was about twelve hundred dollars better off than he had been a year before; when he handed me the statement he looked sort of anxiously at me to see what I thought of it. It wasn't a very brilliant showing. In drama and fiction the hero never has more than thirty days in which to make a fortune on borrowed capital and win the girl; but here this clothing merchant had been operating a whole year for a profit of twelve hundred dollars, and even that was not in cash, but tied up in merchandise.

"It was his lack of capital that was holding him back. He had done a very good business, but his expenses were too heavy. In the whole year he had never been able to pay for a bill of goods in ten days and earn his cash discount. He was paying interest on merchandise accounts that were past due."

The Man Who Paid Interest

"'IT SEEMS to me that you might sidestep this business of paying interest on the overdue accounts,' I told him. 'Your creditors certainly ought to give you long terms without interest until you get on your feet.'

"'Well, I don't know about that,' he replied. 'I am grateful enough to them for taking a chance on me and selling me at all. If I buy a bill of goods that is payable on a certain date and I am not able to meet it on that date, then I certainly ought to pay interest on the amount until I do settle it. I want to get ahead as fast as I can, but I don't want anything that isn't coming to me.'

"A little while after this a man walked into my office one day and stated that he was sales manager for a certain well-known manufacturing concern which was looking for an account in town. Merchants do not generally know it, but wholesale houses when entering a new territory frequently instruct their men to go to the local office of the commercial agency and select from the agency reports the retailers they intend to call on. This sales manager went over the reports but did not seem to find what he wanted; some of the retailers were already tied up with other manufacturers and others had reputations for not paying their bills willingly. Finally he asked me if I had shown him our reports on all the retailers who might be in the market for his line.

"'Practically all of them,' I answered, 'except two or three little fellows who haven't much capital.'

"'Let's see them anyhow,' he said.

"The first one I happened to bring out was the statement I had got from the young clothing man who had made only twelve hundred dollars on his first year's operations. The sales manager glanced over it. 'This bird sure hasn't got any too much capital,' was his first comment; then adding: 'But he must be a hustler to make anything at all, owing as much money as he does. I see that he has been paying out a lot of money as interest on past-due accounts. Does that mean he is in a bad fix with his creditors?'

"'No; I don't think so,' I answered. 'No complaints have ever been turned into this office against him. He has got an idea that he ought to pay interest on an account that is past due, and he just does it.'

"'I believe I will go round and see the fellow,' said the sales manager. 'Would it be putting you to too much trouble to go along and introduce me?'

(Continued on Page 65)

What the Old Tobacco Expert Said

A tobacco expert, in fact the best-posted tobacco man I ever knew, used to say, "A cigar should be good enough to make you want to smoke a second one, and mild enough to let you." Pretty sensible words, aren't they? Common sense clear through.

Well sir, Jim, that old fellow had the habit of lighting one cigar right off the other. He claimed to smoke "only once a day". How many he really smoked only he can tell, but I can tell you that every blessed cigar he smoked was a Cinco.

Many a time, as he lighted one Cinco off the other, I've heard him repeat, "A cigar should be good enough to make you want to smoke a second one and mild enough to let you."

I've often wondered if he also originated that other piece of good advice, "Stick to Cinco—It's Safe."

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

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What they say about these new Metal Beds

By SIMMONS COMPANY

IT IS interesting to stand in a store and listen to the enthusiastic comment of women over these new Simmons designs in metal beds.

They have known Simmons Beds for a generation or more.

There are millions of Simmons Beds in use, and everybody likes them for their sturdiness, their noiselessness, their *sleep-inviting* qualities.

❦

But even Simmons has never before produced anything in metal beds so entirely good as these *new designs*—such as the "Colonial" *(No. 1961)*, illustrated above in *Twin Pairs*.

Simmons Company has been working on the problem of good design in metal beds for years.

But really *good* designs cannot be carried out in old-style tubing. It has a seam running the full length of the tube. It cannot be worked into the shapes. It is apt to be rough—does not take the enamel smoothly.

All these new designs are made with the Simmons *Seamless* Steel Tubing. A new invention of the greatest practical importance.

Square and trim—free from joint, seam and roughness. Beautifully smooth, so that the enamel lies tight and evenly all over—does not scratch, check or chip.

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You will find these fine new Simmons designs in *Beds Built for Sleep* in the leading stores. *Quiet beds*, with the Simmons Pressed Steel Corner Locks—free from squeak or rattle.

Your choice of many different patterns—and of *Twin Pairs* and Double Width in each pattern. Enameled in the accepted Decorative Colors, and in Mahogany, Oak and Circassian Walnut.

Simmons Springs, too—

THE SLUMBER KING—a spring composed of flexible steel strips with spirals of high-test spring wire; so combined that the spring action is equal in all directions.

Regular finish, silver gray oxidized—rustproof.

THE MOUNT VERNON—the Simmons improvement on the box spring idea

Finish, oxidized copper—rustproof.

And some very charming Brass Beds and Children's Cribs—by the Simmons Company.

Prices of Simmons Beds are little, if any, higher than those of ordinary beds.

If you have any trouble in finding them, a post card to us will bring you the names of Simmons merchants near your home.

SIMMONS COMPANY, Kenosha, Wisconsin

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA NEWARK, NEW JERSEY MONTREAL, CANADA

SIMMONS BEDS—*Built for Sleep.*

Continued from Page 62

"Together we walked up the street and the sales manager explained something of the policy of his firm. 'We don't go altogether on the amount of capital a man has in selecting a new dealer,' he said. 'Of course we want a man to settle his bills with reasonable promptness, but we have got enough capital to take care of our customers under any circumstances. A man may not have much money when we form a connection with him, but we expect he will make money with our line and eventually get on a good footing. The main thing we want in a customer is a sense of fairness; if he is continually going to try to get the best of us in little ways we don't want him on our books at all.'

"The merchant was busy with a customer when we reached his store, and while waiting the sales manager sauntered round the place looking at the window trims and at the way the merchandise was arranged in the show cases; I noticed him rub his finger on the top of one of the counters and look to see if any dust had come off. After introducing the two men I went back to my office.

"It was perhaps a couple of months later that I picked up the morning paper one day and saw a full-page advertisement announcing that my merchant friend had taken the exclusive agency for one of the most celebrated lines of men's clothing in America. That was three years ago, and since then his reports have shown a gain of more than fifteen thousand dollars each year."

Credit men for many of the largest wholesale houses pay little attention to the actual amount of money a retailer has invested in his business. Presuming a man has reasonable business ability and a suitable location, his best chance at success lies in making good wholesale connections. And his reputation for acting fairly has more to do with making good wholesale connections than most men dream of.

"We gamble on the man himself more than on the money he has got," a successful wholesaler said to the writer recently. "The main thing we want is to know that he is going to give us a square deal. Just selling a merchant one bill of goods doesn't mean anything to a wholesale house; we are looking for a whole series of profitable transactions. If a man is contentious and always trying to put something over he is more trouble than he is worth."

A Shifty Customer Dropped

"WE RECENTLY quit selling a customer in an Eastern city who had been dealing with us for years. There had been some labor troubles in his town and business got into a slump; this merchant began to get slow in paying his bills. If he had merely written us that he needed more time on his account we should have been glad enough to accommodate him, but he didn't do it that way.

"Instead he began finding fault. He would claim that our salesman had promised to give him an extra thirty-days dating; that he had not ordered the goods shipped until later; that some of the items were not as ordered and would have to be returned; anything to start some correspondence and so get an excuse to stand off payment of the bill.

"I finally told our traveling man not to call on him any more. We gave the merchant plenty of time to pay what he already owed us, and just faded out of his life."

A merchant in one of the larger Southern cities started in business on one of the side streets and with small capital, catering to the working people. He did extremely well, as many side-street merchants do. His rent was a quarter of the price charged in the fashionable shopping district only two blocks away. He did not have to tie up a lot of capital in expensive fixtures; he did not know what it was to pay for a full-page ad in the morning paper; no one could look at his show windows and believe for a moment that he employed a professional window dresser.

But he did do the business. On Saturday nights when his high-class competitors had been closed for hours his store would still be full of customers, who not only paid cash for their purchases but carried the bundles home themselves. Every ring of the cash-register bell celebrated a profitable transaction. Within ten years of the time the merchant had started business on a capital of less than two thousand he was easily worth a hundred thousand dollars.

The merchant was naturally proud of his success; he was clever at selling goods, but what he most prided himself on was his shrewdness in buying. In moments of relaxation he would tell his intimates how shrewd he really was.

"You mustn't let the other fellow make too much money off you," he would say. "If you can't beat him down on the price, frame up on him in some way."

He never let a shipment of goods get into stock without hunting up a reason for a rebate. If the invoice called for fifteen dozen suits he would always claim at least half a dozen short. If it was a case of alarm clocks he would find that seven of them would not run, and of course it was only right to charge the repair bill back to the manufacturer. In all his years of business no shipment of glass ever came into his store without a claim for breakage due to careless packing.

He was quite a wizard when it came to paying his bills. He never missed a cash discount. The account might be sixty days past due, but he would take off the cash discount anyhow. "Deduct the five per cent," he would say to his bookkeeper. "If they holler too much maybe I will have to pay it; but it's no harm in trying. Probably they will let it go."

His merchandise bills were always payable in New York or Chicago drafts, but he always sent his personal checks. "Why should I go to the trouble and expense of buying a draft?" he would ask. "If they don't want to pay a little exchange on my check let them send it back."

It is doubtful if the merchant knew that he was crooked in his relations with his wholesalers. His training had been in those methods of business and he thought he was playing the game in the conventional manner. As a matter of fact he was not gaining anything at all. The high-class houses did not sell him after one or two adventures; and the others were perfectly able to look out for themselves. Their salesmen were always instructed to quote prices high enough to cover all shrinkage.

Eventually the merchant decided that he would like to quit the modest side-street location and move up into the aristocratic shopping district, where electric signs, expensive delivery cars and doormen in livery were necessary equipment. Personally he liked the old location, but the social ambitions of a growing family had to be considered. He secured a lease on a building in the heart of the shopping district, arranged to have it remodeled, and took the train for the Northern manufacturing centers to lay in a stock of merchandise suitable for his new location.

New York was his first stop. He put up at a first-class hotel, had it announced in the trade bulletins that he was in the market for high-grade lines of merchandise, and waited for the salesmen to look him up. Some of the houses of which he was already a customer sent their official entertainers round to buy him dinners and take him to shows, but none of the concerns with which he wanted to form connections seemed to know he was in town.

After two or three days he started out to hunt up the high-grade lines himself. But invariably there seemed to be something in the way of making the connections he wanted. One or two of the firms he called on stated that they were glad to meet him, but their lines were already handled in his city and of course they could not afford to open another account there, as it would antagonize their present customers. One executive said he might consider doing business with the merchant later on, but his product had already been contracted for several months in advance.

At last the manager of a concern that is known from coast to coast frankly told him what was the matter.

"Why, yes," he said, "we would like to have a good account in your city; we are not getting the business there that we ought. But I am afraid we cannot do business with you. I saw your arrival announced in the trade bulletins and thought of going round to your hotel to see you, but after looking you up in our commercial agency I decided that it would not be wise to do business with you at this time."

The merchant looked up the address of the commercial agency referred to and hurried there, full of indignation.

"What is this I hear about your giving me a bad report?" he demanded of the manager. "I am worth clear money more than a hundred thousand dollars, and yet none of these high-class houses even call on me. I can pay cash for every dollar's worth of goods that I buy. You can wire my bank if you don't believe me."

"I have no doubt in the world that you are worth more than a hundred thousand dollars," replied the agency man, "but that doesn't change matters. When it was announced a few days ago that you were in town several concerns phoned us asking for a report on you. We at once wired our manager in your home city for information and his reply is in my desk. It says that you are legally good for all purchases that you might make, but that there are more than thirty complaints on file in his office where you have made unjust claims on firms with whom you have had dealings. I had no choice but to turn this report over to the houses who had inquired about you, and I presume that is the reason you are having trouble in buying goods."

A Talk With the Credit Man

"BUT I wouldn't treat these high-class houses that way," pleaded the merchant. "I promise you that if you will change that report ——"

"I couldn't change the report if I wanted to," interrupted the agency man. "It was made by our manager in your home city, and even he can't change it. It isn't our personal opinion; we don't have opinions. It is simply a statement of facts reported to our office."

The merchant went home empty-handed. Even before going to his store he went to the office of the commercial agency. "What grudge have you got against me that you should tell those New York people I am a bad risk?" he demanded excitedly. "They wouldn't let me buy their goods even for cash."

"I haven't any grudge at all," replied the manager. "In fact, I have never had any dealings with you personally. But I think I can tell you why they didn't want to do business with you." He went to a file and took out a bundle of papers. "Here is a statement from Johnson & Frank stating that you claimed shortages in four consecutive invoices; but close investigation fails to show incompetence in their shipping department or similar losses on the railroads in packages going to other local firms. Then here is a complaint from Marks & McDonnell to the effect that you have several times taken the cash discounts from invoices ninety days past due."

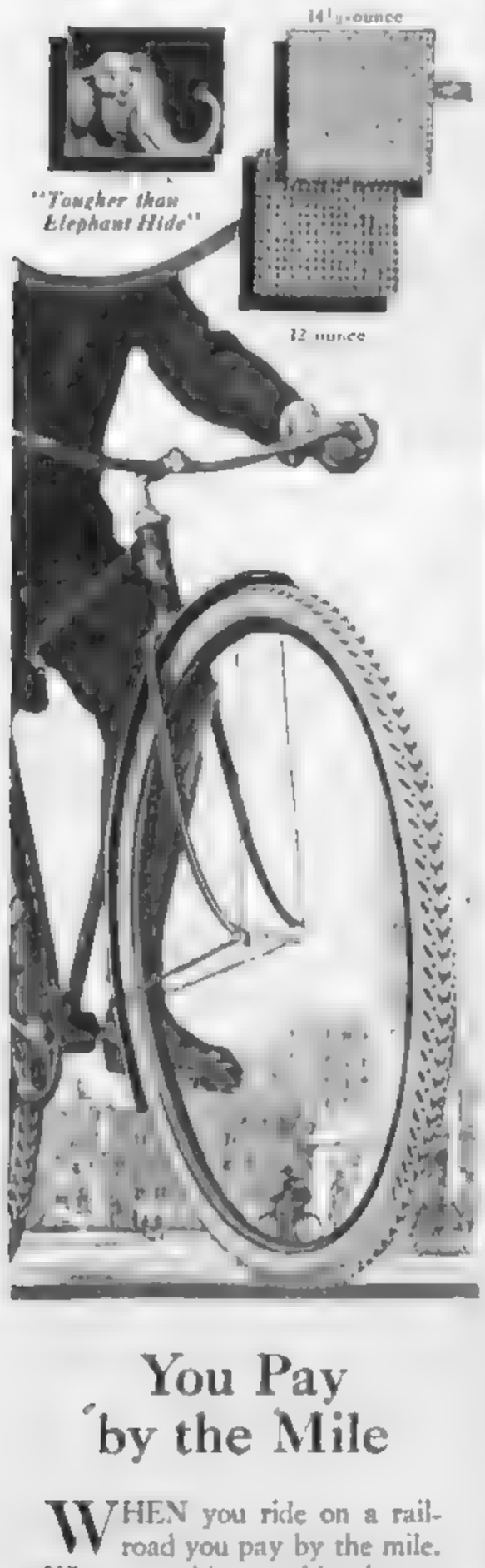
"Well, I had to protect myself," exclaimed the merchant. "They were all trying to get the best of me, and I just showed that I was smarter than they were."

"But these high-class houses with whom you want to do business don't see it that way," explained the agency man. "They don't care anything about selling you one bill of goods even though you pay cash in advance. When they put their lines into a man's store they want it to be a permanent connection. Now suppose, when you were up in New York, you had induced one of the big houses to sell you. The merchandise would be shipped and when you got

VITALIC
Bicycle Tires

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in any other bicycle tires is 12-ounce — and most bicycle tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric. That's one reason why Vitalics give more miles for less money — also why the few punctures you get with Vitalics are so quickly, easily, and permanently repaired.



You Pay by the Mile

WHEN you ride on a railroad you pay by the mile. When you ride on a bicycle you pay by the mile. But, unlike the railroads, bicycle tires don't all tax you at the same rate per mile. Cheap tires cost you a lot per mile; good tires less per mile; Vitalic Tires least per mile.

Vitalic Tires cost you least per mile because they last longest—they travel more miles. It's the pure, strong rubber outside, and the tough, closely woven fabric inside that enable Vitalics to give the most miles for your money.

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS, ERIE, PA.

it into your store and opened it up you would find a few pieces short and others damaged, the claim amounting to about twenty dollars. The house would allow your claim as a matter of course; but the matter wouldn't stop there. They wouldn't try to get their twenty dollars back by soaking you on your next purchase. Instead they would investigate their packing and shipping departments, and they would come to the conclusion that the shortage originated in your store. Then they would be through with you forever. These houses you have been doing business with are willing to make money any old way, just so they make it. The others don't want to make money at all if they can't do it in a first-class way."

The merchant got the idea. "All right," he said cheerfully. "I won't make any more claims even if the best cut-glass bowl in the package comes broken. I guess now you will change my rating so I can begin buying goods for my new store about the first of the month, won't you?"

The agency manager had to explain again. "Can't you see that I don't make or change ratings?" he demanded. "I only report what you have done; not what I think you are going to do. I am not supposed to give advice either; but if you want to know how to get yourself in position to buy the lines you want I will tell you.

"You have got to quit making claims for adjustments that you are not entitled to. You have got to quit taking the cash discounts off from invoices that are sixty days old when the terms plainly state that ten days is the limit. Your credit wouldn't be hurt a bit with a first-class house if you let a bill run three months past due, just so you had a reasonable excuse for the delay and you didn't do it too often. But the same house would give you a black mark if you skinned them out of ten cents by sending your personal check when the invoice called for New York exchange.

"You thought because you are worth more than a hundred thousand dollars that everyone would want to sell you. But credit isn't based on the amount of money you have got; money is too easily lost. It is your habits of doing business that count most, and your habits evidently don't suit the people you want to buy from. If no one turns in a complaint about you during the next year, then it will probably be assumed that you have changed your habits and will make a desirable customer."

It was hard punishment but the merchant had to stand it. He could not buy the high-grade lines he needed for his new store and it would have been ruinous to try to do business in that location carrying only cheap merchandise. And so the merchant paid rent on an empty building while he was trying to get a reputation.

For nearly a year he sternly curbed his natural tendencies. It was hard to see package after package come into his store, without even looking for a chance to make a claim, but he did it.

He did not even deduct the freight bill on a single shipment or write that the traveling man had quoted a lower price than charged on invoice. He even added interest on one payment because the bill was thirty days past due. In time virtue had its reward.

One day a well-dressed young man suddenly appeared before the merchant, sitting gloomily at his desk thinking about the vacant store on which he was paying useless rent.

"I represent the Electra Manufacturing Company," said the young man, handing out a card. "I understand you were in our New York office last spring to look at our line, but we were so busy then that we couldn't take on any new accounts. Now I can talk business; I have got my samples all opened up over at the hotel and if you will step over there I promise to show you the finest line coming into your territory."

As the merchant started out with the salesman he paused long enough to whisper to his bookkeeper, "Get ready the copy for a big ad in to-morrow morning's paper. We will start a closing-out sale to run for sixty days while we are getting ready to move into our new store."

SENSE AND NONSENSE

No Rash Promises

JOHN L. MOON told recently a quaint story of his friend, the late James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railroad. It seems that Mr. Hill was in Chicago and attended a fat-stock show or stock breeders' convention and exhibit or something which greatly impressed him. He saw a fine opportunity for the farmers of the Northwest to improve their droves, flocks and herds, and promptly caused to be announced far and wide in the territory where he was a reigning railway king that he would defray the transportation charges home on all fancy stock bought by the stock growers in attendance. Many took advantage of the offer.

One farmer bought a magnificent example of live pork and expressed it in a crate marked to his son at home. In the car the porker became somewhat *persona non grata*—close quarters, hot day, and so on—and as Number 66 was to stand for a couple of hours at a way station the man in the express car as a relief measure pushed old porker's crate out on a freight platform. A loose slat or something on the crate explains why the express man later wired to a station agent one hundred miles ahead: "Have three hundred pound hog, black with white spots, ready to put in crate on sixty-six to-morrow."

This was done. The hog was delivered at his destination and everything was all right until father got home and blew up.

"Not my hog at all!" he yelled. "It's an ornery runt."

"Impossible!" said the express company suavely. "Your hog was delivered to your son to whom it was addressed; we have his personal receipt."

He fretted and fumed, finally playing his trump card.

"How," he said triumphantly, "could the sex of a hog change in a little journey of four hundred and fifty miles?"

"Ah, that is something the express company never guarantees," said the official who had the last word.

More Dollars Than Pictures

AN OLD acquaintance of a millionaire picture collector tells a characteristic anecdote showing to what good purpose business instinct may be applied to a hobby.

Some years ago the whole art world sat up and took notice when the newspapers related that this collector had paid $350,000 for a remarkably fine painting by Frans Hals. Only a few weeks after the picture had come into his possession a story got abroad to the effect that he had been offered half a million dollars for it.

A friend asked the owner if there was any truth in the report, and was told that it was quite correct. Immediately he began to congratulate him upon making such a handsome profit in so short a time.

"But," replied the collector, "I did not sell. I declined the offer."

"What! You declined it?"

"Most certainly. I can find $150,000 whenever I chance to need it; but where in all the world could I find another Frans Hals equal to mine for three or even four times that sum?"

The Latest Styles

ONE must approach the contemplation of a new social phenomenon in the spirit of inquiry and of tolerance as well. To the one extreme type of mind anything that is new must be right. To the other extreme type anything that is new must be wrong.

Recently an American magazine writer, well known for her interest in social service, was in the city of Budapest. She was simply delighted with Bolshevism as displayed in that city. She sought permission to travel to Riga, from which city she desired, if possible, to proceed to Petrograd.

When asked why she wished to visit these cities she replied, "I do get such thrills from these new governments!"

The Wrong Hymn

A STORY comes from the City of Churches to the effect that the pastor of one of the most conservative religious organizations in that borough some time ago shattered the tradition of generations by inviting a noted evangelist to conduct a week of revival services in his church.

At every service the church was packed to overflowing, and the number of those who flocked to the mourners' bench every evening testified to the enthusiasm of the congregation. At the concluding service the pastor announced that a collection would be taken for the gifted brother who had just preached from his pulpit for the last time. He had no doubt that it would be a generous one.

Next day when the offering was counted the pastor was amazed and disappointed to find that it amounted to only about half the sum he thought would be forthcoming.

In his distress he went to Deacon Perkins and asked him if he had any theory to account for the meagerness of the collection. The deacon smiled knowingly and replied: "Do you recall the name of the offertory hymn you selected?"

And then the situation dawned upon the good man. He had announced from the pulpit: "While the collection is being taken the choir will lead us in singing that grand old hymn, Never Give Up! Never Give Up!"

Judging from the receipts fully half the congregation had not given up a penny!

Taking No Chances

AN AMERICAN doughboy of the 805th Pioneer Infantry, which policed an area of the Argonne Forest after the armistice, had come upon the bodies of three boches belonging to the 254th Reserves, fallen in such positions as to indicate that unmistakably they had been stalking a single Yank. Their tactics had been successful. Within twenty yards lay the quarry in khaki, his cheek cuddled along his rifle sight, his eyes closed—much as if having taken three of the enemy as escort he were soul-wearied of the killing and would rest a while.

"I'll say this boy put up a scrap—I'll say he did!" And the searcher calling to his nearest comrade began with roughly reverent fingers to remove the identification tags.

The lank loose-jointed Middle Westerner who joined him presently was accredited among his buddies with imagination incapable of conjecturing beyond the recurrent probability of seconds at the chow cart—never a thought above the teeth. But now with eyes distended and chin adroop he mentally revitalized the fight as he looked from one lifeless figure to another. Finally he vented his admiration in an elongated, "Bo-o-oy how-dee!"

Then with palpable motive in his step he went to the body of the nearest boche, snapped open the blade of a giant jackknife and quickly, distastefully sheared off the Gott-Mit-Uns buckle.

Pocketing it he proceeded to the second German's form and duplicated his seeming ghoulishness.

As he leaned over the third body the first comer, who had been watching him quizzically, called in deprecation: "What t'ell you want with that Gott-Mit-Uns junk, ol'-timer?"

What indeed was his object? For to troops who followed the infantry souvenirs of every description were as commonplace as cooties, belt buckles especially being numerous.

"Well," replied the other, "I figger it this way: They's on'y one place any Jerries what comes up against a guy three to one should go. An' I'm takin' no chances on these birds' gettin' past Saint Peter under false pretenses."

The Jailer's Welcome

FLYING over the county jail at Lawrence, Kansas, is a service flag with twenty-three silver stars on it.

Not to be outdone in patriotism by his neighboring competitors since the Kansas and Missouri troops began to arrive home, the jailer has strung this banner in red letters under the service flag and over the doorway of the jail:

"Welcome Home, Victorious Sons."

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STILL the sturdy, powerful, reliable car, but appearing in an attractive new dress. Beneath its luxurious body is the 83 horsepower, eight-cylinder motor, ready on call to perform feats of power that far exceed any ordinary demands. Built and tested in the hills and mountains of Pennsylvania.

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ON THE LORDSBURG ROAD

Concluded from Page 45

"'Now come down yourself,' he says, 'and leave your artillery up there.'

"He had on his serape and the Mex hat, and I could see the long black whiskers when I got clost to him.

"'My turn this time,' he says to me, comin' back to take a look inside the stage for passengers, which there was none, 'an' don't get fussy or I'll pay yo' back for them buckshot.'

"I stood there by the wheel feelin' more like a fool than I ever did since. He'd outguessed me so nice it made me sick to think of it.

"It took him some time to bust the lock off the box and all the while he kep' his back to me. I could of got him then if the driver had been a mite quicker. I motioned to him to slip me down the shotgun, but he didn't take holt o' the idee right away and when he did get started the holdup was onto the play.

"'Never mind that there gun,' he says. 'I'll do what shootin' is done round here just now.'

"So I had to leave that chance go by and watch him pile the comp'ny's money into a sack. He backed off among the rocks, and directly I heard his hoss' hoofs on the hill."

Savage paused and pointed to his rude map in the sand, indicating the end of the loop which represented the pass.

"We turned back," he resumed, "and when we got here to Rucker's I saddled up a hoss and changed my shotgun for a rifle. I struck out alone." He pointed the switch at the line indicating the cut-off of which he had spoken. "I headed straight for that trail—though 'twasn't even a trail then.

"The way I figured it, I had plenty of time and I let the hoss take it easy. It come on mo'nin' and I was getting hungry. I had an idee the road agent would be wanting his breakfast, too, and I climbed a malapi butte. Sure enough, there was a little fire showing down in that dry wash nigh the place where Russel's ranch house stands now; right under the bank so 'twouldn't show—unless you'd come on high ground.

"That give me a big advantage, for if he was hid, so was I when I come on him. But just the same, I played Indian. I didn't aim to give him the aidge a second time. I crawled amongst the rocks on my belly and when I stuck my head out over the bank, there he was right under me—with his rifle on one side o' the fire and him on the other frying bacon. Pot o' coffee setting on the coals, and the smell of it was plumb good in the cold of the mo'nin'

"He'd shed his whiskers and serape, and when he looked up I was looking back at him across my sights.

"'Hello, Wolf,' I says. 'Just keep your eyes on that bacon and see you don't burn it.'

"'You win,' he says, 'on this deal, Bill. But yo're a fool not to of throwed in with me jest the same.' And he went right on cooking the bacon."

It was at this to me the most interesting point of the narrative that I saw the sheriff's attention begin to wander. He was no longer watching Savage; his eyes kept going down the road to the eastward.

"We argued it out over the fire," the old-timer went on, "me on the gun side and him dealing out the breakfast. 'I got the money buried where all hell cain't find it,' he says, 'and if I got to do ten years I'm rich when I get out. Bes des, I may get the drop on yo' yet.'

"But he didn't; and I had the last say when I turned him over to the sheriff. 'You was the fool,' I told him, 'to talk to me about your private road.'"

The cow-puncher had finished and was stowing away the pump. Savage brushed out the map in the sand with his foot and climbed into the car. He turned his eyes on us.

"So long," said he, and Reed answered over his shoulder. He was already starting for the hackberry tree.

"First time I ever heard of Savage opening up like that," I said when I caught up with him; "and that was some story too."

Reed nodded in an absent-minded manner and busied himself at rolling a cigarette. By the time he had lighted it we reached the roadster.

"Hop in," he said.

I told myself that there was such a thing as being too conscientious in the pursuit of one's official duty, but this was not my expedition and I followed the example of the old-timers—minding my own business. The self-starter uttered its complaining cry, the motor rumbled, the roadster gathered speed. We crossed the wagon track at right angles, struck out over a mesquite flat toward the red-brown malapi hills and left all signs of man behind us. The sheriff was sitting bolt upright as if he were in the saddle. He peered straight before him and there was that in his narrowed eyes which made me continue my devotion to my own affairs.

And truly my affairs were of enough moment to demand all my attention. Cross-country riding on a good horse is considered strenuous sport by those who have not tried cross-country riding in a car down on the border with an Arizona driver. At such times as I was able to spare some of my faculties from the task of holding to the seat I got occasional glimpses of the hazards we were continually encountering; and each new spectacle awakened within me fresh wonder at the madness which had drawn me from security and home and happiness to a region whose inhabitants persist in handling motor cars like cow ponies.

We darted in and out among the mesquite bushes, crossed two dry washes where it seemed to me no sane man would try to drive a buckboard, sped along a sidehill, bounding from one malapi fragment to another, rounded several sharp turns whose possibilities made my hair rise, and came among a tangle of swarthy summits where I lost what little of my orientation I had been able to keep thus far. I knew we must be heading for some road or other, taking this route in order that no tracks might betray us. But what road it was I had no idea. And what was more, there were times when I did not believe we were ever going to get there.

Evening came and with the dusk the wind died, the air turned cool. Reed stopped the car and while we cooked a bit of supper over an infinitesimal fire I was too weary to ask any questions; he was too absorbed in his own thoughts to volunteer any information. We climbed back into the roadster after the meal, smoked and I fell asleep wondering when he meant to go on again.

"'Never Mind That There Gun,' He Says. 'I'll Do What Shootin' Is Done Round Here Just Now'"

Night was far along when I wakened. Down below us where the mesquite grew some mocking birds were singing; the air was filled with soft dry perfumes of resinous plants. The stars blazed large and yellow overhead. I came to full consciousness to see a moving shaft of radiance sweeping skyward as it approached us. It vanished. A moment later the headlights of a speeding automobile topped a rise less than half a mile away.

I heard the sheriff moving. Our self-starter drowned the humming of the approaching car and now the roadster trembled with the vibrations from our engine. Without the benefit of our lamps we bumped our way across a bowlder-strewn interval and drew up sharply, facing the oncoming automobile.

During the next few moments the last shreds of weariness departed from me before the thrill which comes to one when he lies in ambush. Then the lights before us wavered; I knew the driver had discovered us. They swerved in a wide arc. I heard the sheriff swear, and our lamps came on, revealing wheel tracks within their orange pathway.

I lurched back against the seat cushions with the suddenness of our start. The gears shrieked as Reed shifted them. The fugitive's red tail light bobbed up and down before us. I felt the rush of great winds against my face and clung for dear life as the race began.

Time passed—how much I cannot say, but it was jammed with large terrifying incidents—and now the red tail light gleamed more brightly before us. As I realized that we were gaining, it swerved and I lurched drunkenly with the suddenness of our own turning. Before I had recovered myself I was being tossed about on the seat like a cork on troubled waters.

As we sped away from the road along a malapi-strewn slope I saw the brink of a cut bank on our right hand. It drew closer and there came an enormous moment when I would have sworn one hind wheel was hanging in midair.

The ground began to rise before us, and as we climbed the grade we gained again until there was a scant fifty feet between our headlights and that tail lamp. I heard the roaring of the other engine, the rasp of the gears shifted too suddenly.

Reed wrestled madly with the steering wheel. We swung sharply to the right, and the brink of the cut bank, which had vanished in the darkness, reappeared. I saw the fugitive car beside our left front wheel. I caught a glimpse of a steep rocky bluff, which it was skirting. And then it seemed as if that car had slipped backward, so swiftly we came on abreast of it.

There followed a sick instant when it seemed to me that we were dashing straight out over the bank's edge. It ended with the grinding of crumpled fenders, the shock of sudden stopping.

By the time I had recovered my shaken wits Reed was on the other running board. The driver was leaning forward with his right hand on the emergency brake. He straightened and I saw his face in the light of his dash lamp. It was Big Tom Williams.

"That," he said, "is some engine you have got, Bob."

From the rear of his touring car came the jingle of glass fragments, the aroma of Lordsburg whisky.

We made camp together in amity for the remainder of the night and the sun was well up when we started for Chiricahua. In the radiance of the young morning I got my bearings and recognized the wagon road. It was the cut-off of which Savage had spoken in his story—and then revelation dawned upon me.

And some hours later as I was leaving Sheriff Bob Reed in his office at Chiricahua I said confidently: "You see you were wrong about the old-timers after all, for when Savage gave you that hint he broke his rule, didn't he now?"

The sheriff shook his head and there was a shadow in his eyes.

"Don't you understand," he answered. "If Tom Williams hadn't been stacking the cards on me Bill Savage would never have told that story." He sighed and the shadow deepened. "I hate to take a man's star away from him. But I've sent word for Jim Lacy to come in and turn over his. And at that he's getting off easy for double-crossing me this way."

"Mutual Benefit" at Hydraulic

WHAT IT REALLY MEANS

IN a recent article in this series there appear these words:

> "Much misunderstanding (at Hydraulic) is avoided as to motive. Everybody at Hydraulic knows what is proposed almost as soon as it is under way, and long before a positive decision has been reached. Everybody's mind goes to work, and suggestions come from all directions. We make every endeavor to see that no man lacks information or opportunity for expression. Every man knows his suggestions will be received with respect, and carefully considered."

These sweeping statements mean nothing, or they mean everything.

They mean nothing if not substantiated by examples in actual practice.

To Hydraulic they mean everything because they mean a *spirit* among Hydraulic workers, managers and owners—a spirit so real, so much a tangible thing, that when an actual accomplishment takes place every statement contained in these quoted words finds itself justified.

This article presents an example of results. It deals with the Hydraulic Mutual Benefit Association—not with the details of organization, nor with the details of benefits. It is quite likely that others have worked out details in similar plans better than we have worked them out; that is largely a matter of evolution and we hope to help and be helped in this regard as time goes on.

But the question which constitutes the acid test of Hydraulic spirit—of the character of the Hydraulic Mutual Benefit Association, as we see it, is not a question concerning some detail—*but this question:*

Is it *of the men, by the men, for the men?*

Is it *of the men?* Let us see.

THE conception of a Mutual Benefit Association embracing all the Hydraulic plants was presented to the Workmen's Representative Committee and the then existing Aid Societies and an expression of opinion asked. Only the broadest outlines of the idea could then be discussed. A willingness to support such a venture meant not a pledge to a tangible, definite thing; it could mean but one thing, *an expression of confidence* on the part of the men that *no ulterior motive lay behind the suggestion*—of confidence, that they would have a voice in the framing of the association and in the actual operation, and that the final result would be to their benefit.

Ninety-five per cent of Hydraulic employes at all plants made application at the outset for membership, thereby giving unqualified approval of the suggestion.

These men, having applied for membership, then proceeded to elect from their own ranks, Directors, with the understanding that the Directors would draw up the constitution and by-laws that should govern the association.

These Directors, half of them elected from among the foremen and other representatives of management, and half of them elected from among the workmen of each plant, then proceeded to gather suggestions from among the men, studying on the one hand the workman's financial ability to support such an association and on the other hand, the workman's vital needs in his family circle—the circle for whose benefit the association came into being. Having done this, and utilizing their best judgment and the best of the suggestions, the Directors formulated the constitution.

Was it *of the men?* It was the voice of *ninety-five* per cent of them *from the outset.*

Was it *by the men?* Every Director is a Director only by virtue of the confidence that put him in office through popular vote. Every officer is an officer only by virtue of the popular vote of the Directors themselves—the men's spokesmen.

Is it *for the men?*

Today the constitution, a thing to which support was yesterday pledged on faith (complete or incomplete as some expert might view it) is at least one thing, viz., a fabric through which every thread of power is a thread that conserves the workers' interests and the interests of those closer to him than life itself.

WHAT DOES IT DO FOR THEM?

It provides sick benefits, accident benefits, life insurance on the members and, in lesser degree, on their wives and children. It has power to loan money to members for building and improving homes, etc. These, and other advantages, are provided, as a natural course.

WHERE DOES THE MONEY COME FROM?

From the men and from the company—the men pay a dollar a month—the company duplicates every dollar so paid.

WHO ADMINISTERS THE MONEY?

The men's representatives (the General Board of Directors) who direct all payments all investments of surplus funds—and from whose final decisions there is no appeal.

DOES this spell a spirit of *mutual* confidence, of *mutual* respect, on the part of the company and on the part of the workers?

Can anyone say that an institution conceived in this spirit and brought into being in this manner is a good business proposition and nothing more?

Does a development so plainly *for the men,* as it is also *of the men* and *by the men,* point out nothing more than material advancement?

The Mutual Benefit Association now under way at Hydraulic marks material development desirable from every standpoint, but in the Hydraulic "family" it is recognized first, not for what it does but for what it *is*—a visible evidence of a *spirit* at Hydraulic, of mutual trust, of trust which begets more trust in more things, which shall open up possible avenues of still greater team-work between those who invest their capital and those who invest their labor—which means dividends in a confidence for the future, in contentment, and in money, to every one who has come to know Hydraulic as "more than a place to work."

This is the eleventh of a series of articles in this publication. Reprints of former articles will be sent free on request.

THE HYDRAULIC PRESSED STEEL COMPANY *of Cleveland*

HYDRAULIC
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THE GREAT ACCIDENT

(Continued from Page 27)

who would twist a bit of gilded wire into the likeness of your signature for half a dollar.

The first tents of the carnival began to rise one Saturday morning; and all that day and the next the boys of the town, and the grown-ups too, watched the show take shape. It was almost as good as a circus. At noon Monday the carnival opened for business, with the ballyhoo men in full voice before every tent. The moderate afternoon crowd grew into a throng in the evening, when the kerosene torches flared and smoked on every pole, and the normal things of daylight took on a dusky glamour in the jerky illumination of the flares.

Everyone went uptown to the carnival that first evening. Wint was there, and Jack Routt, Agnes, Joan, V. R. Kite—everyone. In the midevening the quieter folks drifted home, but Wint stayed to watch what passed. A little after eleven he bumped into a drunken man.

In spite of his warning to the advance agent of this carnival Wint had been expecting to see drunken men. It was the nature of the carnival breed. He wandered back and forth till he came upon Jim Radabaugh, and called the marshal aside.

"Jim," he said, "they're selling booze."

Radabaugh shifted that lump in his cheek and spat. "So?" he asked mildly.

"I want it stopped," said Wint. "If you pin it on the carnival bunch I'll shut them up."

"I'll see," Radabaugh promised.

"Come along, first, and let's talk to the boss," Wint suggested; and they sought out that man. He was running the merry-go-round; a hard little fellow with a cold blue eye. Wint introduced himself; and the man shook hands effusively.

"My name's Rand," he said. "Mike Rand. Glad t'meet you, Mister Mayor."

Wint said, "That's all right." And he asked: "Did your advance man give you my orders?"

"What orders?"

"I told him I didn't want any booze peddling."

"Sure, he told me."

Wint jerked his head backward, toward Main Street. "I ran into a drunk up there," he said.

Rand grinned. "Can't help that. We're not selling any."

"I'm holding you responsible," said Wint. "If there's any sold I'll cancel your permits."

The little man stared at him bleakly. "You've got a nerve. You can't pin anything on us."

"I can't help that," Wint told him. "In fact, I don't care. If there's booze sold you get out. If I pin it on any man he goes to jail. Is that clear?"

"What is this town anyway? A damned Sunday school?"

"If you like," said Wint sweetly; and he and Radabaugh turned away.

Rand's engine man left his throttle to approach his chief and ask: "What's up? Who was that?"

"Mayor of this burg, and the marshal. Says we've got to shut down on the booze."

"Like hell!"

Rand grinned. "Sure. He can't run a whizzer on me."

When he left Radabaugh Wint ran into Jack Routt, and they strolled about together through the crowd. Once they saw Hetty, and Wint thought she was unnaturally cheerful and gay. He wondered if it was possible she had been drinking again; and he stared after her so long that Routt asked: "Takes your eye, does she?"

"I was—wondering," said Wint.

Routt touched his arm. "You take it from me, Wint, you want to keep clear of her. I'd get her out of the house if I were you. They're beginning to talk."

Wint asked angrily: "Who's beginning to talk? What about?"

"Everybody. About Hetty. And you, naturally."

"I wish they—I wish people in this town would mind their own business."

Routt grinned and said, "You act as though there was something in it."

"Don't be a darned fool!"

"Well, I'm telling you what people say. If I were you—you're a public official, you know, in the public eye—I'd be careful. Tell your mother to get rid of her. Safest thing to do."

"I'm not looking for safe things to do." Wint liked the defiant sound of that.

Routt nodded. "I'd be worried if it was me. That's all."

"I'm not worried," said Wint. "Hetty's all right. And if she weren't—I don't propose to be scared."

"We-ell, it's your funeral," Routt told him.

Wint laughed. "I guess it's not as bad as that. It's almost twelve. I'm going home."

XXXVI

IT WAS upon the carnival that Wint scored first blood in his fight to clean up Hardiston. Mike Rand, carnival boss, was a hard man, willing to take a chance, afraid only of being bluffed. So he took Wint's warning as a challenge. Nevertheless, for the sake of making things as sure as might be, he went to see V. R. Kite. He and Kite had known and understood each other for a good many years.

He dropped in to see Kite Tuesday morning; and the little man remembered his church connections and his outward respectability, and worried for fear someone had seen Rand come in. His worry took the form of resentment at Rand's imprudence.

"Ought to be more careful," he protested. "Have more sense, man. I have to watch myself in this town. Don't you know that? I have a position to keep up. You're all right, of course"—this as Rand's eyes hardened in a stare that made Kite wince—"but I can't afford to be hitched up with you openly. It wouldn't do either of us any good."

Rand said dryly: "You don't need to worry about me. I can stand it."

"I can be useful to you now, whereas my usefulness would be gone if I were less respected."

"Respected, hell!" said Rand without emotion. "Don't they call you 'The Buzzard' round here? I've heard so. That don't sound respectful."

"That's a jest," said Kite. "Nothing more."

"Pinned on you by this shrimp mayor, wasn't it?"

"Yes, good-naturedly. He was drunk."

"Drunk? Him?" Rand lifted his hands in pious horror. "I thought he was one of these lips-that-touch-liquor-shall-never-touch-mine guys—to hear him talk."

"He's not drinking now; not openly. He was a sot a few months ago. Dead drunk in the Weaver House the night he was elected mayor. I saw him there."

Rand drawled, "I'd say this is some town." He leaned forward. "What I want to know is: How about the booze? He serves notice on me that I'm responsible if any's sold. How about it? Will he go through? Or is it a bluff?"

Kite considered. "I don't know," he said.

"Has he shut you down?"

"He gave us orders not to sell; and we're not selling. But we're not idle. We're preparing to spring a mine under that young man."

"He's got you bluffed."

Kite's face twisted with a sudden rush of fury. "I tell you we're going to destroy him. Blast him. In our own good time."

Rand studied the little man; then he nodded: "Well, that's all right. Just the same, he's got you shut down."

"Yes."

"Has he pulled anyone yet for selling?"

"No."

"How about the marshal? Is he reasonable?"

"I believe he will obey the mayor's orders."

"Only question is the mayor's nerve, then?"

"Yes."

"And you haven't tried it out?"

"No; we're waiting to strike when we're sure of winning."

"Hell!" said Rand disgustedly. "He's got you bluffed. I don't believe he's got the nerve to go through with it; but one thing's sure: He's got your number, you old skate."

Kite answered hotly: "If you're so brave why don't you go ahead and fight him?"

"Are you with me?"

"I'm not ready to fight."

Rand got up. "Well, I am. I never dodged a fight yet. You watch, old man: you'll see the fur fly yet."

He stalked out, head back and shoulders squared aggressively. Kite watched him go and nodded to himself with a measure of satisfaction. He was perfectly willing to see Wint forced to fight—provided someone besides himself did the forcing. Rand looked like a fighter.

Wint and Jack Routt met on the way uptown after supper that evening. Routt asked if Wint were going to the carnival again, and Wint nodded.

"Keeping an eye on it," he said.

They went to the post office first; and Routt stopped at his office. "Come up," he said. "I'll only be a minute."

Wint went up with him. Routt dropped a letter or two on his desk, then from a lower drawer produced a bottle. "Don't mind if I mix myself a highball, do you, Wint?" he asked cheerfully. "I don't suppose you'll feel called on to arrest me."

"Go ahead," Wint said. Routt poured some whisky into a glass and filled it from a siphon.

"You're wise to leave the stuff alone," he said, between the first and second sips from the glass. "It's bad stuff unless a fellow can handle it."

Wint nodded uneasily. There was no physical craving in him; nevertheless there was an acute desire to drink for the sake of drinking, for the sake of being like other men, for the sake of defying the danger. "That's right," he said. "I'm off it."

"At that," Routt remarked, the highball half gone, "I guess you've shown you can take it or let it alone. I lay off of it myself once in a while, just to be sure I can."

"Oh, I don't miss it," Wint said brazenly.

"Sure you don't," Routt agreed. "You're no toper. Never were. Anyone likes to drink for the sake of being a good fellow. That's all I drink for." He finished the glass, poured in a little more whisky. "Long as I'm sure I can stop when I want to, the way you have done, I go ahead and drink whenever I feel like it."

Wint nodded. Routt looked at him with a curious intentness. "Another glass here, if you'd like," he said.

"I guess not."

Routt laughed. "All right. You know best. If you can't let it alone when you get started ——"

"Oh, I can take a drink and quit."

"Want one?"

"No, I don't think so."

Routt chuckled. "Funny to see you afraid of anything," he said. "I never expected to see it."

Wint got up abruptly. The old Wint would have reached for the bottle: this was the new Wint's impulse. But he fought it down, steadied his voice.

"Jack," he said a little huskily, "you're a friend of mine. I don't want to drink. Never. Don't offer it to me. Some day I might accept. Don't ever offer me a drink, Jack. Please."

Routt was ashamed of himself, and angry at Wint for making him ashamed. "Hell, all right!" he said, and dropped the bottle into its place. "Come on. Let's take the air."

At a little after eleven that night Mike Rand sought out Wint. Wint was standing before the cane booth, watching the ring tossers. Rand pushed up beside him and touched his arm, and Wint looked round.

The carnival boss said harshly: "Hey, you!"

Wint looked round at him and said quietly: "Evening. What's the matter?"

"Your damned hick marshal has pulled one of my men. I want to bail him out."

Wint took a minute to consider this, get his bearings. He had not seen Radabaugh all evening. He asked Rand: "You mean he's made an arrest? What's the charge?"

"Claims the man was selling booze to a bum."

"Was he?" Wint inquired gently.

"Was he?" Rand growled. "No! Of course not! You must think we're bad men, coming here to dirty your pretty little town. He was selling liver pills or pink tea. What the hell of it? I want to bail him out."

"No bail accepted," said Wint quietly. "He'll have to stay in the calaboose overnight."

Rand exploded, as though he had been half expecting this. He said some harsh things about Hardiston and some harsher things about Wint, none of which will bear repeating. In the midst of them Wint stepped a little and struck the man heavily in the mouth with his right fist, at the same time his left started and landed on the other's throat, and his right went home again on Rand's hard little jaw. Rand fell in a snoring heap.

Wint was curiously elated. He looked round. A crowd had gathered, and some of the carnival men were pushing through the crowd. There was a belligerent look about them. Then he saw Marshal Jim Radabaugh elbowing through the circle, and Wint was glad to see Jim.

He called to him, "Marshal, here's a man I've arrested."

That halted Rand's underlings. Rand himself was groaning back to consciousness. Wint pointed down at him. "Take him to jail," he said.

One of the carnival men protested. Wint turned to him. "Close up your shows. All of you," he told the man. "Your permit's canceled. Get out of town to-morrow."

Radabaugh had Rand on his feet; he gripped the man, his left hand twisted in the other's collar. Two or three of Rand's men surged toward them, and Radabaugh's gun flickered into sight. It had a steadying effect; no one pressed closer.

All the fighting blood had flowed out of Rand's smashed lips. He was whining now: "Come, old man, what's the idea?"

Wint and Radabaugh marched him between them through the crowd. Two or three score curious, cheering or cursing spectators followed them to the cells behind the fire-engine house. Rand submitted to being locked up there with no more than querulous protests. He seemed thoroughly tamed. He asked for a lawyer, but Wint said there was no need of a lawyer that night. Two of the fire department on duty had come out to see the business of locking up this second prisoner. Radabaugh bade them keep an eye on the cells, and they agreed to do so. Then the marshal scattered the crowd. Wint washed his bruised hands in the engine house.

After a little Radabaugh came in and Wint asked, "Is it true you got a man selling?"

"Yes. The capper at the lottery."

"How'd you get him?"

Radabaugh chuckled and shifted the lump in his cheek. "Saw Ote Runns," he said. "Figured Ote would nose out any loose booze, so I kind of kept an eye on Ote. He talked to two or three men, and finally to this fellow. Then went in behind the old billboard by the hotel; and I saw him slip Ote the bottle and take Ote's money. So I nabbed him."

"Ote? Get him too?"

"Yes; him and his half pint. I let him keep it. He was pretty shaky. Needed it, I guess."

Wint nodded. "Be round in the morning?" he asked. "I'll be down early."

Radabaugh assented. Wint hesitated; then he said: "Good work, Jim."

The marshal grinned. "Well," he told Wint, "from the looks of Rand's face you did some good work too."

They shook hands. There was a distinctly mutual liking and admiration in their grip. Then Wint started for home and Radabaugh went back to keep an eye on his prisoners.

One of Rand's men went to V. R. Kite with the news of the trouble; and Kite, uncertain what to do, sent for Jack Routt and told him what had happened. This was at midnight.

"I've got to stand by Rand," Kite said. "The question is: Are we ready to get after Wint?"

Routt shook his head. "Time for that. Hold off," he advised.

Kite asked impatiently: "How long? What makes you think you can get anything on him?"

"It's ripe," said Routt. "Apt to break any time. I've been working on it."

In the end he persuaded Kite to wait. "Well then," Kite asked, "what are we going to do about Rand?"

"He's got to take his medicine."

"He won't. He'll fight."

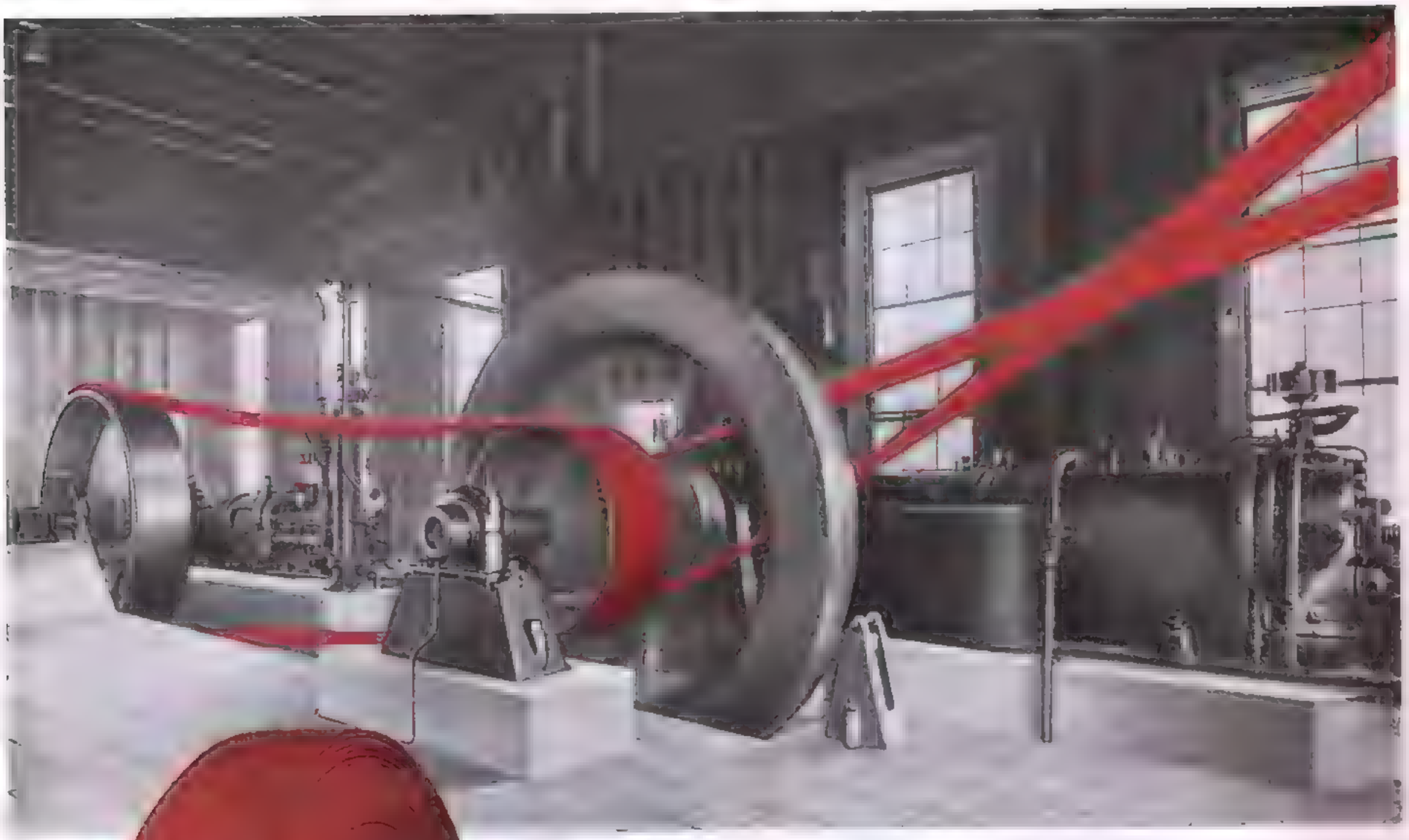
"I'll tell you," said Routt. "I'll go see him and fix it up with him."

"Can you do it without Wint's finding out?"

Routt laughed. "I'm a lawyer. I've a right to have clients, even in the mayor's court. I'll take their case."

Kite in the end agreed to that. When Routt left the little man he intended to go

(Continued on Page 73)



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Wolverine Tractors

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

(Continued from Page 70)

direct to the jail; but on the way he changed his mind. As well to let the men cool their heels. It would make Rand more ready to listen to reason.

He went up Main Street toward the carnival, and found that the tents were coming down, one of Radabaugh's officers keeping a watchful eye on the proceedings. Wint's orders that the shows be closed could not be evaded. This much at least he had scored. Routt went home and did some thinking.

He appeared at the jail half an hour before Wint came to hold court; and Radabaugh let him talk with Rand and with the other man.

When Wint appeared the two were brought into court, with Ote Runns as a witness, for good measure. Wint was surprised to see Routt.

Jack nodded to him, and went up to Wint's desk and said: "Rand sent for me. Wanted me to take his case. He knows he's licked, I think. He'll take his medicine if you don't make it too stiff."

"I'm charging him with assault and with using profanity," said Wint.

"Assault?" Routt laughed. "Thought it was you that did the assaulting."

"He made threats. Threats constitute an assault. You know that as well as I do."

Routt nodded. "Oh, sure." He added: "You know, the carnival's shut up. It's costing Rand money. You might go as light as you can."

"I'm going to give the other man the limit," said Wint.

"That's all right," Routt agreed. "Rand's sore at him for getting caught. He'll let the poor gink take his medicine."

Wint nodded abatractedly. Foster, the city solicitor, had just come in, and Wint beckoned to him and asked: "What's the worst I can do on a charge of illegal liquor selling?"

"Two hundred dollars' fine on the first offense is the limit," Foster told him.

Three minutes later the offender was protesting that he could not pay such a fine; he was appealing desperately to Rand. Wint bade the carnival boss stand up. Rand got to his feet.

"I'm sorry for this business," he said humbly. "I thought you were just trying to save your face. Running a bluff."

"Are you paying his fine for your friend?" Wint asked coldly.

Rand said, "No, blast him! If he wants to get caught by a hick constable let him take his medicine—work it out."

"I wouldn't call Radabaugh a hick to his face," Wint suggested in a mild voice; and Rand apologized.

"I didn't mean a thing," he said.

Wint, in a hurry to be done, told him: "You're fined ten for assault, and five for profanity. And costs."

"That's all right," Rand cheerfully agreed. "I'll pay."

Wint nodded, disgusted at the man because he submitted so tamely. He sat back in his chair, listening idly to what Routt was saying, paying no apparent heed. Rand settled his fines and costs with the clerk, shook hands with Routt and departed. When he was gone Wint sat up with new energy.

"I hope we're rid of him for good," he said.

"You are, I'll say," Routt told him. "He's had all he wants."

The carnival got out of town that day; but before he departed Rand had a word with Kite, and Kite comforted him.

"Don't worry," Kite said. "This won't last. You'll make a harvest here next summer."

Rand said ruefully: "I'm not making any harvest now. And they tell me you helped elect this guy."

"He was a common drunk then. How could I know?"

Rand fingered his swollen face gingerly. "I tell you he's got a punch."

"He won't have any punch left when we're done with him," Kite promised. "Wait and see."

"I Know It's None of My Business, But I Can't Help Wondering"

"I'm waiting," said Rand. And a little later he and his cohorts went their way.

XXXVII

IN MID-JULY Wint at last found out the truth about Hetty. That is to say, he found out a part of the truth; enough to make him heartsick and sorry.

His eventual enlightenment was inevitable as to-morrow morning's sunrise. A more sophisticated young man—Jack Routt, for example—would not have remained in the dark so long. But Wint, aside from noticing that Hetty looked bad and aside from some casual consideration of Routt's repeated warnings, gave very little thought to his mother's handmaiden. There were too many other and more important things to occupy him—his work as mayor, his studies, his Joan. Joan was bulking very large in his life in those days. He found understanding and sympathy in her. They were better than sweethearts; they were friends. The other—this thought must have been lying unspoken in the mind of each—the other could wait and must wait till Wint had proved himself for good and all. Then —— Once in a while Wint allowed himself to look forward, and to dream; but not often. The present was too engrossing to give much time for dreaming of the future.

So, though he saw Hetty daily when she served the meals at home or when he went into the kitchen or when he encountered her at her cleaning in the front part of the house Wint gave her very little consideration. His mother protested once in a while that Hetty was growing lazy.

"She slacks things," the voluble little woman said. "She leaves dust about; and she's not so neat as she used to be. I declare, you just can't get a girl that will keep up her work. They all get so lazy after a while, but I did think that Hetty was going to be ——"

Wint's father said tolerantly that Hetty was all right; that she was a good cook and did her work well enough so far as he could see. The elder Chase had always been a good-natured man; but a new generosity in his appraisal of others was developing in the man now. He had been in some trouble of mind since that day in May when Amos Caretall came home. Chase was oppressed by the conviction that he had acted unworthily in that matter; yet he could not admit as much. His hostility toward Amos would not let him. The result was that he felt at odds with his son; they avoided discussions of the town's affairs; they lived together in a polite neutrality. It was working changes in Chase. He was becoming in some fashion a sympathetic, rather likable figure. One felt he was unhappy, needed comforting.

So on this day he spoke well of Hetty; and because Mrs. Chase was always the loyal mirror of her husband's opinions she also ceased to criticize the girl. Wint had heard the conversation, but it made little impression on him. He was thinking of other things; wondering, for example, when Kite would make the first move in the conflict that was sure to come. He had heard that day—Gergue told him—that Routt was thinking of running for mayor against him in the fall. Wint was having difficulty in understanding that. He knew Routt was his friend; and, of course, political opponents might still be personal friends. Nevertheless the thing puzzled him. It did not jibe with his opinion of Routt.

After supper that night the elder Chase went uptown. Wint had some writing to do and went upstairs to his room to do it. Mrs. Chase had a caller, Mrs. Hullis, from next door. They were sewing and talking together in the sitting room. Wint could hear the murmur of his mother's voice, steady and persistent. Mrs. Hullis was a good listener.

About an hour after supper Wint realized that he wanted a drink of water. There was water in the bathroom; but there was a filter on the faucet in the kitchen, and Hardiston water needed filtering. It was pure enough, clean enough, but there was a proportion of iron in it that sometimes gave the water a slightly rusty color.

So Wint went down, by the back stairs in order not to disturb his mother, into the kitchen.

He found Hetty sitting in a kitchen chair with her arms hanging limply and her feet outstretched before her. The girl's whole body was slumped down as though she had fainted; and at first Wint thought this was what had happened, for Hetty's eyes were closed.

He cried out, "Why, Hetty, what's the matter? Are you sick?" And he went quickly toward her across the kitchen.

But when he spoke Hetty opened her eyes and looked at him and shook her head. "No," she said in the sullen tone that had become habitual to her. "No; I'm all right."

"You are not," Wint protested. "You're as white as a rag." He saw the dishes piled in the sink. "You've not cleaned up after supper. How long have you been this way?"

Hetty closed her eyes wearily, and opened them again, and managed a smile. "Oh, I'm all right, Wint," she said. "You're a nice boy. Run along. Don't bother about me."

Wint laughed. "I'm not bothering. I want to help. What happened?"

"I just felt terribly tired—all of a sudden," she said. There was a suggestion of surrender in her voice; as though the barriers of reserve were breaking down. "That's all, Wint; I'm just tired."

"You need a rest," Wint agreed. "You've been plugging away taking care of us for a long time now. Come in and lie down on the couch in the dining room."

Hetty shook her head in a frightened little way; the bravado was going out of her. She seemed very helpless and feminine. "No, no," she protested. "I'll be all right as soon as I rest a little. Do run along, Wint."

Wint put his hand on her forehead. "There's more than just being tired the matter with you. You're sick, Hetty. Your head's hot. I'll tell you, you go up and go to bed, and I'll clean up down here. I'm a champion dishwasher."

Hetty laughed wearily: "You're a champion decent boy, Wint," she said.

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SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA

"But you'll just have to let me alone. There's nothing you can do for me."

"I can see that you go up to bed."

"No, no; I'm all right. Nearly."

Wint started for the door. "I'm going to telephone for a doctor," he declared. "You're sick, Hetty. That's the plain English of it. I'm going to telephone."

She had moved so swiftly that she startled him; moved after him, caught his arm, shook it fiercely. "You'll not telephone for anyone, do you hear?" she told him hotly. "You let me alone, Wint! What do I want with a doctor?"

Wint was honestly uneasy about her. He said: "Then let me call mother. She's a good hand to make sick people well. She ——"

"No, no; not your mother," Hetty protested. And half to herself she added: "Not your mother. She would know."

The little phrase was profoundly revealing. "She would know." It struck Wint like a splash of cold water in the face. "She would know." It told so old a story. Wint understood at last; and Hetty saw understanding in his eyes and braced herself to defy him.

But Wint only said softly, "Hetty? That? You poor kid! I'm so sorry."

Hetty laughed harshly; and her face began to twist and work and assume strange contortions, and abruptly she began to cry. She turned and groped her way to the chair again, and sat down with her head pillowed on her arms on the table and sobbed as though her heart was broken.

Wint stood very still, stunned and miserable, watching her. There was no sound at all in the kitchen except the sound of Hetty's racking, choking sobs. In the stillness Wint could hear the even murmur of his mother's voice, three rooms away, as she talked to Mrs. Hullis. He could almost hear the words she said. And Hetty sobbed, with her head on her arms.

Wint went across to her and touched her head with his hand; and she brushed it away with an angry gesture, as a hurt dog snarls at the hand that comes to heal its hurt. She was like a hurt animal, he thought; she was quite alone in the world. Worse than alone, for she was here in Hardiston, where all the folks would make her business their business, for that is the way of small towns. Wint was terribly sorry for her, terribly anxious to help her. He had no thought in this moment of Jack Routt's warnings; and if he had remembered them they would only have hardened his determination to help her. Which may have been what Jack intended.

He said: "Cry it out, Hetty. Then I want to talk to you."

She said thickly: "Go away. Let me alone." But Wint did not move, while she cried and cried.

He stood just beside her. Hetty at last shifted her position so that she could look down between her arms and see his feet where he waited. She said again, "Go away."

Wint told her comfortingly: "I'm not going away. This is the time your friends will stick by you. I'm going to stick by you."

"I don't want you to," she said. "I don't want anyone to. Go away. Let me alone. Let me do what I want to."

Wint said: "You mustn't think this is too desperately hopeless, Hetty. I'm going to do anything I can; and mother will take care of you."

She lifted her head at that and looked at him and laughed in a hard disillusioned way. "A lot you know about women, Wint," she said.

"I know that you think things are darker than they are," he assured her. "You'll see. We'll manage—mother and I."

"Your mother'll order me out of the house, minute she knows," said Hetty unemotionally.

Wint protested, "No; you don't know her. Mother couldn't hurt anyone. You'll see. She'll do everything."

Hetty got up and went to work on the dishes, like an automaton. She had to busy herself with something or she would have screamed. She was trembling, hysterically astir.

Wint watched her for a little; then he said, "You're going to let us help you."

"All the help I'll get will be a kick," she said. "Your mother won't want the like of me in her house."

"You don't know her," he insisted. "Mother's fine, underneath. She's always doing things for people. You'll see."

Hetty looked at him sidewise, smiling a little. "You never would believe anything was so till you'd tried it, Wint," she told him. "But you're pretty decent, just the same."

He said, studying her "You're looking better already. Feeling better?"

She nodded. "It helps some—just to tell someone," she admitted. "And the spell is over anyway."

"Having friends always helps," he told her. "You'll find it so." She smiled wistfully; and he went on: "I'm going to speak to mother to-night."

Hetty said, "Well, she's got a right to know. I'll pack up my things."

"After Mrs. Hullis goes."

"Why not tell her, too? Your mother will, first thing in the morning."

Wint laughed. "You like to look at the black side, don't you? I tell you it's going to be all right."

She whirled to face him, and said, under her breath, with a terrible earnestness: "All right? All right? If you say that again I'll yell at you! You poor, nice, straight fool of a kid! You talk like I was a baby that had stubbed its toe. And all the time I'd better be dead, dead. This is no stubbed toe, Wint. Wake up. Don't be a ——"

Abruptly she collapsed again, weeping, into the chair.

Wint said insistently: "Just the same, Hetty, you'll see I know what I'm talking about. Things will come out better than you think."

She cried, "Oh, get out of here! Get out of here, you poor little fool!"

Wint went up to his room. Mrs. Hullis was still with his mother. He would wait till Mrs. Hullis was gone.

XXXVIII

MRS. HULLIS stayed late and Wint had time to do some thinking before she finally departed. But he did very little; he was in no mood for thinking. It was characteristic of Wint that when his sympathies were roused he was an unfaltering partisan; and there was no question that his sympathies had been roused in behalf of Hetty.

It was equally characteristic of him that he wasted very little time wondering who was to blame for what had happened; and that he wasted no time at all in considering what Hardiston would say about it all. He was going to help the girl; he had made up his mind to that. The rest did not matter.

He counted on his mother's sympathy and understanding; and when after a time he heard her showing Mrs. Hullis to the door, and heard their two voices upraised in a last babel as they cleaned up the tag ends of conversation and said good-by, he went out into the upper hall, to be ready to descend. Hetty had gone upstairs a little earlier; he could hear her now, moving about in her room.

His mother went out on the front steps with Mrs. Hullis, to be sure no word had been forgotten; and when she came in after her visitor had gone Wint was waiting for her.

She said, "Why, Wint, I thought you'd gone to bed long ago. I told Mrs. Hullis you were studying the law books up in your room. Mr. Hullis is a lawyer, you know. She says he brings his books home and sits up half the night, but I told her you were always one to go early to bed, ever since you was a boy. And she said she ——"

Wint took her arm good-naturedly. "There, mother," he said, "I don't care what Mrs. Hullis said. I want to talk to you about something that has just come up. Come in and sit down."

Mrs. Chase, like most talkative women, was habitually so absorbed in her own conversation and her own thoughts that it was hard to surprise her. She took Wint's announcement as a matter of course; and they went into the sitting room arm in arm. She picked up her sewing basket and sat down in the chair she had occupied all evening, and began to rock primly back and forth while she stretched a sock on her fingers to discover any holes it might have acquired.

"I do get such a comfort out of talking to Mrs. Hullis," she was saying as she sat down. "She's such a nice woman, Wint. I never could see why you don't like her more. She and I ——"

Wint said: "I don't want to talk to you about Mrs. Hullis, mother. I want to talk to you about Hetty."

(Continued on Page 76)

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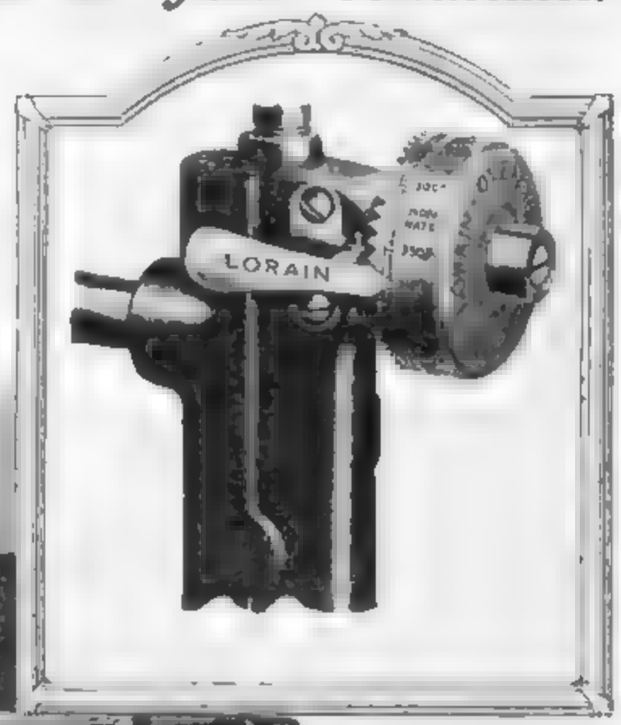

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Quick Meal, Ringen Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
Reliable, Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

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Mrs. Chase did drop her work in her lap at that. "About Hetty?" she echoed. "Why should you want to talk about Hetty? Wint! You're never going to marry her, are you? I ——"

Wint laughed. "No, no. Not that Hetty isn't a nice girl; and she'll make some fellow a mighty fine wife. But I want to ——"

"There," said Mrs. Chase, immensely reassured. "I knew it couldn't be that. I always knew you and Joan—I said to Mrs. Hullis to-night that you and Joan were friendly as ever. She's a nice girl, Wint. I don't see why you don't get married right away. Your father and I were married before ——"

Wint said, persistently bringing her back to the point, "I don't want to talk about Joan either, mother. It's Hetty."

"Well, I should think you would want to talk about Joan," Mrs. Chase declared. "She's worth talking about. I'm sure she wouldn't like it very much to know you don't want to talk about her, Wint. She ——"

"Mother," Wint insisted, "Hetty needs our help. I want you to ——"

Mrs. Chase looked at him with a face that had suddenly turned white and cold. She put one trembling hand to her throat. "Wint," she asked in a husky whisper, "what's the matter with Hetty? What are you talking about? What is the ——"

"Hetty's going to have a little baby," said Wint gently.

Mrs. Chase cried, "Wint! You're not—you haven't—it isn't you?"

"No, no," Wint said impatiently. "Of course not. I ——"

"The shameless girl!" his mother cried, all her alarm turning into anger. "The shameless hussy! In my house! I declare, I ——"

"Please," her son protested. His mother got up.

"She shan't sleep another night under my roof," she declared. "I never thought to live to ——"

"Mother!" said Wint, so sternly that his mother stopped in the doorway. "Come back," he told her. And she obeyed him, protesting weakly. "Sit down," he said. "Hetty needs our help, don't you understand?"

When a wolf is injured his own pack pulls him down; when a crow is hurt his fellows of the flock peck him to death relentlessly; but wolf and crow are merciful compared to womankind. There is no deeper instinct in woman than that which condemns the sister who has strayed. It is true that in many women the compassion overpowers the cruelty of wrath; but Mrs. Chase was a very simple person, elemental, a woman and nothing more.

She sat down at Wint's command; but she said implacably: "I won't have her in the house, Wint. A girl like that. I should think you'd be ashamed to stand up for her. A shameless, worthless thing! You can talk all you've a mind to, but I'm going to send her packing. You and your father have your own way most of the time, but this is once that I'm going to have mine. I always knew she was too pretty for any good. Pretty, and impudent, and all. I won't have her."

Wint asked: "Hasn't she worked hard enough for you? Done her work well? Tried to do what you wanted?"

"'Course she's done her work or I wouldn't have kept her. That hasn't a thing to do with it, Wint. I'm surprised at you standing up for her. I told Mrs. Hullis only the other day that she was too pretty for her own good. I might have known she would get into trouble. The nasty little ——"

"Mother," Wint cried sharply, "I won't let you talk like that. I told Hetty we'd help her; and she said you'd be against her; and I wouldn't believe it. I can't believe it. A poor girl without a friend anywhere, in the worst kind of trouble, and you ——"

"Wint, I don't see why you stand up for her if you aren't ——"

"You know I'm not. Don't be ridiculous, mother. But I've known her all our lives. Grew up with her. And I'm going to ——"

His mother shook her head positively. "I'm not going to have her in the house, Wint. You don't need to talk any more. That's all there is to it. I won't!"

"I counted on you"

"Well, you needn't to count on me any more. I know what's best; and I'm not going to have that shameless ——"

She was interrupted this time by the arrival of Wint's father. They heard the front door open and heard him come in. Wint got up and went to the door that led into the hall. The elder Chase was hanging up his hat. Mrs. Chase, behind Wint, was talking steadily.

Wint said to his father, "Come in, will you? Mother and I are talking something over."

Chase nodded; but he had news of his own. "Heard uptown to-night that Routt's going to run against you in the fall," he said. "Did you know that, Wint?"

Wint nodded. "I'd heard so."

"I thought you and he were good friends."

"We are," Wint said good-naturedly. "But that doesn't prevent our being political enemies. He's had some break with Amos. Come in, dad. I want you to hear ——"

But the older man heard it first from Mrs. Chase. She came across the room to meet them, pouring it out indignantly.

"And Wint wants me to keep her," she concluded. "Wants me to keep that girl in the house after this. I told him ——"

Chase asked, "What's that? Wint, what is this? Hetty—in trouble?"

"Yes, sir," said Wint. "I found it out to-night; and I promised her we'd stand by her—help her."

Chase demanded sharply: "What right had you to commit us? If she chooses to destroy herself how does that concern us? I'm surprised at you, Wint. It's impossible."

Wint said in a steady voice: "She needs friends badly. She hasn't anyone to turn to. And Hetty's a good sort, underneath. I told her ——"

"Why doesn't she turn to the man?" Chase interjected. "He's the one that ought to ——"

"As a matter of fact I haven't thought of him," said Wint. "But if he were likely to help her it seems to me he would have taken a hand before this. Don't you think so?"

"Don't I think so?" Wint's father was outraged and angry. "I don't think anything about it. It's no concern of ours. So long as she packs herself out of here. Let her get out of her own mess."

"I'm going to make it a concern of mine," said Wint, his jaw stiffening. "I'm not going to see her turned adrift. I'm going to help her."

Chase looked at him keenly. "Wint, is this your doing? Are you ——"

Wint said a little wearily: "That was the first thing mother asked. You people don't think very highly of me, do you?"

"Isn't it the natural question to ask?" his father demanded. "Isn't it the only possible explanation of this attitude on your part? Is it true, young man, that you ——"

"Have it any way you want," Wint exclaimed, too angry to deny again. "I don't care. The point is this: Hetty is in trouble; she needs friends. I've promised that we would help her. I've promised you and mother would back me up. I counted on you."

Chase lifted his hand in a terrible silent rage. "You're anxious to shame us, your mother and me, in the face of all Hardiston. I tell you, Wint, whether it's your doing or not you're crazy. If it's you—then we'll give her some money and get rid of her. If it's not, then she gets out of here to-night—inside the hour."

Wint said, half to himself, "We'd have to send her away in any case—somewhere—for a while."

Chase laughed bitterly. "All right. If this is a new scrape you've got yourself into I'll buy you out of it. How much does the girl want?"

Wint flamed at him: "It's not my concern, I tell you! You ought not to need to be told."

"Then get her out of the house," Chase exclaimed; "as quick as you can—or I will. Where is she?" He turned toward the door. But Wint was before him, blocking the doorway. "Father," he said, "you and mother—I've promised her help. Promised you would be good to her."

"The more fool you! She goes out to-night."

"If she goes," Wint cried, "I go with her. You can do as you please."

For a little after that there was silence in the room. Wint stood in the doorway, head high and eyes hot. His father faced him. His mother stood by her chair across the room, her lips moving soundlessly. It was she who first found voice. She came toward Wint in a clumsy stumbling little run; and she caught his arms, and she pleaded with him.

"Don't you do that, Wint! Don't you! Don't go away and leave us again. We're getting old, sonny—your father and I. Your old mother. Don't you go away. We'd—we couldn't ever stand it again. We ——"

Wint said gently: "I don't want to go. I want to stay at home here with you both, and be proud of you and love you."

"You shall stay," she told him. "You shall. Anything you want, Wint, sonny. I don't care whether you did it or not. I'll be good to her. I will, Wint; if you'll stay."

The boy said, half abashed: "I don't want to seem to drive you to it. Only—I've promised her. I can't break my word to her. Please, can't you see?"

"It's all right," his mother protested. "I'll do anything." She clutched her husband's arm. "Tell him to stay, Winthrop," she begged. "Don't let him go away. We'll take care of Hetty."

Chase said: "You're making lots of trouble for us, Wint." He smiled a little unsteadily. "We're too old for so much excitement. You'll have to remember that. Remember to take care of us—as well as Hetty."

Wint could not hold out. He said: "All right. I won't go away. Do as you think best about Hetty. I hope you'll let her ——"

"I'll keep her," his mother cried. "I'll be as good as I know how to her."

And his father echoed: "We'll take care of her, Wint."

"You're doing it because you want to?" Wint pleaded. "You don't have to. I'll stay anyway. But I—hope you'll want to help her, anyway."

"Yes," Chase said; "we'll keep her—because we want to do what we can."

But they were not to keep her very long, for Hetty's time was near. It was decided that she should go to Columbus for a little while and return to them in the fall. Wint wrote a check to cover her expenses. Hetty's old sullenness had returned to her. She took the check without thanks, and tucked it away in her pocketbook. She was to go to the train alone, to avoid talk.

The night of her going Jack Routt met V. R. Kite and took Kite to his office; and he told him certain things, an evil elation in his eyes; told him in detail that which he had planned.

Kite listened with eyes shining; and at the end he said, "He'll deny it. What can you prove?"

"This proves the whole thing," said Routt triumphantly, and slid a slip of paper across the desk to Kite.

Kite looked at it. A check, drawn by Winthrop Chase, Jr., to the order of Henrietta Morfee.

The buzzard of a man banged his hard old fist upon the table. "Routt," he cried, "we win! We'll skin that cub. We'll hang his hide on the barn."

Routt reached into the drawer of his desk. "And that means," he said, "that it's time to have a drink. Say when."

XXXIX

AT THIS time and for a little while afterward it seemed to Wint that all was well with the world. He had some reason to think so. He had kept his promise to Hetty; and that matter, which had threatened to cause a difference between him and his father and mother, had resulted in the end in a closer understanding between them. They had let him see their dependence on him; they had let him see something of the depths of affection in their hearts for him. The Chases were not a demonstrative family, not given to much talk of these matters; and Wint found their attitude in some sort a happy revelation. His father began in an uncertain way to defer to Wint; the elder Chase began to ask his son's advice now and then; he seemed to have recognized the fact of Wint's manhood; he seemed to have discovered that Wint was no longer a boy. There was a new respect in his bearing toward his son.

Wint's mother had changed too; she was perhaps a little less loquacious. She and the elder Chase were beginning to be proud of Wint; and this pride forced them to see him in a new light, not as their boy, their son, their child; but as a man whom other men respected.

For Wint was respected. That was one of the things that made the world look bright to him. He was surprised to find as the days passed, and as it was seen that his orders to clean up the town were being enforced, that good citizens rallied to him. Hardiston was normally a law-abiding, decent place; its people were normally decent and law-abiding people. They would not have condemned Wint for failure to enforce the law; in fact with his antecedents they had expected him to fail. They were the more pleased when he did enforce it; and they took occasion to let him see it. Also they took occasion to tell the elder Chase that his son was doing well; and Winthrop Chase, Senior, took a diffident pride in these assurances. Chase was never a hypocrite, even with himself; he could not forget that he had urged Wint to rescind those orders to Radabaugh.

Wint found a surprising number and variety of people rallying to his support in those days after his clash with the carnival men and his victory in that matter. Dick Hoover's father, for example; a solid man, a lawyer of the old school, and one who spoke little and to the point. Hoover told Wint he had done well.

Wint said he had tried to do well.

"You understand, young man," Hoover drawled in the slow whimsical fashion that was characteristic of him—"you understand, I'm no teetotaler myself. I've been accustomed to a drink when I chose, for a good many years. This—crusade—of yours has made it damned inconvenient for me too. But it's a good cause. I've no complaint. More power to your elbow!"

Wint laughed and said, "I guess there would be no kick at anything you might do, sir."

Hoover nodded. "Oh, of course I could bring the stuff in if I chose. But a man can't afford to be on the wrong side in these matters, you know; not if he wants to keep his self-respect. And I can do without it. I can do without it. Stick to your guns, young man."

"I'm going to," Wint told him, flushed and proud at the older man's praise. "I'm going to, sir."

Peter Gergue came to Wint, scratching the back of his head and grinning a sly and knowing grin, and told Wint he was making votes by what he had done.

"That's a funny thing too," said Gergue. "Man'd think you'd make a pile of enemies. But I could name two or three of the worst soaks in town that say you're all right; got good stuff in you; all that." Gergue scratched his head again. "Yes, sir, men are funny things, Wint."

Wint had never particularly liked Gergue, because he had never seen under the surface of the man. He was coming to have a quite genuine respect and affection for Amos' lieutenant.

"I'm not doing it to make votes," he said good-naturedly.

"That's the reason you're making votes by it," Gergue assured him. "And that's the way politics goes. Take James T. Hollow now; he's always trying to do what is right. He says so hisself. But it don't get him anywhere; and I reckon that's because he does what's right because he thinks there's votes in it. You go ahead and do it anyway. Maybe you do it because you think it'll start a fight, make some folks mad. And instead of that they eat out o' your hand."

Wint nodded. "Even Kite," he said. "He made some fuss at first. But it looks as though he had decided to submit."

Gergue shook his head. "Don't you make any mistake about V. R. Kite," he warned Wint. "He don't like a fight much. Getting too old. But he'll fight when he's got a gun in both hands. He'll play poker when he holds four aces and the joker. V. R. will start something when he's ready. I wasn't talking about him."

"I'm ready when he is," Wint declared.

"He won't be ready till he thinks you ain't," Gergue insisted.

But Wint was in no mood to be depressed by a possibility of future trouble; in fact he rather looked forward to this potential clash with V. R. Kite. It added to the zest of life.

Old Mrs. Mueller, who ran the bakery, whispered to Wint when he stopped for a loaf of bread one night that he was a fine boy. "My Hans," she said gratefully, "he is working now; and that he would never do when he could get his beer regular, every second day a case of it. And there is more money in the drawer all the time too."

And Davy Morgan, the foreman of his father's furnace, told Wint that save for

(Continued on Page 79)

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There's a variety for every menu need
—an appeal that always tempts

(Continued from Page 76)

one or two irreconcilables the men at the furnace were with him.

"And the men that kick the most, they are the ones who are the better off for it," he explained in the careful English of an old Welshman to whom the language must always be an acquired and unfamiliar instrument.

"William Ryan has never been fit for work on Mondays until now."

Murchie, former attorney-general of the state, who lived up the creek, and who had been a speaker at the elder Chase's rallies in the last mayoral campaign, happened into town one day and told Wint he had heard of the matter at Columbus and that people were talking about him, Wint Chase, up there.

"They know old Kite, you see," he told Wint. "He comes up there to lobby on every liquor bill; and they like to see him get a kick in the slats, as you might say. But you'll have to look out for him."

"I'm going to," Wint assured Murchie.

"If you can down Kite there'll be a place for you at Columbus some day," Murchie predicted. "They don't like Kite up there."

Sam O'Brien, the fat restaurant man, stopped laughing long enough to tell Wint he was all right, had good stuff in him, was a comer. "The Greek next door," he explained—"he thinks you're a tin god. He runs the candy store, you know. Says there never was so much candy sold. He'll vote for you, my boy, if he ever gets his papers and learns to read; and if you live that long."

Wint got most pleasure perhaps out of the attitude of B. B. Beecham. He had an honest respect for the editor's opinion on most matters. Everyone had. Beecham was habitually right. In his editorial capacity he took no notice of what had come to pass in Hardiston. When the carnival men were arrested he printed the fact without comment.

"Michael Rand was fined for assault and improper language," the Journal said; the other man for "illegal sales of liquor"; and the "permit of the carnival for the use of the streets was canceled." Thus the news was recorded, and every man might draw his own deductions. B. B. was never one to force his opinions on any man, which may have been the reason why people went out of their way to discover them.

Wint stopped in at the Journal office one hot day in July. B. B. was in his shirt sleeves and collarless. He wore, habitually, stiff-bosomed shirts of the kind usually associated with evening dress. On this particular day he had been working over the press—his foreman was ill—and there were inky smears on the white bosom. Nevertheless, B. B.'s pink countenance above the shirt was as clean as a baby's. There was always this refreshing atmosphere of cleanliness about the editor. Wint went into the office, sat down in one of the chairs and took off his hat and fanned himself. The afternoon sun was beginning to strike in through the open door and the big window; but there was a pleasantly cool breath from the dark regions behind the office, where the press and the apparatus that goes to make a small-town printing shop were housed.

Wint said: "This is one hot day."

"Hottest day of the summer," B. B. agreed.

"How hot is it? Happen to know?"

"Ninety-four in the shade at one o'clock," said B. B. "Mr. Waters telephoned to me, half an hour ago."

"J. B. Waters? He keeps a weather record, doesn't he?"

"Yes. Has, for a good many years. We print his record every week. Perhaps you haven't noticed it."

Wint nodded. "Yes. I suppose everyone likes to read about the weather. Even on a hot day."

B. B. smiled. "That's because everyone likes to read about things they have experienced. You won't find a big daily in the country without its paragraph or its temperature tables devoted to the weather, every day in the year. And a day like this is worth a front-page story any time."

"You know what a day like this always makes me think of?" Wint asked; and B. B. looked interested. "A glass of beer," said Wint. "Cool, and brown, with beads on the outside of the glass."

The editor smiled. "The beads on the outside of the glass won't cool you off half as much as the beads on the outside of your head," he said. "Did you ever stop to think of that?"

"Sweat, you mean?"

"Exactly. You know, when troops go into a hot country they get flannel-covered canteens; and when they want to cool off the water in the canteens they wet the flannel and let it dry. The evaporation of your own perspiration is the finest cooling agency in the world."

"Maybe," Wint agreed; "but it doesn't stop your thirst."

B. B. said good-naturedly: "A thirst is one of the handicaps of the smoker. I quit smoking a good many years ago. A nonsmoker can satisfy his own thirst by swallowing his own spittle. I don't suppose you ever thought of that."

"Is that straight?"

"Yes indeed."

Wint asked amiably: "Mean to say you wouldn't have to take a barrel of water to cross the Sahara?"

"Oh, when the bodily juices are exhausted, of course ——"

Wint grinned. "I'll stick to my beer."

B. B. laughed and said, "I expect a good many Hardiston men are cussing you today because they can't get beer."

"I suppose so. I've a notion to cuss myself."

He added, a moment later: "You know, B. B., it's surprising to me how little a fuss has been made over that."

"You mean—the—enforcing the law?"

"Yes. I looked for a row."

"Oh, you'll find most people are on your side. You know, most people are for the decent thing, in the long run. That's what makes the world go round."

"Think so?"

"Yes, indeed. If that weren't so where would be the virtue in democracy?"

"Well," Wint said good-naturedly, "I've always had an idea that a democracy was a poor way to run things anyway. About all you can say for it is that a man has a right to make a fool of himself."

"Well, that's about all you can say against slavery, isn't it?"

Wint considered. "I don't get you."

"There were good men in the South before the war, owning slaves," said B. B., "and the slaves were better off than their descendants are now. Materially; perhaps morally too. But that doesn't prove slavery was right." He added: "The darkies had a right to make fools of themselves if they chose, you see. Their masters—even the good masters—prevented them."

"I suppose that's what a benevolent despot does?"

"Exactly."

"If it wasn't so hot I'd give three cheers for democracy." He considered thoughtfully, fanning himself with his hat. "But that's what I'm doing, B. B. I'm refusing to let some that would like to make fools of themselves with booze."

B. B. shook his head. "Not at all. It's not your doing. The people are doing it themselves. They voted dry; they elected you to enforce their vote. See the distinction?"

"Think I've done right, then?" Wint asked

And B. B. said, "Yes, indeed."

Wint got a surprising amount of satisfaction out of that. Because, as has been said, he valued B. B.'s opinion. So, on the whole, that month of July was a cheerful one for Wint. Things were going his way; the world was bright; the skies were sunny.

The first cloud upon them came on the third of August. It was a very little cloud; but it was a forerunner of bigger ones to come. Wint did not in the beginning appreciate its full significance; in fact he was not sure it had any significance at all. It merely puzzled him.

His month's statement from the bank came in. When it first came he tossed the long envelope aside without opening it; and it was not till that night that he compared the bank statement with the balance in his check book.

He discovered then that there was a mistake somewhere. The bank credited him with more money than he should have. He said to himself good-naturedly that he ought not to kick about that. Nevertheless he ran through his canceled checks, comparing them with his stubs, to see where the difference lay.

He located the discrepancy almost at once; and when he discovered it he sat back and considered its significance with a puzzled look in his eyes.

The trouble was that his check to Hetty for her expense in Columbus had never been cashed; and Wint could not understand that at all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE POETS' CORNER

The Village Blacksmith
(Modern Version)

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Channing Pollock

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a wealthy man is he,
With diamonds on his hands;
And the bracelets sported by his wife
Are broad as iron bands.

His roll is crisp, and green, and thick,
He calls his chauffeur Dan;
His brow is dry beneath a high-
Priced hat that shades his pan;
And he looks the whole world in the face,
And sasses any man.

Week in, week out, from ten till five
He hears the hooters blow;
Automobiles, with wabbly wheels,
That do not want to go,
Pay tribute to his doubtful skill—
And the tribute's never low!

He drives to town most ev'ry eve,
And goes out with the boys;
He hears the latest jazz with meals,
He hears the soubrette's voice
Singing in the cabaret,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Toiling when there's naught else to do,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees him open shop,
And very promptly close;
Something attempted, someone done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus in a job that serves the mob
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Since now we pay so much a day
For ev'rything but thought!

In Wartime, or How I Tried to Raise a Pig for Uncle Sam

I TRIED to raise a pig for Uncle Sam.
Big bankers urged it was the thing to do;
Just feed it with the garbage from the can;
So simple anyone could see it through.

I tried to raise a pig for Uncle Sam
And for our boys across the seas in blue;
The neighbors rose against it as one man.
They said, "We'll get the justice after you."

I tried to raise a pig for Uncle Sam.
The complications grew and grew and grew.
So many and so varied the demands
I only can enumerate a few.

Such as a house, well built, both warm and dry,
Sufficiently removed as space permits,
Secured with hog-proof wire as farmers do
To keep the animal from breaking through.

An ample runway underneath some trees,
Oozy with nice black mud in which to snooze,
A varied menu served from day to day
Of milk and grain, a costly kind of booze,

Compared with economic garbage stew,
Which was quite all they said we'd have to do,
A weekly bath in scented kerosene,
A frequent coat of whitewash to the pen.

Simple, indeed, the raising of a pig—
The innocence of these big banker men—
I know now that the pig is overlord
And that the pen—is mightier than the sword.

—Emily B. Larned.

Lackawanna Ferry

JENKINS is used to spending his days
With bills and drafts and an adding machine;
Used to humdrum office ways
And traffic's dull routine.
Jenkins is faithful to his work—
Plodding along with Jack and Jerry:
Yet, what wakes in the dried old clerk
As his home road leads to the ferry?

See him over the ferry's rail
Drinking the glamour of tides and shores;
Noting each far, faint, homing sail;
Heeding the chants of the stevedores;
Measuring liners at their slips;
Feeling the engine's throb and quiver;
Watching the soldier-laden ships
And Liberty, guarding the river!

Clearly he sees the ports they seek,
Steamers and schooners fading away—
Sydney, Shanghai, Mozambique,
Malta, Lisbon or Bombay!
Ports enchanted! Yet at home
Scenes as fair is he espying:
Look! Where currents tumble and foam
He sees the great fleet lying!

Jenkins is one with destiny—
Crumpled notes and canceled checks!
Jenkins has tamed his love for the sea,
For wind-beat, wave-washed decks!
Yet come times when he sheds the dull;
When his ferry road to Rangoon reaches!
When his spirit soars like a swift-winged gull
To skim the uttermost beaches!

—Daniel Henderson.

The Great Adventure

(With acknowledgments to George Matthew Adams)

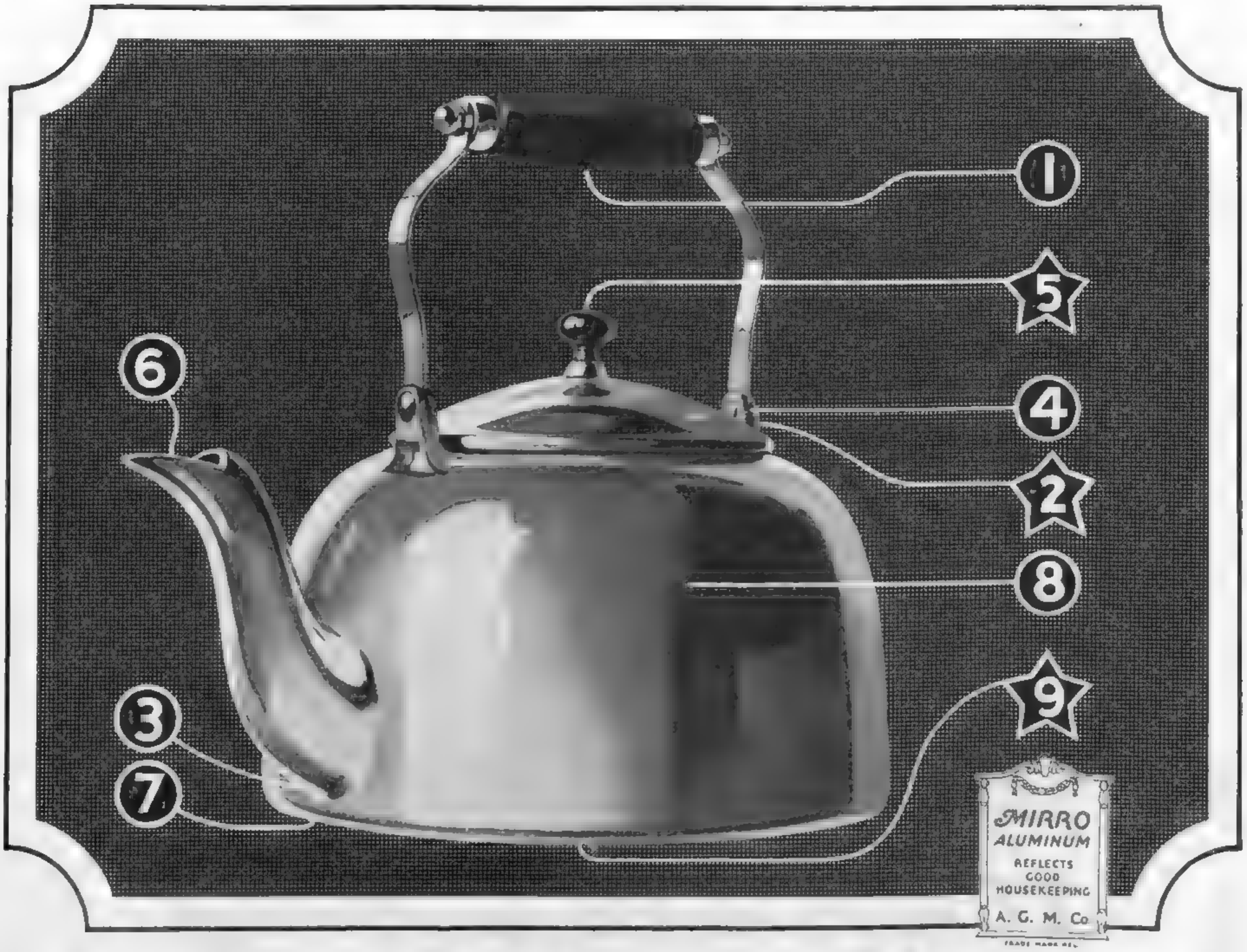
WHAT is the profit that men can find
In the frozen North or the jungle heat?
What is the vision they hold in mind
When they face the hardships that they must meet?
It cannot pay, yet they see it through,
And the magic purpose that keeps them to it
Is doing the work that they want to do
In the way that they want to do it.

It isn't money, it isn't fame
That stirs the soul to a true adventure,
Or makes men stick to the grimmest game
In spite of ridicule, doubt and censure.
It's just the spirit that holds you true
To what you've started, and bears you through it;
It's doing the work that you want to do
In the way that you want to do it.

Oh, the weary souls who are chained by chance
To a treadmill track they must always amble,
Who never thrilled to a mad romance,
Who feared the risk of a mighty gamble—
They are the failures in life, not those
Who dreamed and struggled and risked and lost,
Who toiled and battled and baked and froze
But never whined when the dice were tossed.

It's the thought that lifts us above the beast,
The dream that moves us to discontent,
The thing that's driven us west and east
And conquered ocean and continent;
And when we win to the heaven true
We'll find a place, when we come to view it,
Where men do work that they want to do
In the way that they want to do it!

—Berton Braley.



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Note the many features of convenience in this Mirro Tea Kettle. You will not find them in ordinary aluminum ware.

(1) Highly ebonized, sure-grip, detachable handle. ☆(2) Handle ears are welded on—an exclusive Mirro feature. (3) Spout also welded on—no loosening—no dirt-catching joint.

(4) Slotted ears permit handle to be shifted to any desired position without coming in contact with sides of kettle. ☆(5) Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob—another exclusive feature.

(6) Quick-filling, easy-pouring spout. (7) Unusually wide base—quick heating and fuel saving. Also prevents flame from creeping up around sides.

(8) Famous Mirro finish. ☆(9) All these features are assured by your guarantee of quality—the famous Mirro trade-mark stamped into the bottom of every Mirro utensil.

It will add to your appreciation of Mirro to know that it is the culmination of more than twenty-five years' experience in aluminum making.

Sold everywhere at the better stores.

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General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects Good Housekeeping

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 40)

discovered that the vender had netted from twenty to thirty dollars a day from sales of needles and pins.

Strange as it may appear, many men still gain an easy living out of the plan of capitalizing people's vanity. The usual method is for the solicitor to appear suddenly in a thriving town and launch his scheme for a book of biographies of the leading citizens. The prospective subject is told that if he will pay a specified amount his biography will be written and will be included in the book. The money is asked for on the ground that it is to pay for a steel engraving. This plan has been worked with a hundred variations. Sometimes these same men, by way of change, temporarily give up their book-publishing game and start a canvass offering to make water-color enlargements of photos for one dollar and ninety-nine cents a picture. The time and the talent of the artist is free and the one dollar and ninety-nine cents is only for paper and paints. It is further claimed that only a limited number of these enlargements will be made in that respective town. However, the truth is that the number of orders is only limited by the number of people who can be interested.

A daring individual recently appeared in a Middle-West town. He showed a catalogue with wonderful values offered in it. His plan was to collect a stated sum weekly from the housewives he had interested and when the amount paid in totaled twenty dollars the woman was to have her choice of any twenty dollars' worth of goods exhibited in the catalogue. Several weeks before the subscribers' accounts began to mature the visits of the collector ceased. This started an investigation, which disclosed the fact that the office of the collector had been closed for some days and the solicitor had disappeared.

Many schemes of the kind here described are successful only because the people of most communities are careless in their habits of giving. Often the fault lies with people who permit the indiscriminate use of their names and influence. If the people in whose name the public is solicited were to be held responsible for any and all deception that is practiced a different story would be told. One case is recited of an organization seemingly created for a laudable purpose and on whose letterheads were listed the names of about thirty men—all of whom appear in Who's Who in America. Letters sent to these individuals elicited the information that nearly all of them knew practically nothing of how the funds were being expended and not one was familiar with the plans of management. None assumed any responsibility whatever. A few of the men had never consented to the use of their names.

On the letterhead of another society of national scope appeared the names of prominent men, among them those of a former secretary of a department of the United States Government and a former United States diplomatic representative. An official investigator inquired of these gentlemen as to whether or not they were giving personal attention to the conduct of the association. The former cabinet member replied that he did not know much about the organization himself, but he had unbounded faith in his friend, the former diplomatic official. The latter, on his part, replied that the committee on which he served carried no responsibility, this being vested in the trustees. He was only interested in an advisory capacity. In such cases there is no doubt but that people throughout the country take it for granted that the men named were acquainted with all the activities of the society and many contributions were given by people who were so impressed.

Never in our history as a people has there been so much solicitation by so many individuals for so great a number of worthy and unworthy causes. The streets of our cities abound with collectors of all kinds. One investigator tells the story of an old colored woman who recently took part in the mad scramble for some easy money. When approached to do some housework for a local family the colored woman replied that she had to go out collecting "foh de missionary society."

"But I have work for you," said the housewife, "and you need all you can earn. What do they pay you for collecting?"

"I don't get paid at all," said the colored solicitor. "I just gets what I collect."

In the matter of giving it might be well for all of us to bear in mind a few simple rules mentioned by Mrs. Mosiman, of the Charity Organization Society in New York. An observance of these will tend to reduce the sum total of losses which now occur. First, require that collectors show their credentials. Second, do not contribute just to get rid of a solicitor. Third, do not give to any organization that has only a post-office box number for an address. Fourth, mail your check to the treasurer—don't give cash to the collector. Fifth, beware of the concern that does not make a public annual financial statement. Sixth, be very careful about giving to a one-man organization—investigate first.

THE BEAN SPILLER

(Continued from Page 19)

Hitherto Killian had regarded the editor as a mildly diverting pest—a yap whom it would not do to snub because of the newspaper and of Reddall's quietly great local power. But now he found himself an ardent admirer of the little man and within his bovine soul a warm sense of gratitude was born. Killian had a horror of snakes—a horror born of lifelong sojourn in cities. He magnified Reddall's service to him and made the editor a guest of honor whenever the suède dome hove in sight at the entrance to the champion's camp.

The afternoon before the fight Reddall trotted up the rickety stairs to the Sentinel office after ten hours of unceasing work. Scorpion was alive with strangers. Thousands and thousands of newcomers were pouring into the city from every point of the compass. Special trains from the Atlantic seaboard, from the West, from North and from South were vomiting hourly throngs into the place. Every hotel and boarding house and guest shack and every available private home was crammed with fight visitors. The saloons were refusing to waste golden time in serving mixed drinks. The two gambling houses were running wide open and had a queue of waiting patrons that trailed far out into the street. Shell games were on a dozen corners. The sleepy quiet of the afternoon was banished by a multiple roar of voices. Scorpion had been discovered. For the moment it was on the map. It was the most important spot in North America.

His soul expanding and his brain in a blissful daze, H. Abiff Reddall had been everywhere at once. He had headed the crowd-handling contingent. He had found accommodations for guests where no visible accommodations were to be found. He had kept the board of trade lashed to a furious burst of energy in showing bored New Yorkers and Chicagoans the glorious business prospects of Scorpion. And now he was stealing an hour or two for work on the morrow's paper. Up the creaky outside stairs of the Sentinel office he skipped, humming rapturously under his breath a paraphrase of a camp-meeting hymn of his youth:

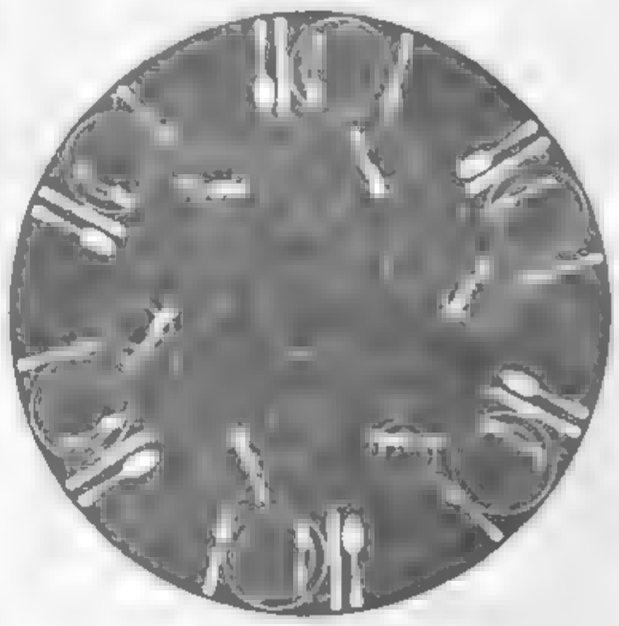
This is the day I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not!
The day when all the stranger band
Find Scorpion their Promised Land!

Through the Sentinel's outer room he pattered and threw open the door of his private office. There he halted in some astonishment. Joe Killian was seated in his desk chair, which squeaked under the two hundred pounds of muscular weight. The champion's feet were on the sacred desk. In the champion's mouth was a large and lighted cigar.

Reddall stood staring in speechless amaze as his eyes and his mind focused on that cigar. From his late-learned lore he knew that no fighter in training is allowed to smoke or to drink. Yet here was Killian sucking contentedly at a cigar of much magnitude, and in the airless cubbyhole office hovered a faint aroma of whisky.

At sight of his host the champion took his feet off the desk and nodded right

WALLACE SILVER



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affably. He made as though to rise and greet Reddall. Then suddenly remembering that a champion does not get up from his chair to speak to mere mortals he sat still. Certain grandees of Spain have the hereditary right to remain covered in the presence of royalty. This privilege they cling to with ludicrous tenacity, yet not more so than does a ring champion to his prerogative of remaining seated when lesser folk would be expected to stand. But Killian stretched forth a friendly hand to Reddall, grinning pleasantly up at him, and with his free hand he proffered him the twin of the plump cigar he was smoking.

"I been waitin' here for you," explained the champion. "Marston brought me to a house to meet some men and I gave 'em the slip. How's ev'rything?"

Speech came back to Reddall in a sputtering rush. He pointed to the cigar in Killian's mouth, demanding:

"What—how—why—how come you to be doin' that? To-morrow's the fight, an' ——"

"This smoke?" queried Killian. "Oh, that's all right! Nobody'll see me do it. I'll finish it before I go out of here. I had a drink, too, with Marston an' them. A couple of drinks. Gee, but the old stuff tastes good when you've been layin' off it a while! Tobacco does too. Have a cigar?"

Dumfounded, Reddall continued to stare. Killian reached across and swung shut the office door. Lowering his rumbly voice the champion proceeded to expound.

"You did me a damn good turn, little feller," he said affectionately. "An' I'm here to get back at you for it. You said somethin' about puttin' a big piece of money on me for this fight."

He paused. Reddall nodded stupidly.

"That's why I'm here," repeated Killian. "That's why I shook Marston an' the rest an' sneaked up here to give you the tip. It's got to be kep' dead quiet. Marston'd put up a hell of a holler if he knew I told you. But I ain't goin' to see you lose out on me after you ——"

"What—what are you talkin' about?" bleated Reddall. "Lose out? How?"

"Don't go talkin' so loud!" admonished Killian. "Here's the tip: Take down all your bets an' pile ev'ry cent you can raise on Cronin—on Cronin in ten rounds or under. An' for the love of glory, keep your mouth shut. That's all!"

There was a long silence, while Reddall gaped, slack jawed, and while Killian began to fidget and to frown.

"I'll keep my mouth shut," said Reddall at last, his soft drawl almost humble, yet with a queer little trickle of iron authority running through its meek cadences. "I'll keep my mouth shut, that bein' my way. You c'n count on my mouth stayin' shut. But you're wrong when you say that's all. That ain't all. Not by a city square. An' I'm waitin' patientlike to hear the rest."

Again Killian fidgeted. He scowled and made as though to get up and depart. But something held him where he was. Perhaps it was a power behind the mild blue eyes blinking into his. Perhaps it was his inherent love of babbling. Perhaps it was his newborn fondness for the quaint old fellow who stamped with thin-shod feet upon rattlesnakes. Presently he spoke.

"Marston an' Sludge has got together on it," he began with a sort of relishful reluctance. "They've been chewin' it all week under cover. But it wasn't settled downright till to-day, when we saw how the final bettin' was. It's a gold mine, the way Marston an' Sludge has it worked. I'm to lose out in the ninth to-morrow. That'll save the ten-round bets an' still give the movie fellers a look-in. It ——"

A wordless gobble from Reddall checked him. But as the little man's twisting mouth emitted no further sounds the champion went on:

"I'm to lose out in the ninth. Up to then it's to be a dingdong slammin' grand-stand bout—the kind a crowd yells itself drunk over, the kind that shows up grand in the pictures. Each of us is due to score a knockdown or two, but it's to be my fight all the way. An' once Cronin's goin' to be saved by the bell. Then in the middle of the ninth I'm to run into something that looks like a chance blow just as I've got him pretty near licked to a standstill, an' I'm to take the count. See?"

Reddall did not see. If he had been a fiction hero he would perhaps have seen red. But he saw nothing. He merely blinked and his thin lips kept on working as though he were chewing at the mysterious cud of senility.

"The papers an' the crowd will get to yammerin' how I pretty near had him out," resumed Killian, warming to his theme. "They'll say I'd 'a' won if it wouldn't of been for runnin' into a chance blow. Chance blow, hell! There ain't such a thing! All blows is chance blows. Then Cronin is due to give me a return match. An' all the talk about this first fight will make folks crazy about the second one. The second one is due to draw a bigger crowd than what this one will, an' I'm to win the second one. Then he'll want another—both of us havin' win one—an' that's goin' to pull a bigger crowd yet. Get the notion? There's never yet been a heavyweight champ that lose the champ'nship an' then win it back. That's a big card by itself. An' the third fight—say, Marston's a bird! It was him that thought it out first. Think of the advertisin' it's all bound to give any show Cronin or me goes out with for the next two years! An' ——"

"Yes," assented Reddall in a dry whisper. "I see. I see now. Would—would you mind if I was to sit an' think for a minute, please?"

He slumped into a chair and huddled there like a sick raccoon. Killian smiled amusedly at the little man's dazed aspect and inturned gaze, but as the pause grew long the champion got to his feet.

"Well," he said, "so long! I've gotta get back to Marston before he sends out a posse to find me. I gotta get back to camp too. There's a slew of yaps out there rubberin' for a squint at me."

"Wait!"

The command did not ring out like a bugle call. It was all but cringing. Reddall's primitive emotions were few and infrequent, and hero worship ever dies hard. The new sport, the new ideals, the new interests of the past month or so had made much impression on him. Their utter overturning had bewildered him. But now he was himself again—very calm, very resourceful, very much master of his faculties and of events. Yet his voice was meek and his manner was deprecatory. It was as though voice and manner were apologizing for the inner man's odd metamorphosis.

"Wait!" he repeated, waving a clawlike little hand at Killian. "Just a minute or two. I want you should."

The champion, dully puzzled and still amused, hesitated in his hegira toward the outer office. Reddall pattered shufflingly between him and the door.

"Here's the notion," began the editor, speaking stiltedly at first and as if groping for words: "When I hit this man's city first off there wa'n't any fine prosp'rous city here at all—no, nor yet a 'dobe village. Nothin' but sand an' cactus an' such an' a fine spring with a quarter acre of greenishness round it. That was all. There was eighteen of us laid out Scorpion. By an' by there was only me of the old-timers. I'm the oldest here. I've seen the place grow an' grow an' grow. It's not a part of me. I'm a part of it. It's all I got. It's all I want. That's why I was so tickled when the fight brought folks a-crowdin' here. Scorpion had its chance an' I helped bring that chance here. There'll maybe never be such another chance. Friend, I'm not lottin' on throwin' it all away, nor yet on allowin' anyone else to. Scorpion's goin' to make good on this. We're comin' through clean. Scorpion isn't goin' pirootin' down the echoin' corr'dors of time with a tag on its coat tails sayin' 'This yer's the fake-fight burg!' Not while I'm here to steer things right. It ——"

The champion laughed aloud. It was a whole-hearted laugh of friendly amusement.

"Don't you go losin' no sleep on that!" he adjured. "This stunt's goin' to be pulled classy. Not a raw thing to it. We got too much staked for that. Not a fan there will be hep. Not even the ref'ree. I tell you it'll be done as classy as ——"

"An' I'm tellin' you," interposed the timid little voice, "that it's not goin' to be done at all. Maybe you could do it so's nobody'd know an' maybe you couldn't. Not that that's the point. The point is that it isn't on the square. Over to Obispo they run off a hip'drome pony race. It was framed reel clever an' it was rehearsed some, too, but it got out. Ev'rybody knew. The grand stand was bust to matchwood an' two of the jockeys was feathered an' tarred, an' Obispo's known till now as the fake-race town. Down to Bolivar some chaps started a bank. The bank was spoke of reel fav'rable in the p'spectuses. Lots of us invested. The fellers made a clean up an' got out. What happened? Folks are 'shamed to say they're from Bolivar for fear of bein' laughed at for comin' from the swindle town. Obispo an' Bolivar's both got black eyes thataway. Once ——"

"But I tell you, we ——"

"Once laugh at a town hereabouts," went on Reddall, "an' you might as well sell it for its timbers. Nobody's a-goin' to laugh at Scorpion. Nobody's a-goin' to have the shadder of a right to say Scorpion isn't the squarest an' whitest place this side the Mississippi. Next time a big fight is due its backers'll say: 'Let's hold it out there. That's a city the whole world knows is on the square!' That's what they'll say. They won't say: 'Let's go round Scorpion like it was a lake. That's where the slickest crook game was worked in the hist'ry of the ring!' No, sir, Mr. Killian, I've helped make Scorpion an' I'm goin' to see that this crowd goes away from it feelin' they've sure got their money's worth, an' wantin' to come back an' tellin' the home folks what a grand upstandin' burg it is. Likewise they're goin' to. I reckon that's all I gotta say," he ended apologetically.

Killian's smile had grown as broad as his lean face would permit. The champion had the refined sense of humor common to his breed. It was a humor attuned to such subtleties as the yanking of a chair from under a fat man and to pouring beer into a new high hat. And this same sense was titillated to the full by the spectacle of a windy little old man calmly declaring the Sludge-Marston ruse should not be carried through. Killian was about to voice his mirthful sentiments in some characteristic way when the door was kicked open and a rotund person with many diamonds stormed in.

"Afternoon, Mr. Marston," said Reddall politely. "Won't you ——"

The great manager paid no heed to his courteous little host. Bearing down on Killian, he demanded:

"Didn't I tell you to stick with me till we get back to camp? Hey, didn't I? Lord, but you gave me a scare! When I missed you I figgered you'd blown the whole show by boozin' in some bar. Then Scholes said he'd seen you sneakin' up here to ——"

Marston checked himself. He saw Reddall for the first time. Hitherto his angry little eyes had had scope only for the vision of his runaway champion. He acknowledged Reddall's timid salute with a courteous grunt. Then he seemed to recall his own words about blowing the whole show and he frowned portentously. Before he could speak Reddall was addressing him.

"Mr. Marston," said the editor, passing a withered hand over his suède dome and looking almost as uncomfortable as he felt, "I'm glad you came here. I was just goin' to look you up. I wanted to tell you that Mr. Killian has gotta win to-morrow. He's ——"

"Sure, he's goin' to win!" trumpeted Marston right jovially. "Who says he ain't? He's goin' to win like he always has. You can say that in your paper over my sign'ture and you can say I've got my whole bank roll on him to win—in under ten rounds at that. He ——"

"I'm glad to hear you say so," answered Reddall gratefully. "I'm thankin' you. It saves me a heap of trouble. Likewise," he added shamefacedly, "it keeps him an' you from a fun'ral."

There was no swagger in the gentle tone, no hint of threat. Marston looked perplexed. Killian cut in, certain of betrayal and wishing to save as much of his face as he could by forestalling revelation with confession.

"I tipped him off," he said uneasily. "He won't spill it. He'd backed me for his whole roll an' he'd saved me from ——"

An avalanche of lurid blasphemy from the manager drowned the sheepish admission. Marston spoke for nearly two minutes and scarce repeated himself once. His language hurtled forth into the room in ragged chunks, assailing the ears of his listeners like an endless succession of fist blows.

Killian, who could have killed the obese blasphemer with a single right lead, fairly cowered under the tempest. Reddall, on the contrary, listened with grave attention, his bald head a little to one side, his pale-blue eyes alert. He was as one who receives a free lesson from an inspired master. Presently Marston found his scattered self-control. In the midst of his tirade he swallowed hard and broke into a loud laugh. Slapping Reddall agonizingly on the shoulder he exclaimed:

"The champ here is one grand kidder. He's been stringin' you long enough, though. There ain't a word of truth in it. You misjudged him wrong. He's been—he's been—stringin' you."

The speech, which began so uproariously, dwindled to a hesitant growl under the mild focus of Reddall's gaze.

"I'm glad," said the little man simply. "Mighty glad, gentlemen. Because this fight's got to be on the square. An' I've got to know it is. An' the only way I c'n know it for sure is for Mr. Killian to win it—like I know he can if he tries. He ——"

"Win it!" snorted Marston vainglariously, albeit his bunchy face muscles had begun to sag. "Win it? Surest thing in this world he'll win it! Nothing to it, friend! He'll win out. He'll ——"

"Mr. Marston," humbly interposed Reddall, "pardon me for saying it, sir, but you're lyin'. You know you are. Mr. Killian knows it. I know it. You're lyin'."

Marston with a ferocious snarl lunged his fat bulk toward the little man. Reddall's fragile body did not flinch. The pale-blue eyes held the angry manager's as mildly as ever. He broke in upon Marston's wordless roar in the same deprecatory tone.

"I'm not spillin' the beans by blabbin' about this, Mr. Marston," said he, "havin' promised not to an' not wantin' Scorpion smirched by any talk of a fake here. But I'm spillin' the beans just the same. Here's how I'm doin' it—if you'll stop gabblin' an' garglin' an' listen to me. I've got a ranch some eight miles from here, as maybe you know. Not much of a ranch, but it pays its way. It pays, because some of the boys workin' on it are pretty strong for me. One an' another, I've got 'em out of holes now an' again. There's four of 'em I c'n trust to do like I say an' ask no questions."

"What the hell do I ——" began Marston.

"Those four boys an' me," the gentle drawl meandered on, "will be sittin' in a ringside box to-morrow—the box I bought. I was goin' to fill it with prom'n't citizens, but I reckon me an' the boys will be more useful there. We'll be heeled. If Mr. Killian stays on the floor any longer'n the count of eight, any time, there'll be three .45 bullets driftin' into his yeller carcass an' two more .45's siftin' through you, Mr. Marston. I reckon when I tell my story any Scorpion jury's due to b'lieve me an' turn me loose. If you think I'm bluffin'," he added with his friendly smile, "just call me. That's all, gentlemen. Good day."

There was something in the monotonous drawl, in the unwavering pale old eyes, in the absolute dearth of bluster that crept under the skins of his hearers.

Then, by common consent and moved thereto by a tacit impulse of self-preservation, the champion and his manager made for the speaker. The rush started with great suddenness. It halted even more abruptly. An elderly revolver of past-century pattern had attached itself to Reddall's dangling right hand, which had been hovering as in irresolution above the half-open drawer of his desk. The long barrel was oscillating like a snake's head between the two charging visitors. Reddall did not raise his arm. He was aiming from the hip. There was nothing dramatic in his movements.

"Good day, gentlemen," he was purring, the friendly smile extending from his thin lips to the mild eyes above and to the straggly gray beard below. "An' remember, if you think I'm bluffin' just go ahead an' call me. Mr. Killian, you gotta win to-morrow. I'm sure you c'n do it if you reely apply yourself. Likewise you got it to do. I'm not a-takin' down any of my bets. Shut the door behind you, please. I got an ed'torial to write."

When the two men found themselves at the foot of the wabbly stair they looked at each other dizzily.

"That mangy little four-flusher!" ranted Marston, the blur of hypnotism departing. "The mangy little four-flushing pup! Thought he had us buffaloed, hey? Well, there's no witnesses, and a man don't risk the chair by shootin' in public. Why, the crowd'd lynch him! He ——"

"You weren't on deck the day he walked on that snake," mumbled Killian. "He's no four-flusher. The beans are spilled all right, all right. We gotta ——"

A new blast of profanity from Marston cut in on the gloomy forecast. But after Killian had been deposited safely at the training camp Marston took further precautions by coming back to town and hunting up three or four mossbacked old natives.

(Concluded on Page 85)

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Miller Tires Cost Less Per Mile

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Only by building every tire to championship standards has Miller achieved the tire supremacy.

Every Miller tire builder is trained to build the same. Thus have we rid our tires of variable workmanship. And thus have we produced tires that wear alike.

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Be sure your next tires are Miller *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires. Either *Cord or Fabric*, they give you long-distance mileage certainty.

There is a Miller dealer in your city. If you do not know his name, write us.

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To Dealers in Open Territory: A few exceptional territories to be awarded soon. Write us.

(Concluded from Page 82)

They were gravely willing to accept his offers of drinks and to smoke his thirty-cent cigars. Also, under this dual influence they consented to be pumped as to the life and personality of Scorpion's venerated first citizen.

Marston listened. He asked adroit catch questions. He sought to convince himself that his informants were conning him. But ever and ever he became aware of an increasingly cold sensation in the pit of his stomach. Then he strolled off in search of his betting commissioner and he swore dolefully as he remembered the two drinks and the cigar he had permitted Killian to consume—after which he returned to camp and went into executive session with the champion. Poor Marston's beautiful day was quite spoiled.

At one o'clock, next afternoon, Young Cronin stepped into the ring at the stadium in the center of a cloud of handlers and seconds. The thick-packed mass of spectators shook off the trance of boredom into which the antics of the two sets of preliminary boxers had thrown them and they howled joyous greeting to the challenger.

Cronin replied to the ovation by a stiff-backed bow. Then he bent his intellect to the task of listening to his manager's final repetition of the well-rehearsed instructions for the fight.

Marston had not confided to Cronin or to Sludge the fact that the splendid plan had been betrayed and that a new deal would probably be needed. There was always a chance that Reddall might repent, or—far more likely—that the little man on sober thought would realize the gorgeous chance to profit by his inside information and to reap a fortune in long-odds bets. In any case there was no need in risking verbal slaughter by confiding in Sludge, so Marston had held his peace.

The roar from the stadium reached the dressing room where Killian was undergoing massage and other final treatment at the hands of his attendants. Five minutes later the crowd put to shame its welcome of Young Cronin by a multiple screech of joy at sight of the champion.

Swathed in a check-pattern bath robe, Killian was making his leisurely way through a twisting path of aisle toward the corner of the ring. Ahead of him swaggered two beefy seconds to clear the path. Behind him slouched Marston, sick looking and blear-eyed. Then followed an imperial train of undershirted men with pails and towels and bottles.

Cronin schooled his own craggy features to a scowl of malignant hate as Killian climbed into the ring. So busy was the champion in scanning the ringside boxes that he quite neglected to return the scowl. Which breach of professional etiquette from so good a friend hurt Cronin's sensitive feelings to momentary vexation against his absent-minded foe.

Killian, like Marston, was sweeping the arena boxes with a foreboding gaze. The stares of manager and of champion settled at the same instant upon a box abutting on a corner of the ring. It was the only box in the great arena whose eight seats were not full. Only five men sat therein. Four of them were tanned and simple-faced souls in gray felt hats and nonpicturesque raiment. The fifth was Reddall.

To Killian and Marston it seemed as though two of the box's five occupants at once trained their solemnly attentive gaze on the manager while the three others glued their eyes to the champion. During the brief interval while the professionals glowered at the box Reddall smiled upon them in meek friendliness and spoke a drawled word to his four companions.

In instant obedience the quartet took off their wide-brimmed gray hats and laid them athwart their knees. Then, plainly visible to Killian and his manager, they slipped from their pockets certain metallic objects which they placed carefully in their laps under shelter of the hats.

"You gotta do it, Joe!" groaned Marston, sweating fluently from every clogged pore. "You gotta! Lord, if only you could 'a' kept your mouth shut! And if I'd only of held you off'n those two drinks and the smoke! Get him as quick as you can, at that! And for the love of Mike, don't go taking no chances! I—I got a headache. I guess I'll beat it back to the room. Skelly can look after you as good as I can. So long. I ——"

The words trailed away into stillness. At the manager's first recessive step Reddall lifted himself slightly in his seat and pointed the way back toward Killian's corner. The hat-concealed hand also moved suggestively. Marston groaned and slunk back to his sputteringly indignant principal.

Far above, the motion-picture machines were droning. In the ring the last dreary introduction had been made. The two men were called to the center for referee instructions. According to schedule they refused to shake hands—though Killian so far forgot himself as to extend one open glove a few inches before Cronin's warning frown recalled him to his rôle.

The Quartet Slipped From Their Pockets Certain Metallic Objects Which They Placed Carefully in Their Laps

The Killian-Cronin fight at Scorpion was not worth the high admission prices, to say nothing of the cost and annoyance of traveling all the way to so God-forsaken a spot. Nine-tenths of the audience were later agreed on that. The remaining ten per cent—an unusually large proportion, by the way, of men who really understand ring work—did not know whether they had witnessed a great fight or a rotten one.

At the sound of the gong Killian was after his man and he was after him in a highly unspectacular and businesslike manner. There were none of those noisily harmless slaps which rouse a crowd to frenzy. There was no posing. There was no grinning, no glaring, no grand-stand work.

Killian bored in unobtrusively, covering when he had to, but fighting with a nonflamboyant deadliness, and always on the aggressive. He had little enough to fear from Cronin. He was certain the latter would not willfully damage him to any extent but would stick to the original program.

Cronin before the end of the first round was woefully bewildered. He tried to follow instructions to the letter, but Killian would not play up to his opponent's work. The champion was inflicting cruel and needless damage—and was not showing off. Thus men fight when they hate or when all hangs on their victory, and Cronin could not understand.

Once, in a bit of in-fighting, Cronin blocked an incipient uppercut in such a way that Killian's glove brushed him an inch or two below the knotted green flag which served him as a belt. The referee cautioned the champion against repeating the unintended foul, and Killian's strength for a moment turned to water. Suppose he were to lose on a foul! The thought made him risk his chances still further by a hasty glance over Cronin's shoulder toward a ringside box wherein five meager figures sat statuelike with hats on their knees and with a hand apiece under their hats.

At the end of the first round Young Cronin went back to his corner badly shaken up and sore puzzled. Sludge, as perplexed as his principal, risked much by looking across in vexed query at Marston. He caught the plump manager's eye before Marston could look away and at what the glance told him Sludge went purple.

"The swine!" he burbled, fairly spitting the words into Cronin's ear. "The swine of hell! They're double-crossin' us! Get him! They've framed us!"

Wherefore the second round was unlike any in the cut-and-dried chronicles of heavyweight championship contests. There were no seeming openings cleverly defended, no staggering blows, no fiercely melodramatic rallies to bring the house shrieking to its feet. Two men were simply trying with all their might and skill to murder each other by every method which could get past the dumfounded referee.

As a result the bout had an aspect of awkward tameness. It fell flat. Blows that turned their recipients sick with pain were delivered and received in so commonplace a fashion that onlookers began to hiss. Once or twice cries of actual derision scraped through the looser volume of arena racket. The combatants apparently were not fighting hard enough to keep themselves warm.

Cronin late in the third round slipped inside of a misjudged swing and sent Killian reeling to the ropes under a volley of half-arm blows to heart and wind. As the champion tried to clinch Cronin shot an uppercut to the point of his jaw. Killian sprawled crablike across the ropes, his wrists and ankles jumping convulsively. Thence by degrees he slid to the floor. To the average spectator such in-fighting means next to nothing, and those who understand it are not of the breed that gets up and yells. So the bulk of the audience viewed Killian's ungraceful fall as an accident—and a laugh greeted it.

The referee's pendulum arm was rising and falling. Cronin stood crouched forward, fended off by the referee's other hand. Marston had no eyes for his supine champion. Pupils glazed, he was staring at Reddall. And now there could be no mistake. Two of the men in the box were viewing Marston with steady intent. The three others had their gaze fixed on Killian.

"Get up!" shrilled Marston, his voice a scream with terror. "D'you want us to be shot?"

It was at the count of six that his dreaded manager's howl pierced the slowly lifting mists in Killian's brain, and it brought back memory. At the count of eight the groggy champion was lurching to his unsteady feet and falling into a life-saving clinch with the savage who rushed him the instant the referee's barring arm permitted. Cronin shook him off and sent him to earth with a second jaw hook, and this time Killian lay where he fell. At the count of five the gong saved him. Marston passed a wet hand over his own wetter brow and tried not to blubber.

Valiantly the handlers wrought over the stricken champion during the sixty seconds rest. And valiantly did youth and condition respond to the treatment. Killian was on his feet for the fourth round, his brain and body once more practically normal. But he and Marston alone knew how thoroughly he had recovered. To the casual spectator he was still in little better case than had been the limp body the seconds had dragged to its corner a minute earlier. For the first time in the fight Killian had begun to act.

He was lifted to his feet by the seconds, but he seemed scarce able to stand. He swayed from side to side like a sick elephant. His long arms hung almost nerveless at his sides. His shoulders were slumped. His head rolled weakly on a neck that seemed too boneless to support it. His jaw swung ajar. His eyes were bleared and vacant. By mere instinct, apparently, he lurched out of his corner to the ring's center, facing a homicidal wild beast who was dashing forward to destroy him. Sludge—a veteran in every ring trick—shouted:

"Look out for him! Maybe he ain't so dead as he looks!"

But the belated warning went unheard. With all the high conceit of his trade Young Cronin beheld the result of his own mighty prowess. He had bested the man who had sought to double-cross him. The championship lay within his grasp. The finishing blow alone was needed. A child surely could push over that tottering wreck! And Cronin, wide open, flung himself to the slaughter.

Then in the midst of his murderous rush Young Cronin dreamed a dream. This was odd, for his sleep usually was as blankly dreamless as a cow's. He dreamed he had mastered the art of swimming through the air and that it was a ludicrously easy thing to do. So he swam upward straight into a sky that was alive with shooting stars. Behind him on earth, as he dimly remembered, there had been a swayingly drunken figure which had straightened up with lightning swiftness as he had charged upon it, and which had assailed him with wildcat deadliness before he could block its attack. But that was before he had learned to swim upward through the air. No—through the water. There were gallons of water cascading over his face.

Cronin opened one eye to protest against this deluge. He opened it to see two bored men dumping another pailful of water on his upturned face. The ring was athrong with stamping and jostling people—all of them slapping Joe Killian on the back or pump-handling him.

And there was an unadvertised and laughable fight still going on in one corner of the inclosure, where Sludge had hurled himself bodily upon the palsied Marston and was pummeling him with ferocity.

"After all championship prize fights," the Sentinel's leading editorial concluded its half-column course next morning, "there are unsportsmanly claims of fake. But the editor of this paper strongly advises persons to make no such claim about yesterday's fight. It was strictly on the square and the best man won. The editor of this paper herewith and hereby gives his word of honor for that statement. And in Scorpion and its beautiful purlieus the word of honor of the editor of this paper has a way of being taken at par value. It was a square fight, we repeat, and the best man won.

"But the editor of this paper also wishes to reiterate the opinion, voiced earlier in this editorial, namely, that a championship prize fight does not add to the morale or the lasting prosperity and growth and well-being of the city in which it is held. Scorpion will do well to remember that for future reference.

"The fight was strictly fair, we repeat, but we feel we could not pledge as much for the next fight."

Autumn

OH, THE poplars burn gold in the sheen of the sun
And the little winds whisper and sing,
For a sprinkle of dew
As it catches the skies
Is a twinkle of blue—
And it matches her eyes!
Let the forests turn gold in the sheen of the sun,
In my heart it is spring, it is spring!

—*Perrin Holmes Lourey.*

DRIVE chill from any room in the house these cool mornings and evenings with a Miller Oil Heater. Provides ample heat for fall needs; extra warmth for winter.

The Miller Oil Heater is sturdily built with extra strength where strength is needed. Its perfect combustion makes every drop of oil yield clear, odorless, radiant heat.

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That's the way to find out where the squeaks come from that try your nerves, and the scratches that mar your fine floors.

Instead of old-fashioned rug-tearing casters your furniture deserves Domes of Silence—smooth, polished slides of steel that never stick, or scratch, or wear out. That is the modern way.

Get them at any hardware, furniture, drug or department store—put them on with a few taps of a hammer, and live in peace.

Good furniture dealers are glad to equip the furniture you buy with Domes of Silence. Ask for them.

DOMES *of* SILENCE

"Better Than Casters"

OLD TWELVE HUNDRED

(Continued from Page 23)

"She's the peach," he muttered succinctly, "and the cream!"

"Old Buke's nearly got your string loaded," said Bag.

"Near," said Church.

"Port Huron this aft?"

Church nodded—over a match and cigar. He pulled out a watch and Bag pulled out his own for comparison.

"That used to be the old man's, didn't it?"

Bag nodded.

"How'd you know?"

Church grinned noncommittally.

"Here's my old one. I haven't a young son-of-a-gun like you to give it to an' I couldn't give it to Stella—she'd snort, you know, at anything but little blue-enamel things as big as a bachelor button. But it's a good watch yet for any ordinary fellow. I kinda hated to turn it in on the new one."

He toppled it over on his palm, eying it reminiscently. There was a vein of sentiment running through the brown sandstone of the man.

"I got another one than this at home," said Bag, "but it ain't adjusted to five positions."

He spoke with austere disparagement.

"What's that?" one of the other boys asked.

Bag waved his curiosity aside as beneath notice. But Church genially explained the adjustments of a five-position watch, canting his old watch the while with infinite precise tilts.

"It's got to run perfectly in every one of those positions—uphill, downhill, underhill—so no damn conceivable angle or tangent will throw it off the true. Flipped like a dollar, cart-wheeling or swinging to hell in a hanging basket—it's got to run just so. And that's what your common watch won't do."

He looked at his old watch again with reminiscent favor. The posse stared with open-mouthed wonder and the darky boy, Yance, edged so close that his head hung right over Church's huge hand, his eyes rolling up awesomely into Church's face.

"Be careful, boy," the engineer grinned; "don't get too near the tender—you might get some black off on your face."

The posse burst into a shrill shout over this and clutched each other's shoulders in a seasick passion of merriment. Undoubtedly the great man had uttered this for their benefit. Yance himself was utterly charmed. The other boys turned toward Horsey—automatically, instinctively.

"Looka here!" shrilled Bill Menke. "Here's a fellah that washes his father's socks! Don't he look like he needed a washing?"

Church glanced at Horsey's dismal costume and shame-reddened face.

The other boys now joined the chorus:

"Yeah—we told him to burn 'em! What d'you think? He does their washing for him and his old man!"

"Aw, Horsey!"

"Yeh, Horsey, we're goin' to chaw beef on your old man's red underdrawers—you'll find 'em full of knots on the line!"

Having pitched on something to entertain the great man they worried it to a finish. Their clamor grew hysterical, maudlin! And Horsey stood in the spotlight of this ridiculous acclaim—red and white by turns, and sick at heart. He stood humiliated before Ted Church and the new and wonderful pal—Bag.

Church blew the ashes from his cigar and cleared his throat.

"You do the family washing, heh?" His gray eyes with chiseled white flecks seemed cutting deep into Horsey's mind. "Mother gone?"

Young McGraw nodded mutely.

Church continued to stare at him mesmerically a minute, and then added as if coming back from a long way off, "It ain't so good when the mother's gone." He threw his cigar aside so suddenly that two of the boys jumped.

A silence had come on the little circle.

"When I go out with my girl"—Church suddenly grinned, as at some old play joke—"I like to look real scrumptious. I kind of got a habit of buying silk shirts. I thought I could take 'em or leave 'em alone, but they seem to get you after a while—that's right. But for wear—nothing in 'em! They anyway aren't adjusted to the fifty bull-bent directions those steam mangles run to. If I could get some real country washing done on 'em an' some of my other things—not mentioning socks——" He grinned warmly at Horsey, almost winsomely it seemed to the boy, with something rich and grand in that big hawk face. It almost seemed as if he must have practiced that smile on someone sweet and gentle.

"I could do 'em for you," Horsey heard himself muttering huskily.

"Would you kindly, boy?" Church's big face turned grave. "It'd be a real obligation to me. Mind you, I wouldn't take any hocus-pocus job on 'em. They'd have to be done smooth and right up."

"An' ironing, too, I could do."

"Oh, I forgot that—o' course. Stella'd have the laugh on me sure. Well, we'll call it a go then. You could get my things at old Tronjem's shanty on Tilly Street crossing. You know Tron—the old Swede frost? Fine old fellow! I'd leave 'em with him."

When the signal came for 1200 to move in and pick up its string of loaded flats, Bag calmly beckoned Horsey.

"Want to ride in, Mac?"

Horsey was half stupefied and looked to Church for confirmation. That grim worthy nodded briefly and Lawrence McGraw found himself climbing the fortress-like steps of the looming black broadside of old 1200. Bag mounted behind Church and Horsey climbed to the green leather cushion behind the fireman.

Before him loomed the great crown sheet, glistening with the sheen of dials, gauges and puttering valves. From this high point it looked ten feet to the floor of the cab. It was the glistening immensity of the place that struck Horsey, who had thought the cabin would be confined—the glittering and glooming immensity, and above all the tremendous majesty of it.

He looked through the window far down on the posse of boys, their faces white splotches in the shadow which spread cool and dark to the rim of the glaring yellow pit. Out they drew—R-r-oum! B-r-r-oum! R-r-oum! B-r-r-oum—a thunderous vibration roaring through the walls of the monster road hog lifting Horsey's prickling scalp with a sensation of wonder, fear and delight unspeakable. Yes, and pride. For he was proud this day—a feeling long lacking to his slack humbled nature.

They coupled onto the endless ribbon of gravel cars; and now with wheels spinning and tearing sand, with Horsey helping with every muscle, they slowly gathered head and began drumming on the long road to Port Huron. Within twenty minutes, however, they stopped at Sidney and Horsey prepared to leave. The fireman had swung open the fire door and handed the shovel to Bag, who filled it and made the long fireman's sweep which carries the coals deep into the grate. Then the fireman with a grin handed it to Horsey. He filled the shovel, poised heavily on one foot, letting the other foot swivel on its toe—not for nothing had he coaled the church furnace on cold winter mornings—and shot the heavy shovelful, twice Bagley's load, rumbling onto the bars. It was a clean shot, better than he had hoped. With a sense for effective exit he swung hurriedly down the steps. But the fireman leaned out to tip a forefinger to his cap in the railroad man's grave token of address. Horsey touched his forehead—his lost hat was in the red pond of the gravel pit, but what did that matter!

The water was gushing and snorting into the tender. Church turned to him and shoveling down in his corduroy pocket pulled out a dollar.

"Here's to bind that bargain about those shirts and things."

Horsey hesitated, and plucking up his courage, which was pitching down through him like a bucket in an old chain-pull well, "I'd like," he husked, "'stead of the money, to work out that watch—your old one."

A slow grin spread over Church's face. "You'd be better gettin' a new one."

"But"—Horsey's face fell—"but this one," he mumbled, "because it's yours."

Even a grand seigneur of locomotives may be touched by a hobbledehoy's hero worship. He drew out the watch, glanced at it and handed it over.

"That's all right! I'll trust you. If it don't run right tell me—an' I'll see to get it cleaned. Call it ten dollars, and if you have to give it back before you've worked it

(Concluded on Page 89)

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(Concluded from Page 86)

out I'll square you for what you've done, see?—whatever's coming to you."

Lawrence slid it home into the pristine watchpocket of his overalls and tried to speak, but found his throat too husky. Church had turned to climb the steps and still Horsey failed to articulate his thanks. Apotheosis awaited him. The big engineer turned with a smile on his bronze eagle face—falling into wrinkles that must have come from smiling at someone gentle and sweet—yet a look withal that graced his big austere face. And then inspiration came to Horsey. He raised his forefinger to his sandy shock of hair in the railroad man's hail of greeting and farewell. And Ted Church of 1200 returned it.

Bagley whirled his arm over his head in a random gesture of good-by. The black monster snorted, pounded, strained, gained headway and thundered out of the shadow of the station and faced the road to Port Huron.

As Horsey turned home his heart sank. It was all over. Maybe never again. Maybe the watch would have to be given back. But for a little while at least—his hand caressed the lump in his overalls pocket. Somehow he felt that the worst punishment he could expect would be more than compensated by such a sign and guerdon.

But strangely, the worst was hardly as bad as he had expected—a matter of a week's duress and extra work. The business of arranging the washing required some management, but Horsey found himself equal to it. He sneaked home the basket, which had been left at old Tronjem's shanty, when he went for the afternoon mail, and coming home the back way he slid it under the woodshed before presenting himself in the house or at his father's study. Later he brought it in when he did the home washing. His father, who gave little heed to these temporal processes so long as they were done regularly, didn't observe the candy-striped shirts of fine cambric and silk—gaudy wanton articles which Horsey pictured the engineer as wearing when he went queening his hotel maid or waitress, Stella. A slippery, sumptuous, sylphine name that reminded Horsey of the ladies on perfumery and patent-medicine calendars. He wondered if the engineer did have one in every town. It gave the great man an air of prowess and mystery; and yet something in Horsey's Scotch soul boggled over this. Some element of Puritanism in his callow soul rebelled at the thought of his great man enslaved and voluptuously indulgent—faugh! It somehow stuck in his throat. At other times—be it said—he rather slyly admired the man for being a sort of silk-shirted devil among the ladies. And afterward was shocked to think such skulduddery lurked in his heart.

The day came when, his week's duress over, he found time to hang round the water tank, waiting for the boom-boom of old 1200. He had harked each day for the far shimmer of its Crosby chimer and felt his heart grow big as he heard that mellow bourdon ringing across the flatlands. At night he had wakened to it and pictured the engineer's head lurching into the purple dark past cities strange as Bagdad toward ports on the wing-spread lakes.

It was Saturday morning again. And Horsey thought soberly of the change in his life that one short week had worked. Somehow he felt himself of larger stature, more confident, more worldly, more hopeful of himself.

Old 1200 drummed somberly in. Horsey's heart raced with icy thrills. He glimpsed a big head in the cab window and raised a finger to his cap. A few moments and he felt Church's hand on his shoulder. Apparently the big man was impressed by some change in the boy's freckled high-boned Scotch face.

"You did a good job, son—a mighty good job. We'll check a dollar and a half off on that account. All right? Don't let me cheat you, y' know. And I hope," he grinned, "you haven't neglected the old man's socks."

Horsey shook his head, still sober.

"I put the shirts through two rinsings," he said.

"Well, I don' know about the rights of that, but I'll say they looked it. They did! It's a nightmare to get a man's hand in my business clean enough to suit a girl. And the wristbands show it if he don't—as well as her belt. One thing I liked, kid, was that you didn't act 'shamed to do the job. That's a mark of sand. Now I'm going to ask you fair if you'd mind doing some of Stella's things. Lace—you know—gets torn. These fluffy shirt waists the girls wear—Georgia crêpe—and that."

Horsey's face flushed crimson and he muttered something inaudible.

"There now!" Church declared. "Don't do it if you're 'fraid it'll get out and the boys have something on you! So far as that goes, I'd never let on a word—and you'd get your watch worked out that much quicker. Before it went kaflooey on you and showed me up for old Sol Slick! But just as you say."

And Horsey said he would, though half choking with a kind of repulsion and shame at being involved in the toilet processes of the sumptuous Stella. However, there were no feminine farradels in the basket left at Tron's shanty. Perhaps Church had realized his mistake. But when Horsey carried the things back to Tronjem's den Thursday night the old Norwegian said: "Tad Church he laft word you want to go to Port Huron Saturday you bay down by water tank."

Horsey ran home with head on fire. Port Huron with Ted Church—an incredible shining prospect! Was he to penetrate the towns as unreal as Bagdad that clustered the Huron peninsula? Unbelievable! His heart fell. It simply couldn't happen. It was a mere dream. He alternated between grandiose hopes and drab despairs—and lay awake half the night planning.

The day of chimera approached. A hundred times he resolved to say nothing to his father, but simply skip; and a hundred times changed his mind, determining to tell him bluntly and demand his permission. But, of course, he knew in the depths of his heart that he would never be equal to demanding anything of his father; knew that those hard gray eyes would plunge into him, shattering his resolution like a diamond drill.

The morning passed in aguelike spasms of chill dread and hopeful fever. As noon approached he secretly looked at his watch for the hundredth time, and suddenly gulped out: "Ted Church, th' engineer on 1200 promised—he——"

"He what——" demanded the elder McGraw.

"That I could go to Port Huron with him 's afternoon. Bag McIntyre goes with him sometimes."

"It's not necessary to argue the matter," his father gratuitously rejoined. "I've got something else for you to do this afternoon." A characteristic remark with the elder, who could always summon a job out of the nowhere into the here with the stern affectation of having long planned it. "I've been thinking of paying you for the work you do additional to your regular chores—you can add it to your bank account. How did this arrangement you speak of come about?"

"Why"—Horsey hesitated lugubriously, on the verge of tears—"that day I—I was down at the gravel pit. I got to know him."

"I thought as much," said his father. "I thought as much." He turned back after closing the matter to add: "And I want you to keep away from the depot and the tracks—they're a set of loose-living low-lived fellows."

"I—I don't care!" husked Horsey.

"What's that?" his father demanded. But Lawrence had sunk his head on his arms. In this security he slid out his watch secretly and looked at it. Without overt reasoning his mind automatically calculated the distance and sprinting time to the water tank. The seconds slid fast. The minutes dragged indifferently by. Horsey's heart whined with disappointment. Of course at the last minute he could break and run.

But something grotesque about this forbade him—just as his father's strictures of immorality undermined his confidence in Ted Church. He turned the watch over, caressing it with his blurred vision. Suddenly his whole being rose in challenge of that imputation against the big, winsome, smiling engineer. What did he care anyway? The big man had been kind to him.

The minutes were flying fast now. Soon the harping shimmer of sound would chime the mogul's approach.

It was intolerable that such a chance should slip by. He found himself on his feet, staggering toward his father with face burning and heart pounding. He had heard the belling murmur of old 1200 fast approaching. It was now or never—just as that morning when he had hopped the caboose with Bagley McIntyre.

"It's coming," he croaked. "I can't lose any more time! I've hung round long enough!" He met his father's stare of thunderous incredulity with growing courage. A little more sand on the track! "I've stood it all I'm going to—and when I get back, if you dare to do what you did that morning, I'll—by the Almighty —— I'm goin'! It's eleven-nineteen already!"

Glancing at his watch he sprang off the steps. He raced down Pickering Street, round the corner, and reached the tank just as 1200 scoured in with its yellow streamer of gravel cars.

Church greeted him, smiling, and before he could realize it all they were boom-booming across Tilly, Towne and Butler Streets. Horsey, riding on wave after wave of exultation, felt that his confidence in the great hawk head before him was well paid.

The crown sheet dazzled with its trembling gauges, gaskets and injectors. Boom—boom! Boom—boom! The town slid back like a magic carpet, while the great fortress of moving metal towered on past green and red signals and tiny track walkers and foot travelers.

"I expect Stella'll be waving at the next crossing," Church murmured with a friendly smile at Horsey. With genial nonchalance the boy pictured the opulent waitress at the crossing and got ready to touch his finger to the visor of his cap.

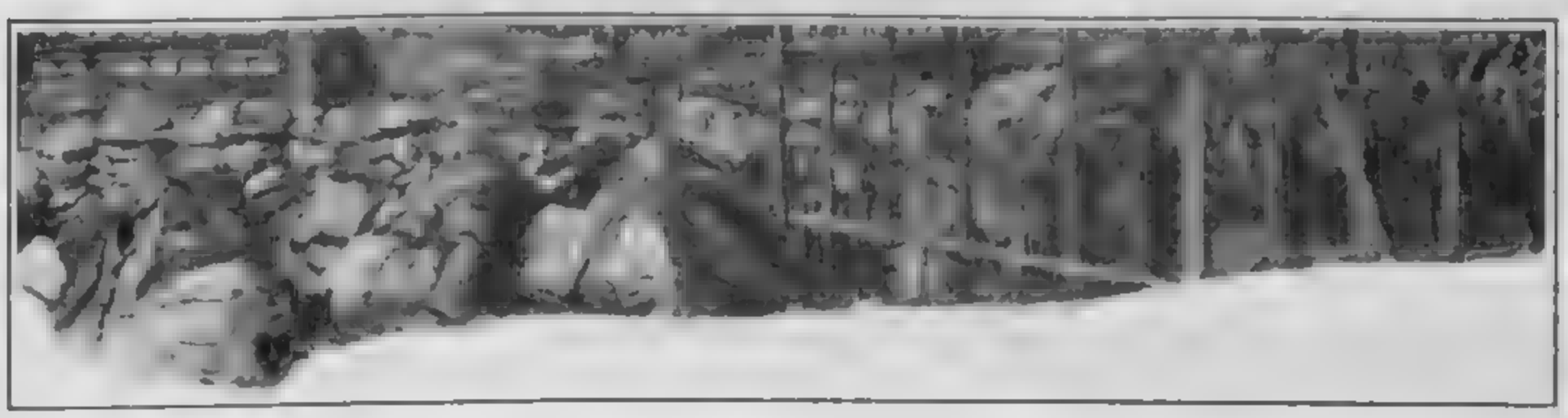
A waggish chuckle waxed in his throat. He had raised his finger halfway when the astral shape of the imagined waitress glimmered out into a little fourteen-year-old girl in a plaid poplin dress and white leghorn, waving a slim arm and calling silverly: "Good-by, dad! Hoo, hoo, good-by!"

Horsey tipped his finger gravely, and the name of Stella as if by magic lost its fulsome meaning and became silverly starlike—as its Latin coinage rightly intended.

Old 1200 scoured on. With the falling of evening would come mystery and the great purple lake. Huron!

Horsey began humming gruffly:

He mounted to the cabin
With the orders in his hand,
And took his farewell trip
To that promised land.



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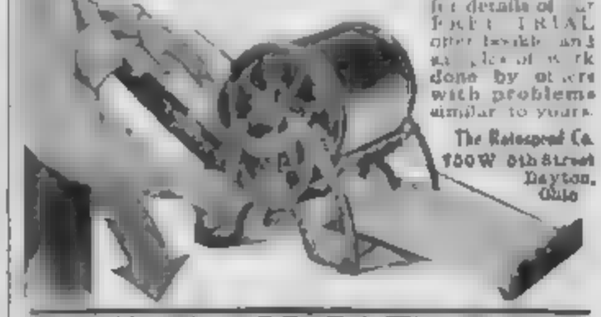

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DAUGHTERS OF RUSSIA

(Continued from Page 25)

weighted down or overdressed. Physically she was the ideal sovereign, moving with majestic dignity or standing in statuesque pose among us. The beauty of her features and coloring was unmarred by the tragic expression which always lurked both in the large blue eyes and in the severe but well-drawn mouth. She rarely spoke, and always looked bored and intensely sad; but merely for its decorative quality her presence was beyond all praise; and one thinks of her as part of the historic tableaux now forever past and gone.

In their homes the Russian women seemed to me at their best. On country estates they led an active life, for the owner's wife always took charge of certain parts of the administration, besides attending to the vast household with its numerous departments—smoking the meats, conserving the vegetables and fruits and making the native wines being the least of these duties. The woman managed the hothouses, the vegetable, fruit and flower gardens, she attended to the barnyard, the dairy and the splendid poultry, and had the lace and carpet factories, the carpenter shops, and so on, under her complete control. Often when the husband did not care for farming or was engaged in some outside military or civil career his aristocratic lady even handled all the business of estates, and showed herself an expert in agriculture, the breeding of stock, and everything connected with running from fifty to a hundred thousand acres, upon the income of which whole families must live. All this was taken as a matter of course, and there was no fuss made over it, nor any looking for praise from outside.

The charities handled by our women, the industrial schools, and all the thousand and one occupations which came from the rescue of their people's needs kept these female landowners immensely busy, yet I scarcely know of any one of them who struck me as being rushed or too preoccupied to sit down for a friendly chat.

Those who did not read all the good publications coming out in three or four languages could be counted on one's fingers; and everyone had as a matter of course read and digested the classics of standard literature from many countries. I found the older American writers were well known; and the most varied moderns—from Mark Twain and Jack London to Henry James—were digested and appreciated, remembered and quoted. It is not surprising such women were attractive companions or that home life was delightful.

The mother was always the center of the home and spent much time in apparent freedom, sitting behind her tea table, knitting; while with an air of its being casual, at certain hours of each day husband, children and the intimate friends who had grown into the household found opportunities to bring to her their problems, their troubles or their joys, certain of sympathy and understanding. One had invariably a feeling of warmth and hospitality, however modest was the lodging, however simple the fare; and one wise old lady told me once gently: "I don't like it abroad, because there no one has what we have—that is, time for friendship."

I fancied that my Slav compatriots could love more and better and longer than do other races of women, because they had more time and had better learned the science of life and the enjoyment of quite simple things. No other people whom I had ever seen gave their lives such a full

(Continued on Page 92)

Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch and His Wife

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(Continued from Page 90)

rich note of meaning or got so much out of it as did our upper class until the war.

Nowhere either have I observed women grow old with such smiling contentment. A clever Italian said once after he had spent a season in St. Petersburg, when I asked him what he had most liked:

"The old women, without a doubt; they are so comprehending and so fresh at heart. They mellow into age, like fine old wine, which gives one strength and courage to go on.

"There is no dryness, no bitterness; and they are so clever and so in the movement, and unaffectedly interested in everything. I find them quite adorable! No wonder they keep large groups of relations, friends and devoted servitors about them, whom they have gathered through long lives. They are your most wonderful feature, for it is not difficult to be attractive when one is young and beautiful; but to attract at sixty or seventy, and hold admiration without a sign of effort or of aid from dress—one cannot quite seize the art! It is an innate national trait, I believe."

Women's War Work

I found this so; and by degrees decided it was the sincere deep sympathy they had toward all humanity and all work and effort. They loved their neighbors as themselves and kept a ready hand outstretched; and they truly forgave others as they hoped to be forgiven what sins lay on their consciences. Not many these, and none which came from meanness. There seemed very little straining at life's harness, somehow. In Russia marriages of convenience were never much the fashion, so young couples started out with a fair chance for happiness at home; divorce was difficult and much frowned upon until the war, so if the hearth was unhappy the pair either tried to swallow their situation and make no moan or else one heard vaguely of romances which lasted through the years and turned with time into softened tender friendships. Sometimes I noticed, on the contrary, these ended in renunciation and a sacrifice to duties.

The light-headed and cold-hearted flirtations for amusement and from boredom, such as one sees almost universally in other gay societies, seemed almost totally lacking, or at any rate were rare exceptions. Though occasionally things went wrong I can think of no single case where deep sentiment and much suffering were lacking; and there always seemed a serious excuse for the lapses from law and convention. Strangely also, society was generally tolerant to such culprits as there were in its midst, and showed more sympathy than blame. Pity for the woman was expressed, and understanding help was ready, and was given invariably. This trait seemed to me one of the most soft and winning qualities to be found among my compatriots.

The war demolished the old severities completely and divorce became an easy thing, with the church's consent; but the high-bred group had largely scattered by that time, and what social units renaissant Russia will show or what will be her accepted standards it is difficult to surmise.

Our lower classes were always quite uneducated and had lived for generations in the dark, but there too the woman seemed at least to do her share in carrying the general burden. She kept her home and children, got on well habitually with the good-natured giant she married, and she worked hard under her mother-in-law's orders, in patriarchal fashion. Generally she obeyed both parents and husband, and loved and reared a large family, until she faded, very young, as the Orientals do. But she was a transformed creature if brought into a better atmosphere. Such girls as came into our household, as maids and nurses or in other positions for service, showed intelligence, devotion and touching gratitude. One wanted to give them aid, one felt, and not only to them but to all their kind. It was not possible for any small group, however, to bring about the immense changes in the laws that would have been necessary to develop our peasantry; so when we gave our village people our care, and work to do, or when we helped them through a bad year now and again, we had reached the limit of our possibilities. It was very striking to see them so grateful for such things as they received; and their unbelievable quickness to respond to any advantage offered was most winning.

When the war came, in one great wave the women rose to meet the situation. Without exception they gave their men, for the mobilization was general; fathers, sons, lovers, brothers, husbands—all were going, and yet the work of these men, whether in village or on estate, must go on or national production would come to a standstill and armies and population would both lack food. Every woman realized the government could supply nothing to our armies but the bare necessities of war. There were neither nurses nor doctors nor medicines nor Red Cross supplies of any kind; there were no warm clothes for the soldiers and refugees, no underclothes or overcoats, not even enough boots to go round among the troops. Misery and suffering beyond all calculation stared the people and the fighters in the face; and the powers above were swamped by demands they could not meet.

The women rose then to their full height and carried through individually and collectively real miracles of organization. No labor was too heavy, no strain too great. The lazy manner of old was replaced by one of suppressed fire, as brains and bodies which till then had known but pleasant things worked twenty hours in the twenty-four. Everywhere there was rapid preparation, sudden efficiency. Within a month flying columns of first-aid units were on the firing line, while back of it at every château and in every city palace a hospital was improvised and offered gratis to the local administration, with volunteer nurses and doctors waiting in their places.

In St. Petersburg as in the country every motor was given and used in Red Cross work; and homes too small to use as storehouses or hospitals were turned into shops producing clothes and bandages. Sewn and knitted comfort lay piled up in every salon, rows of hospital beds and furniture stretched across ballrooms; sewing machines—whether one or fifty of them—hummed in every house. Conversation was reduced to the news, military and political, and to the discussion of ways and means to treat problems that cropped up. To face these was not easy, for there were few able to teach or lead. Almost no one knew anything; largely we had to feel our way, and it was hard to judge what thing was most needed when so much was being called for. All one had was given without counting and without stint; jewels were pawned to pay for Red Cross trains and other practical small things. Faces went white and strained; and the passion in the eyes, dormant of old, was all alight. It took the outward form of exalted sacrifice.

I read here once on a begging poster: "Give till it hurts!" and I thought of the Russian women and children in those early days of the great war—and for nearly three years afterward—when they gave and stinted and pared down their own lives but never seemed to feel it even, as time and money, hearts and souls, went into the great movement. In the largest houses meals were cut down to one dish or two; dresses were not renewed, and everyone walked in the snowy streets—those who before had owned rich motors. One sitting room was generally kept heated, and great reception halls became mere warehouses; or if all these were warm it was because the wounded and convalescent were living there. Everyone responded to the calls, to the extreme limit of his or her possibilities. Perhaps this great overstraining was one reason why, when deeper troubles came, the population was no longer able to hold out against them and broke down.

The war went on for weeks and months and years; some women physically suffered a collapse, others mentally or morally could not stand the strain, with the constant wear of work, the intense anxiety as to home conditions, and the agony of slow retreats and frightful losses at the Front. Yet most of these patriots went on mechanically with their duties, though their figures wore to shadows of what they had been before.

After about a year of war a new type of woman appeared among us: Amazons who did men's work in field and stable, farmyard and street, and who did it well, making men's wages easily. In the country these developed rapidly and handled many duties never thought of before in their connection; and the new phase promised much for the future of woman's power in the land. Many daughters of the soil tried soldiering early in the war, especially those from our mountain districts who possessed magnificent physiques. I was in the Caucasus in the summer of 1916 and I found the small town where I spent two months had sent a contingent of fifty women to the Front, who were fighting as volunteers, while another unit equally large was preparing to leave.

They usually engaged themselves as men, and often their sex was not recognized during long service. One case like this came to my notice, which seemed especially striking. Several wounded soldiers from a single regiment were brought into a hospital back of the firing line one day. Among them a tall slim young chap was discovered by nurses and doctors to be a woman. Badly wounded she was, and her comrades whom the surgeon questioned seemed greatly surprised to learn the secret of her sex, which she had guarded perfectly through much hard fighting and life in camp or in the trenches. They said she had never shown the least fatigue or the slightest tremor of fear; had been always the first to volunteer for any dangerous duty, and was the fiercest warrior in the regiment when the battle was on. They could hardly believe the news.

The Caucasian Woman's Story

When she was well enough to speak herself she told the head sister her story. Young and strong, a Caucasian tribeswoman, she had remained at home at first and let her men go out to war. The Germans had killed her father, her husband and her three brothers in the first six months. Then she felt she must kill Germans to revenge her own family, thus wiped out; so she had gone to the nearest recruiting station, given a false name, and as they were in a hurry drafting the new men they made no physical examination of anyone who looked as strong as she. Also they accepted the tale that she had lost her identification passport, and she was given a soldier's paper without question. She went forward to the training station.

"After that it was smooth enough sailing, for I had always handled a gun, and could ride and walk and shoot with the best, and was used to our rough mountain life and camping. Only, sister, I must get well now quickly, and return to my duty to revenge my dead and shoot more of the enemy!"

There were a lot of such girls and women in the ranks—sometimes thirsting for revenge, sometimes following a husband or a lover. The general testimony was to their splendid pluck and endurance. I never heard any criticism of their conduct; nor could fault be found with the discipline they showed.

Aside from these female soldiers there were many women in more normal rôles living constantly during three years out on the firing line. Great ladies stayed with the troops and turned their newly hardened, blackened hands to doing chores; risking their lives daily to bring the wounded back toward home and help. They established long lines of motor cars, and were generally supporting these machines from their own purses. Aristocrats were ably seconded by their sisters from every walk in life, as they all struggled shoulder to shoulder in the great cause. Ex-beauties of the court and their own maids were wearing the same khaki, doing the same fine saving of mankind; and groups were scattered up and down the Front, where one saw artists, workwomen, courtesans, peasants or bourgeoises giving faithful service in nurse's dress. They all did without beds or sufficient food, and they worked night and day to feed and clothe the soldiers before battles; and to gather, transport and care for the wounded afterward.

Hundreds of these sisters won medals of St. George, and some had several successive grades awarded them for repeated services. One, the head of a flying column, whom I had known well in Petrograd's gay days, as a fragile belle at

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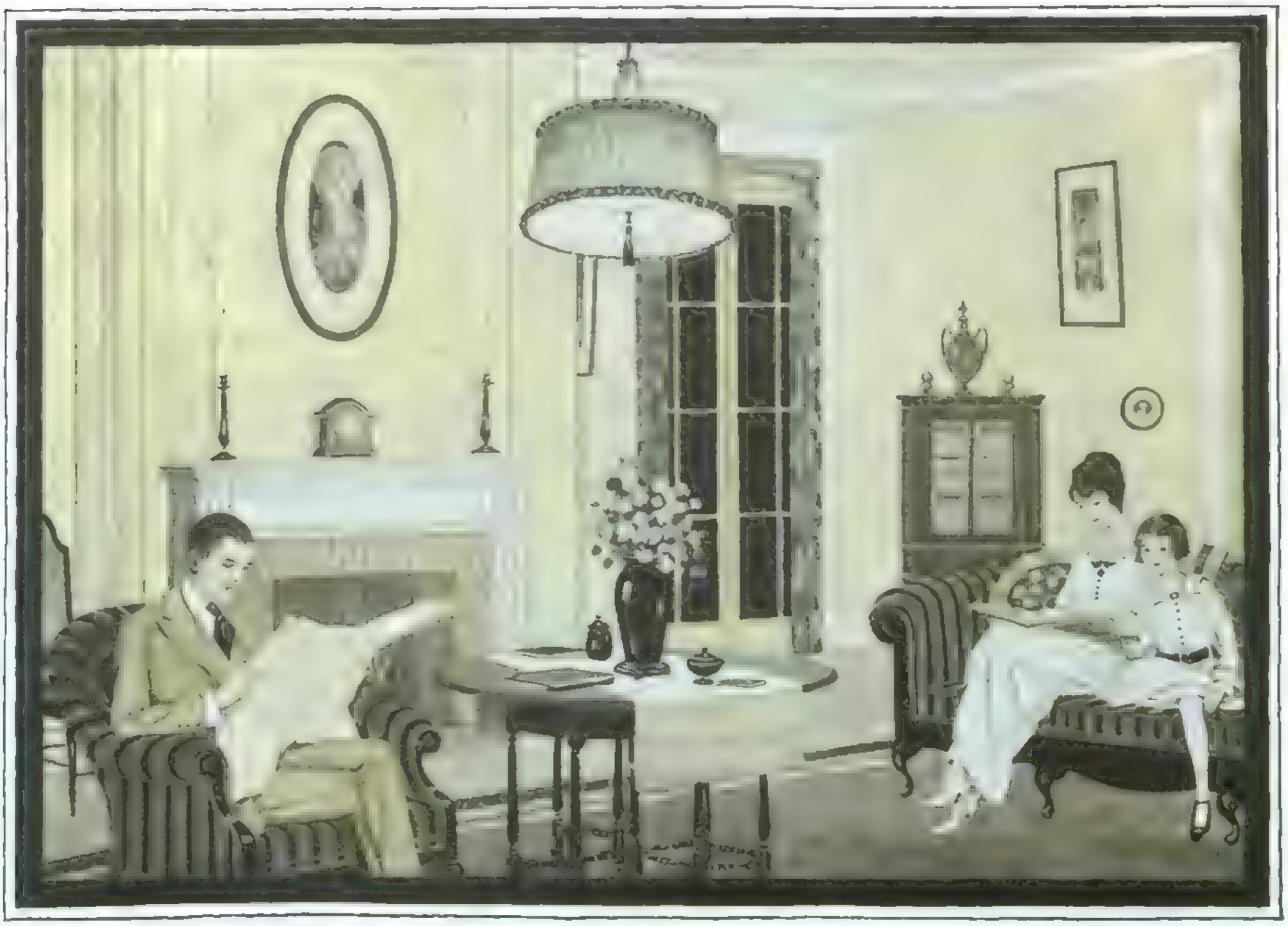
PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON NEW YORK CITY

The Princess Irina Alexandrovna and the Grand Duchess Marie Georgeevna



Why you have never had enough light

Such stores as Lord & Taylor, New York, use Duplex Lighting in departments where the best lighting is necessary for the comfort of customers and salespeople.

MOST people pass their evenings in underlighted rooms, which means discomfort and eyestrain. Why? Not for economy, for good light costs little.

The reason is that it has been almost impossible to get a room light enough without a dazzling spot of glare about each fixture.

Now Duplex Lighting—the greatest advance in lighting since the Mazda Lamp—has solved the problem.

It is a unique combination of direct and indirect lighting, with all the merits of both and none of the faults of either. It floods the whole room with soft, mellow radiance, without glare and without deep shadows.

Silk, cretonne and parchment shades in a variety of designs and color tones make it a decorative addition to any room.

Duplex Lighting offers the first practical means of using in the home the Mazda C lamp, the most efficient and economical lamp ever invented. The curved metal deflector provides a beautiful diffusion throughout the room, while the flat diffusing disc gives added intensity beneath.

Duplexalites, with beautiful shades, cost no more than the usual "lighting fixtures".

Your electrical dealer can install Duplexalite in a few minutes.

An interesting illustrated booklet "Light Where You Want It" will be sent on request if you mention your electrical dealer's name.

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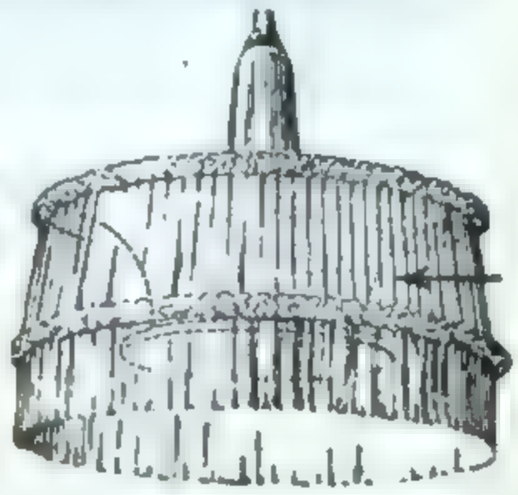

The instrument specially to play Victor and Victrola

"What artists make records for it?" That indicates the quality talking-machine as a musical instrument—upon that depends the ure you will get from it. The Victrola brings to you the greatest a of all the world—and they make records for the Victor Company e sively because they are convinced that only Victor Records do full ju to their art; that only the Victrola brings that art into your home its beauty.

Such fidelity of tone is possible only because Victor Records an Victrola are scientifically coordinated and synchronized in the proc of manufacture. They should be used ***together*** to secure a perfect r duction. That is the way for you to hear in your own home the su interpretations of the greatest artists exactly as they themselves h and approved their own work.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $12 to $950. Any Victor dealer will gladly demonstrate the Victrola and play your favorite music.

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Victrola XVII
Mahogany or oak $300
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Lee Union-Alls
Not a genuine UNION ALL unless this design is embossed on the buttons. Look for it. Remember there is only one UNION ALL the LEE

You see them everywhere on intelligent, discriminating men.

Undoubtedly **The Most Popular Work Garment *in* America**

But remember: IT ISN'T A UNION-ALL IF IT ISN'T A LEE.
Look for the full name, "LEE UNION-ALLS" embossed on the buttons.

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The H. D. Lee Mercantile Co.

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UNION Lee MADE
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Ask your dealer or write for descriptive booklet

(Concluded from Page 92)

many a ball, seized an enemy's boat moored to a riverbank and ferried it back and forth for two long days and nights under the German fire, carrying provisions and munitions going and the wounded on her return trips.

Another Red Cross sister, who had been attached for some time to a certain unit of troops on the Polish Front, volunteered and went into battle with a company of infantry sent forward to capture some trenches. The fight was especially deadly; every officer in the small band was shot before the last trench was reached. The sister and her stretcher bearers, with the young student doctor attached, had helped all those they could. These officers had been stretched out, and when possible made comfortable, but not one of them was able to stand or to give orders; and still there remained that last trench to take. In the emergency this woman, seizing a sword, rushed to the head of the small waiting band of soldiers and shouting the order to charge, with her veil and skirt flying she led the way!

Of course every man followed her. With tremendous enthusiasm the trench was captured, and the little Red Cross sister had time to realize the victory was won before she dropped dead, her heart pierced by a German bullet.

With deep reverence the men carried her body back to safety. Later she was given a military funeral, and because she had already received the whole series of decorations given to women she was now awarded a man's decoration for her man's work—the Officers' Cross of the Order of St. George was laid upon her coffin by the committee of that order. I was told at the time her honors were unique; as much so as her actions which had merited them so well.

The Battalion of Death

Back of the lines all over Russia, each in her quiet corner, women worked, and prayed, and worked again; and perhaps their quiet patience and the way they faced the gathering difficulties through those hard months of 1914, 1915 and 1916 were no less brave than was the action of their sisters who accompanied our armies.

I was always hearing of their courage in the field and their power of making a little go a long way to help the men; also of the inspiration which the women gave. It was all the soldiers ever received in the way of care and comfort, for from first to last the government could do nothing in this line at all. There was never even a question of making trenches livable, or the possibility of giving proper uniforms; and of course no one thought of offering a pleasure or distraction to either the officers or the soldiers who for three long years strove to hold our frontiers in the common cause. They had no vacations from the firing line save ten days once in each three months; and that was only thought of in the second year of war! All the money we women could scrape together went for absolute necessities which the authorities could not provide, and the latter felt they had every reason to be proud if they managed to serve munitions and black bread in sufficient quantities to keep such huge armies as were needed on a battle line two thousand miles in length. The government was not successful always in giving even so much to its sons, and misery was always great. No wonder German propaganda sowed its seeds on fertile ground!

When the revolution came every woman rejoiced; for high and low, in each stratum of the nation, its daughters had been discouraged by the complete helplessness of the autocratic régime in facing war problems. To every fireside the new theories therefore brought fresh hope and courage. Those farthest from the capital kept these longest, but after the third or fourth month of liberty had passed illusions faded out all over Russia. The women began to wonder what their duties would be in the conditions of growing disorder. Some soon faced a business crisis, with the wrecking of homes, the arrest, martyrdom and murder of their sons, husbands, brothers and fathers, while they heard insults never ending addressed to all they held most dear.

Others faced the breaking up of their war-work organizations. All saw their fortunes by degrees crumble, and the ancient frame of life blow down. Worn and weary, racked in soul and body, they watched the slow disintegration of our whole nation's fabric, through the German propaganda and the growing movement of Bolshevism. It was amazing how they stood the test and still braced against the fatal current. The women in the villages everywhere fought vodka and disorders, which gained ground in spite of them.

In the upper classes the women leaders of the revolution preached publicly true liberty and against blind tyranny with all their strength. The venerable Bréschkaia-Bréschkovsky forgot her age and her thirty years of prison and traveled about calling to arms in the crusade against anarchy. Then she went to live near Kérensky, doubtless to uphold the demagogue's failing will. Many other women worked and spoke, hoped and believed to the eleventh hour; loath to give up the fair ideals born of the revolution.

The action of Maria Batchkarova was perhaps the most marvelous of all. A peasant with a cruel life behind her, a soldier in the front ranks since the war began, she realized in the early months of the revolution how the monster anarchy was threatening Russia's safety and her honor. Without hesitation she acted; and by her own personal effort alone she created, drilled and conducted into battle that wonderful organization, the Women's Death Battalion. The members of it took an oath to save our national honor or to die. They made it their business to be such an example as men might well be proud to follow. To me this group collectively stands in our history on a par with that single heroine of France, Joan of Arc. They suffered for the lack of all material things, but never complained; they withstood the test of ridicule and all temptations, as they did also the taunts of prejudiced onlookers.

First they fought against the Germans at the Front, and were killed like flies because the regiments on each side broke and fled, leaving these women to face a bloody fate. Their ranks were reformed at once then, and companies were filled out with fresh volunteers. Again they threw themselves into the mêlée. Against terrific odds they stayed there, fighting, dying, till they were called away for a still rougher and more tragic duty. Kérensky, the people's idol once, could no longer, after October, 1917, trust his own guardians about the Winter Palace, so he ordered back the women from the battle front to protect him. And they did so most faithfully until the end.

The crash came, and the mob of Bolshevik soldiers attacked the palace of the ancient czars, become Kérensky's home and offices under the new régime. The troop of women stood their ground there firmly. Hour after hour, day after day through that time of chaos and of blood they defended the last citadel of law and order.

The fight continued till nearly all were sacrificed, and they were too few to cover more than one entrance to the great building. Long since, Kérensky the dictator had fled, leaving his defenders to their destiny, while the other ministers, braver than he, had remained only to be arrested in the council hall. Still Batchkarova's company rallied again and again. At last only a few women were left and they had nothing more to hold, for the mob had seized the palace's rear doors and entered it. So it was all over, and the Bolsheviki took over the government in triumph.

All the leaders of the first revolution have long been exiles abroad, begging allies for their assistance in the great cause of Russia's liberty; and waiting in patience for the rebirth of our land. Such women as were the *femmes des halles* in Paris or the Rosa Luxemburgs of Berlin are conspicuous by their absence in our country throughout the present reign of terror.

Undoubtedly, like others, Russian people have many faults, but throughout their history and as I have known them our women seem soft and gentle creatures, utterly feminine. Orient's heat and northern snows, the vague broad steppes and the closed-in forests, low Baltic marshes and high pinnacles of Caucasian rock—each is reflected in the woman Slav's greatest mystery, each has contributed something to her nature. When her present trials are over and she comes at last into her own it will be seen what late experiences have done to mold the riches of her nature. She has learned from suffering and sacrifice throughout the centuries, and yet has labored on and has accomplished much. How she will blossom out when at last the sunlight shines upon her is a question for the future to decide.

The Dowager Empress of Russia

Amateur Stargazers

THERE appears to be no more fertile field in which amateurs may attain to distinction than that of astronomy. Hundreds of such amateurs are scattered all over the country and their contributions toward the advancement of their chosen science have done a vast deal in putting the United States in the very forefront of astronomy.

Some of these students of the heavens are rich men with costly telescopes and elaborate apparatus, but the great body of them are men in modest circumstances who earn their daily bread in other vocations. More than once European astronomers while visiting America have gone hundreds of miles out of their way to make the acquaintance of amateurs of international reputation. Usually their cab drivers instead of taking them to a modern, well-equipped observatory have deposited them in front of a dingy house in an obscure side street, and the visitors have learned to their dismay that their brother scientist was a bank clerk or school-teacher whose observatory was a pine shack on his roof top and whose telescope was a homemade affair of the crudest description.

And yet these are the very men who are continually telegraphing the great heavily endowed observatories giving the whereabouts of the comets and asteroids and what not that their own keen eyes have been the first to discover.

A case in point is furnished by the Rev. Joel H. Metcalf, pastor of a church at Winchester, near Boston, who spent the month of August at South Hero, Vermont. Before leaving town for his summer holiday Doctor Metcalf packed in the clerical portmanteau his small but trusty telescope. South Hero, Vermont, had not previously been known as an astronomical center; but before the amateur from Winchester had been there many days he announced the discovery of a celestial body absolutely unmentioned in the latest editions of Who's Who in the Heavens.

The discovery of stars appears to require a peculiar knack, or faculty, just as some men can find Indian arrowheads in almost any plowed field and others never see them except in a glass case in a museum. At all events the astronomer of South Hero scarcely allowed time for his discovery to be telegraphed round the world before he made a second one, and again the name of his little Vermont village went humming over the cables.

Doctor Metcalf had previously discovered more than forty minor planets, three comets and several variable stars. When the weather is unfavorable for sky work he puts in his odd moments building telescopes. Every now and then some learned society sends him a medal in recognition of his remarkable work.

Doctor Metcalf does not pretend to have the business acumen of a certain German astronomer who discovered an uncatalogued asteroid and determined to turn his discovery to practical account. He advertised his asteroid in the European press and stated that whoever was first to send him a post-office order for $250 might have the honor of naming it.

Curiously enough the advertisement came under the eye of Baron Rothschild, who at once perceived that a morsel of immortality was to be had at a bargain. The gallant baron immediately sent his check for the amount named and directed that the new asteroid be named in honor of one of the ladies of his family.

Many clergymen have become amateur watchers of the skies. They say that after the writing and preaching of two sermons and raising enough money to put a new roof on the church and adjusting the differences between the soprano and the alto, the contemplation of the starry firmament and the vast interstellar spaces has an incredibly soothing effect upon overworked brains and frazzled nerves.

Large photograph: Showing a Goodyear Solid Tire after three years' service on a five-ton truck owned by City Fuel Company, Boston. Inset: Part of 12-truck fleet, entirely Goodyear-equipped, in Neponset Yard

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GOODYEAR
AKRON

The Verdict of Millions of Tire Miles

"WE kept cost records of standard makes of truck tires and as a result adopted Goodyear Solid Tires for all our 12 trucks. Our experience with them dates from 1915, and has been decidedly gratifying, mileages always averaging at least 15,000 and running up to 33,000."—Burton Phinney, Purchasing Agent, City Fuel Co., Boston

The first Goodyear Solid Tire ever used by the City Fuel Company of Boston ran 29,000 miles.

This was by no means an extraordinary Goodyear mileage but it was an unusual tire mileage for the City Fuel Company.

It was their introduction to the stamina of the Goodyear Solid Tire after experience with practically all other well-known makes.

So more of the tenacious Goodyear Solid Tires immediately were put to the test of the concern's particularly severe hauling duty.

Officials checked the records as these tires labored month after month out of the littered coal yards and over many rough pavements with dead-weight tonnages.

In due time it was observed that, while the greatest individual mileage obtained from another make had been 12,000, all the Goodyear mileages averaged 25 per cent higher.

Indeed, it was observed and recorded that all the Goodyear Solid Tires on the trucks carrying the heaviest burdens averaged above 20,000 miles.

Subjected to conditions such as most quickly grind the miles out of tough rubber compounds, these tires had demonstrated the superiority of their treads.

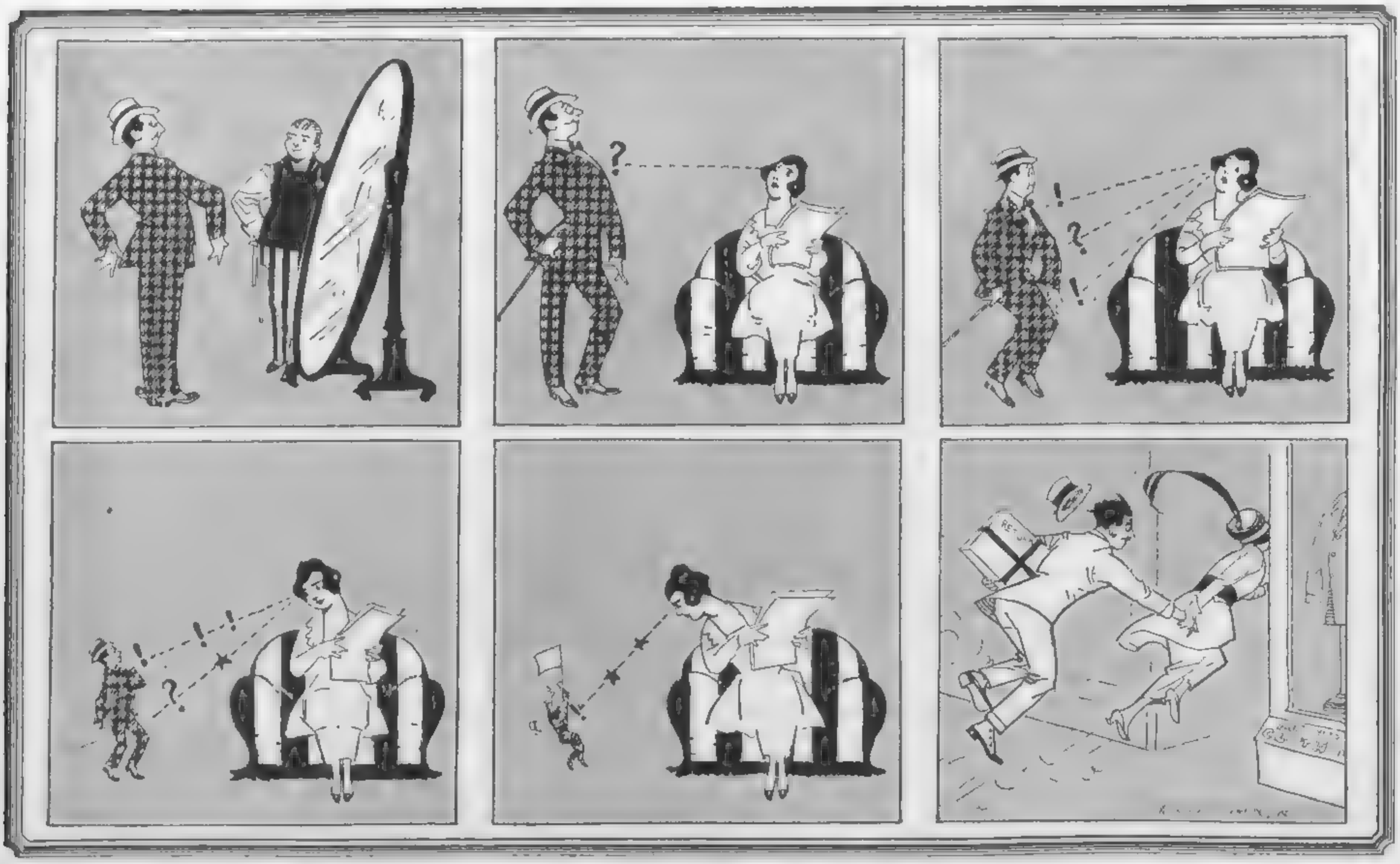
Punished constantly by strains such as sometimes wrench solid tires loose from steel bases, these had proved the massive strength of their whole construction.

Now, the major result of the City Fuel Company's experience, totalling millions of tire miles, is noted in the fact that every wheel of every truck is Goodyear-shod.

In indicating another factor in this result, the company points to important attention received from a local Goodyear Truck Tire Service Station, one of hundreds serving truck owners everywhere throughout the country.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

TRUCK TIRES



Many a man has had a perfect fit trying to pick one!

TAKE her with you first and get something that will last, instead of getting something at last that you should have gotten at first.

Women know fabrics and style too. And what's a great deal more to the point—they know *value* in clothes. If you're wise, you'll take our tip and let your wife, mother, sweetheart or sister help you pick where the picking is good.

Lead her to the Value-First Dealer in your community. The rest will be easy, for with her expert buying judgment she will be quick to appreciate, even more than you will, the remarkable *values* in Michaels-Stern Value-First Clothes—

Value—woven into the cloth
Value—tailored into the garment
Value—expressed in smart styles
Value-First—last and all the time.

Send for interesting Booklet—"How Clothes Help Win Success."
MICHAELS, STERN & CO., *Rochester, New York*

STOP at the sign of the Value-First Boy; He's the sign of a VALUE-FIRST STORE

MICHAELS-STERN

VALUE-FIRST Clothes

WHEN AUGUST THE SECOND WAS APRIL THE FIRST

(Continued from Page 11)

for hours upon his veranda, the grave courtesy of the ceremony, in which a white man differently constituted might have taken joy, merely bored him unutterably. As for the native women, they had as little of sex appeal for him as he had for them—which was saying a good deal now, because he was short and of a meager shape, and the scorn of the Polynesian girl for a little man is measureless. The girls of Good Friday Island called him by a name which sounded like "Pooh-pooh."

Among an English-speaking people it would have been a hard-enough lot to be pooh-poohed through life by every personable female one met. Here the coupled syllables carried an added sting of contemptuousness. In the language of the country they meant runty, mean-figured, undersized. A graceful girl, her naked limbs glistening with coconut oil, a necklet of flowers about her throat and a hibiscus bloom pasted to her cheek like a beauty spot, meeting him in the road would give him a derisive smile over her shoulder and with the unconscious cruelty of primitive folk would softly puff out "Pooh-pooh" through her pursed lips as she passed him by. And it hurt. Certain of the white residents called him Pooh-pooh, too, which hurt more deeply.

How he hated the whole thing—the dampness which mildewed his shoes and rusted out his nettings; the day heat which kept him bathed in clamminess; the pestiferous insects; the forest with its voices like sobbings and hammerings and demoniac chatterings; the food he had to eat; the company he had to keep; the chiefs who bored him; the girls who derided him; the beachcombers who nauseated him; the white sands, the blue waters, the smells, the sounds, the routine of existence with one day precisely like another—the whole thing of it. We may picture him as a humid duck-legged little man, most terribly homesick, most tremendously lonely, most distressingly alien. We may go further and picture him as a sort of combination of Job with his afflictions, Robinson Crusoe with no man Friday to cheer him in his solitude, and Peter the Hermit with no dream of a crusade to uplift him. In these four years his hair had turned almost white, yet he was still under forty.

To all about him, white people and brown people alike, the coming of the steamer was an event of supremest importance. For the islanders it meant a short season of excitement, most agreeable to their natures. For the whites it meant a fleeting but none the less delectable contact with the world outside, with lands beyond, upon which all of them, for this reason or that, had turned their backs, and to which some of them dared never return.

In his case the world did not mean the world at large but merely the small circumscribed world of South New Medford, which was his world. To him South New Medford comprehended and summed up all that was really worth while. He welcomed the steamer not because it brought news of wars and rumors of wars nor tales of great events on this continent or in that archipelago, but because it brought to him a sheaf of letters, all addressed in the same prim handwriting and bearing the same postmark; and a sheaf of copies of the South New Medford Daily Republican. The letters he read at once greedily, but with the newspapers he had a different way. He shucked them out of their wrappers, arranged them in proper chronological order with those bearing the later dates at the bottom and those bearing the older dates upon the top of the heap, then stacked them on a shelf in his living room. And each morning he read a paper.

In the beginning of his sojourn on Good Friday Island he had made a grievous mistake. Following the arrival of the first steamer after he took over his duties as resident manager for the British Great Eastern he had indulged himself in a perfect orgy of reading. He had read all his Daily Republicans in two days' time, gorging himself on home news, on mention of familiar names and on visions of familiar scenes. Then had ensued sixty-odd days of emptiness until the steamer brought another batch of papers to him.

From that time on he read one paper a day and one only. Reading it he lived the life of the town and became one of its citizens; a sharer at long distance in its joys, its sorrows and its small thrills. But never now did he read more than one paper in a single day; the lesson of those two months had sunk in. No temptation, howsoever strong—the desire to know how the divorce trial of the H. K. Peabodys turned out, the itch of yearning to learn whether the body of the man found drowned in Exeter Pond was identified—proved potent enough to pull him away from his rule. That the news he read was anywhere from ten weeks to four months old when it reached him did not matter; in fact, he very soon forgot that such was the case. For two precious hours a day he was translated back to the day and date that the rumpled sheet in his hands carried on its first page. Afterward he reverted quite naturally and without conscious jar to the proper time of the year as advertised by the calendar.

His routine would be like this: He would rise early, before the heat of the day was upon Good Friday Island to make it steam and sweat and give off smells. He would shave himself and bathe and put on clean loose garments, all white except where the stains of the wild yellow berries had blotched them. His breakfast he prepared himself, afterward washing the dishes. Then he would light his pipe or his cigar and take from the shelf the uppermost copy of the pile of Daily Republicans there. With the love for tidiness and kemptness that was a part of him he would smooth out its creases, then sit down on his veranda to read it. Immediately he became detached from all his surroundings. By his concentration he was isolated from and insulated against all external influences. He was not in Good Friday Island then; he was in South New Medford.

Each morning he read his paper through from the top line of the first column of the first page to the bottom line of the last column of the fourth, or last, page. He read it all—news matter, local items, clippings, advertisements, want notices, church notices, lodge notices, patent insides of boiler plate, fashion department, household hints, farm hints, reprint, weddings, funerals and deaths; syndicate stuff, rural correspondence—no line of its contents did he skip. With his eyes shut he could put his finger upon those advertisements which ran without change and occupied set places on this page or that; such, for instance, as the two-column display of J. Wesley Paxon, Livery Barn, Horses Kept and Baited, Vehicles at All Hours, Funeral Attendance a Specialty; and the two-inch notice of the American Pantorium and Pressing Club, Membership $1.00 per Month, Garments Called For and Delivered, Phone No. 41, M. Pincus, Prop. He was like a miser with a loaf; no crumb, however tiny, got away from him. To him there was more of absorbing interest in the appearance of the seventeen-year locust in Chittenden County than in a Balkan outbreak; less of interest in the failing state of health of the Czar than in the prospects for the hay crop in the Otter Creek valley.

When he had read on through to the last ink-smudged line he would reread the accounts of those matters which particularly attracted him on their first reading. Then reluctantly and still in his state of absorption, he would put the paper aside and going inside to a small desk would write his daily chapter in a bulky letter, the whole to be posted on the next steamer day. It was characteristic of the man that in his letter writing he customarily dealt in comment upon the minor affairs of South New Medford as they had passed in review before him in the printed columns, rather than in observations regarding witnessed occurrences in Good Friday Island. This writing stunt done, his day was done. The rest was dullness. Unutterable, grinding dullness—the monotony of dealing out wares to customers, of keeping his accounts, of posting his records to date, of performing his domestic chores.

From this dullness, though, there was sometimes an escape. To relieve the monotony of his cheerless grind of duties and obligations there came to him visions. And these visions, we may be very sure, mainly were induced by what he had that day read and that day written. By virtue of a special conjury residing in these waking dreams of his, the little man peering nearsightedly at the shimmering white beach saw instead of a beach the first heavy fall of snow upon the withers of the Green Mountains; saw not unchanging stretches of sand but a blanket of purest fleece, frilled and flounced and scrolled after the drift wind had billowed it up in low places but otherwise smooth and fair except where it had been rutted by sleigh runners and packed by the snow-boltered hoofs of bay Dobbins and sorrel Dollies, the get of Morgan stock.

In the insane forest voices he heard the contented cacklings of fat hens scratching for provender beneath the gnarled limbs of ancient apple trees whose trunks all were so neatly whitewashed up to the lowermost boughs. Looking upon the settlement where he lived, set as it was like a white-and-green jewel in a ring of lush barbaric beauty, his fancy showed him the vista of a spinsterish-looking Main Street lined by dooryards having fences of pointed painted pickets, and behind the pickets peonies and hollyhocks encroaching upon prim flagged walks which led back to the white-paneled doors of small houses buried almost to their eaves in lilac bushes and golden glow.

(Concluded on Page 104

A Roaring and a Crashing Filled His Ears. For This He Had Endured What Had Been Well-High Unendurable—Loneliness, Homesickness, Isolation, Discomfort

Monito SOCKS

It would be evading the plain truth not to admit that there are several brands of fine socks other than MONITO which give unusually long wear. On the other hand it would be unduly modest not to assert that MONITO Socks possess perhaps far more style than is usual. And that their fit comes as a welcome surprise. As a pleasant means of introduction to the goodness of the MONITO family we recommend the purchase of Style 522—pure silk.

Moorhead Knitting Co., INC.

MAKERS OF MEN'S SOCKS
AND WOMEN'S STOCKINGS

Harrisburg, Pa.

Sales offices in the principal American Cities

NOT EVEN in America have men been able to equal the humble artistry of the little silk worms of China and Japan. Until something better is discovered Monito Silk Socks will continue to be made from the only real silk we know of—silk originated by silk worms. Mark the *natural* softness and lustre of such silk in your Monito Socks.

Monito
SOCKS

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M. K. Co. Inc.

(Concluded from Page 101)

The magic of it made all things to match in with the image: Thus, for example, the tall palms with their feather-duster tops, bending seaward, turned into broad elms standing in regular double rank, like Yankee militiamen on a muster day. And night times, when through his windows there came floating in the soft vowelsome voices of native fishermen paddling their canoes upon the lagoon and singing as they paddled, he felt himself translated many thousands of miles away to Wednesday evening prayer meeting in a squat, brick church with a wooden belfry rearing above its steep slated roof.

But in this last conjuring-up of a beloved scene there lay at the back of the trick more of reminiscence than imagination, since the airs the fishermen chanted were based, nearly all, upon Christian songs that the earlier missionaries had brought hither; the words might be Polynesian but the cadence that carried the words was likely to be the cadence of some pioneer hymnster.

And ever and always the vision had a certain delectable climax; a definite consummation most devoutly wished for. For its final upshot would be that Ethan Pratt would behold himself growing old in the peaceful, safe harbor of South New Medford, anchored fast by his heartstrings to a small white cottage, all furbished and plenished within, all flowers and shrubs roundabout, with a kitchen garden at its back, and on beyond an orchard of whitewashed trees where buff cochins clucked beneath the ripening fruit, and on beyond in turn a hay meadow stretching away toward rising foothills.

He saw himself working in the flowers and tilling the vegetable garden. He watched himself quitting this haven to walk a sedate way to worship of a Sunday morning. With his mind's eye he followed his own course in a buggy along a country road in the fall of the year when the maples had turned and the goldenrod spread its carpet of tawny glory across the fields. And invariably his companion in these simple homely comfortable employments was a little woman who wore gold-rimmed glasses and starchy print frocks.

Into the picture no third figure ever obtruded. With her alone he conceived of himself as walking side by side through all the remaining days of his life. For this mousy methodical little man had his great romance. Unsuspected and undetected, inside the commonplace cover of his body it burned with a clear and a steady flame. It had burned there, never flickering, never wavering, through all the days of his faring into far and foreign parts. Since childhood the two of them had been engaged. It was she who wrote him the letters that came, a fat sheaf of them, by every steamer; it was to her that he wrote in reply. It was for the sake of her and in the intention of making a home for her that through four years he had endured this imprisonment or this martyrdom or this whatever you may be pleased to call it, away off here on the opposite side of the world from her. She was saving and he was saving, both for a common purpose. Back here at home it cost her little to live, and out here it cost him less. In fact, it cost him almost nothing. Ninety per cent of his pay went into his share of the pool.

Within another year the requisite sum which this pair of canny prudent souls had set as their modest goal would be reached; and he then could bid an everlasting farewell to these hated islands and go sailing home—home to South New Medford and to Miss Hetty Stowe. And then she would surrender the place she had held for so long as the teacher of District School Number Four, to become Mrs. Ethan Allen Pratt, a wife honored, a helpmate well-beloved.

So to him the coming of the steamer meant more than an orgy of drunken beachcombers and a bustle of life and activity upon the beach; it meant more than a thin-strained taste of contact with a distant world of white men and white men's ways; meant more, even, than letters and papers. To him it was a renewal of the nearing prospect of an eternal departure out of these lands. By the steamer's movements he marked off into spaced intervals the remaining period of his exile; he thought of the passage of time not in terms of days or weeks but in terms of two-month stretches. Six visits more of the ship, or possibly seven, and this drear life would come to an end and another life, the one of his hopes and plans, would begin.

For its next time of coming the boat was due on or about August the first. She failed to come on the first, but on the second, early in the morning, she came nosing into the lagoon. In a canoe with a brown man to paddle him Pratt put off for her. He was alongside by the time her anchor chains had rattled out, and the skipper with his own hands passed down to him a mail bag. He brought it ashore and from it took out his packet of letters and his sheaf of Daily Republicans. These he carried to his quarters.

First he read the letters, finding them many fewer in number than was usual. By his private system of chronological accounting there should have been one letter for every day from the eighteenth of March well on into May. But here were but a scant dozen instead of the expected fifty-odd. On the other hand there seemed to be a fairly complete file of the papers, except that about ten or twelve of the earlier-dated numbers were missing. By some freakishness in the handling of the post at this port or that a batch of the older papers and a larger batch of the newer letters had failed of ultimate delivery to the steamer; so he figured it. This thing had happened before, causing a vexatious break in his routine. Plainly it had happened again. Well, away out here off the beat of travel such upsettings must be endured.

He arranged the papers upon their proper shelf and in their proper order; then, as was his wont, he turned to the letters and read them one by one. To another they might have seemed stiff and precise in their language; almost formal, faintly breathing as they did the restrained affections of a woman no longer young and coming of a breed of women who almost from the cradle are by precept and example taught how to cloak the deeper and the more constant emotions beneath the ice skim of a ladylike reserve. But they satisfied their reader; they were as they always had been and as they always would be. His only complaint, mentally registered, was that the last one should bear the date of March twenty-ninth.

Having read them all he filed them away in a safe place, then brought the topmost copy of his just-received file of newspapers out upon the veranda and sat himself down to read it.

The first column always contained local news. He read of the wand drill given by the graduating class of the South New Medford Girls' High School; of a demonstration of Wheat-Sweet Breakfast Food in the show window of Cody's drug store; of a fire from unknown causes in Lawyer Horace Bartlett's offices upstairs over G.A.R. Hall, damage eighty dollars; of the death of Aunt Priscilla Lyon, aged ninety-two; of a bouncing, ten-pound boy born to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Purdy, mother and child doing well—all names familiar to him. He came to the department devoted to weddings. There was but one notice beneath the single-line head; it made a single paragraph.

He read it, and as he read the words of it burned into his brain like a fiery acid. He read it, and it ran like this:

"We are informed that a surprise marriage took place this morning at Rutland. In that city Miss Hetty Stowe, of near this place, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Mr. Gabriel Eno, of Vergennes. We did not get the name of the officiating minister. The bride is an estimable lady who for years past has taught District School Number Four in the county. We have not the pleasure of the happy bridegroom's acquaintance but assume he is in every way worthy of the lady he has won for a wife. Ye Editor extends congratulations to the happy pair and will print further details when secured."

He read it through again, to the last blurred word. And as he reread a roaring and a crashing filled his ears. It was the castle of his hopes crashing down in ruins. So this, then, was why the sequence of letters had been so abruptly broken off. She had lacked the courage to tell him of her faithlessness; she had chosen the course of silence, leaving him to learn of the treachery through other sources. It was cruelty piled upon cruelty compounded.

For such a sorry ending he had cut four years out of his life. For this reward of all his constancy he had endured what had been well-nigh unendurable—loneliness, homesickness, isolation, discomfort. For this he had kept his body clean and his soul clean where all about him was sloth and slackness. He thought backward upon that which he had undergone; he thought forward upon the dreary purposeless prospect that stretched unendingly before him. Never now could he bring himself to go back to the spot of his shattered dreams. And to him that was the one place in all the world worth going back to.

He put his face down upon his crossed arms, and presently there began to escape from him strangled sobs sounding most grotesquely like some strange mimicry of the name the native girls had for him—"Pooh-pooh, pooh-pooh, pooh-pooh," over and over again repeated. Beyond his doorstep the life of the station hummed and throbbed, quickened into joyous activity by the coming of the steamer. He was not conscious of it. That roaring still was in his ears.

Now between his racking sobs he began to pray aloud a broken prayer. He did not pray for divine forgiveness of the thing he meant to do. By the narrow tenets of his faith his soul, through the deliberate act of his hands, would go forth from the body, doomed to everlasting torment. It did not appear feasible to him that God might understand. The God he believed in was a stern God of punishments, sitting in strict judgment upon mortal transgressions. So he prayed not for mercy but for strength to carry him through that which faced him.

In a cupboard in the inner room was a single-barreled, muzzle-loading fowling piece made at Liège, in Belgium, many years before. His predecessor in the station had left it behind him and Pratt had succeeded to possession of it. He knew how to load and fire and clean it. Occasionally he had used it in shooting at wood pigeons. He went inside and took it from its place and charged it with black powder from an old-fashioned metal powder flask and with heavy shot from a worn shot pouch. For wadding he tore apart the front page of the uppermost copy of the pile of Daily Republicans lying upon the shelf where he had placed them less than half an hour before.

He rammed the charge home, with wadding between powder and shot, with more wadding on top of the shot. He withdrew the ramrod and cast it aside; he brought the hammer back to full cock and fixed a cap upon the nipple. He stood the gun upright upon the floor and leaned forward, the muzzle against his upper chest, the stock braced against the edge of a crack in the planking.

With the great toe of his bare right foot he pressed the trigger.

Two natives, passing, heard the booming report and ran in to see what had caused it. They quickly ran out again and brought white men. After the body had been moved from where it had fallen but before the scanty personal belongings of the dead man had been sealed up and before the store had been put under lock and key, the white men made search about the place for any farewell message, or lacking that, any physical evidence that might furnish a possible explanation for the cause of the suicide. They found neither message nor clew. In searching about, one of them came upon a tattered scrap of newspaper. Its burnt edges and its general singed condition proved that it had been used for wadding. The force of the discharge had blown it out, almost intact, to flutter off into a corner.

Moved by a curiosity natural under the circumstances the finder deciphered the smudged and blackened reading that he found upon the two surfaces of the fragment. On one side appeared part of an advertisement of a merchant tailor; on the other side he made out this, which he read with a casual interest only:

"The Editor regrets exceedingly that in yesterday's issue he was victimized and imposed upon to the extent of printing an erroneous and entirely incorrect item, for which mistake we now hasten to make prompt correction and due amends. Some person unknown, taking advantage of the fact that yesterday was April the first, or All Fools' Day, telephoned to our sanctum the information that Miss Hetty Stowe, the well-known teacher, of near here, had been married yesterday morning at Rutland to a Mr. Gabriel Eno, of Vergennes. Accepting the report in good faith, this paper printed it in good faith, as an item of news. We now learn that the entire story was untrue, being, not to mince words, a lie manufactured out of the whole cloth. We learn that Miss Stowe knows the gentleman whose name was given as bridegroom but very slightly, having met him but once, as we are now reliably informed. In fact, nothing could be farther from her thoughts than marriage with the gentleman in question, he being considerably her junior in years. The cruelty of the hoax thus perpetrated is increased by the fact that for the past several days Miss Stowe has been confined to the bed of illness, suffering from a sudden and violent attack of fever, which illness has naturally been enhanced by the embarrassing position in which she has been placed through the act of an anonymous practical joker. Such jokes are entirely out of place and cannot be too strongly reprehended. In correcting this falsehood the Daily Republican wishes to state that the perpetrator of the same is deserving of severe ——"

Here the fragment was torn across.

To the tale there is no moral, unless it be an indirect moral to be derived from contemplation of a strange contradiction in our modern life, to wit: That practical burglary is by law sternly discouraged and practical joking is not.

KING'S

PATENTED PROCESS

DEHYDRATED Fruits and Vegetables

Fresh from the Hills and Vales of Oregon

IF you could go out in the dew covered gardens of Oregon any summer morning and gather the crisp, fresh vegetables or pick the ripe, mature fruits from her wonderful orchards, you could not offer family and guests finer foods and delicacies than those that the King's Dehydrating process brings you.

The Wonder of Dehydration

From the selection of the seed for planting to the delivery of King's products to your table, perfection is our goal. The fruits are at full maturity, sweet and ripe. The vegetables are gathered at the exact time of full development. Both come to you with only the water content missing.

King's Dehydration retains all the full, rich flavor, the delicate colors and the many nourishing qualities with which Nature endows her products of field and tree. We remove only the water. All other elements of the fresh products are undisturbed.

This method of food preservation holds within the product all the characteristics that Nature bestows so bountifully. To prepare for the table, you simply return the water we have removed by soaking the dehydrated product in clear, cold water, and then cook as usual. Refreshed in this simple manner, it returns to its original form and appetizing flavor.

If your grocer is not yet supplied, send the coupon for full-size, trial cartons of any King's products. See the list below. Ask also for "The Story of Dehydration" and our new King's Recipe Book.

King's Food Products Company
45 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon
Eastern Sales Office: First National Bank Bldg., Chicago

Dehydration Plants at:
Salem and The Dalles, Oregon

King's Dehydrated Soup Vegetables offer the housewife a unique opportunity in the preparation of many foods. In itself, this 10c savory vegetable mixture makes from six to eight plates of tasty, nourishing soup. It can also be used in many other pleasing ways as an added touch to pot roasts, as a flavoring for gravies, as a creamed vegetable, as a tempting seasoning for dressing, salads, etc. Unused portions of the dry vegetables can be put away and kept indefinitely.

KING'S FOOD PRODUCTS CO., 45 Fourth Street, Portland, Oregon

Please send me full size, trial packages of King's Dehydrated products indicated, "The Story of Dehydration" and the new King's Recipe Book. I enclose _____ cents.

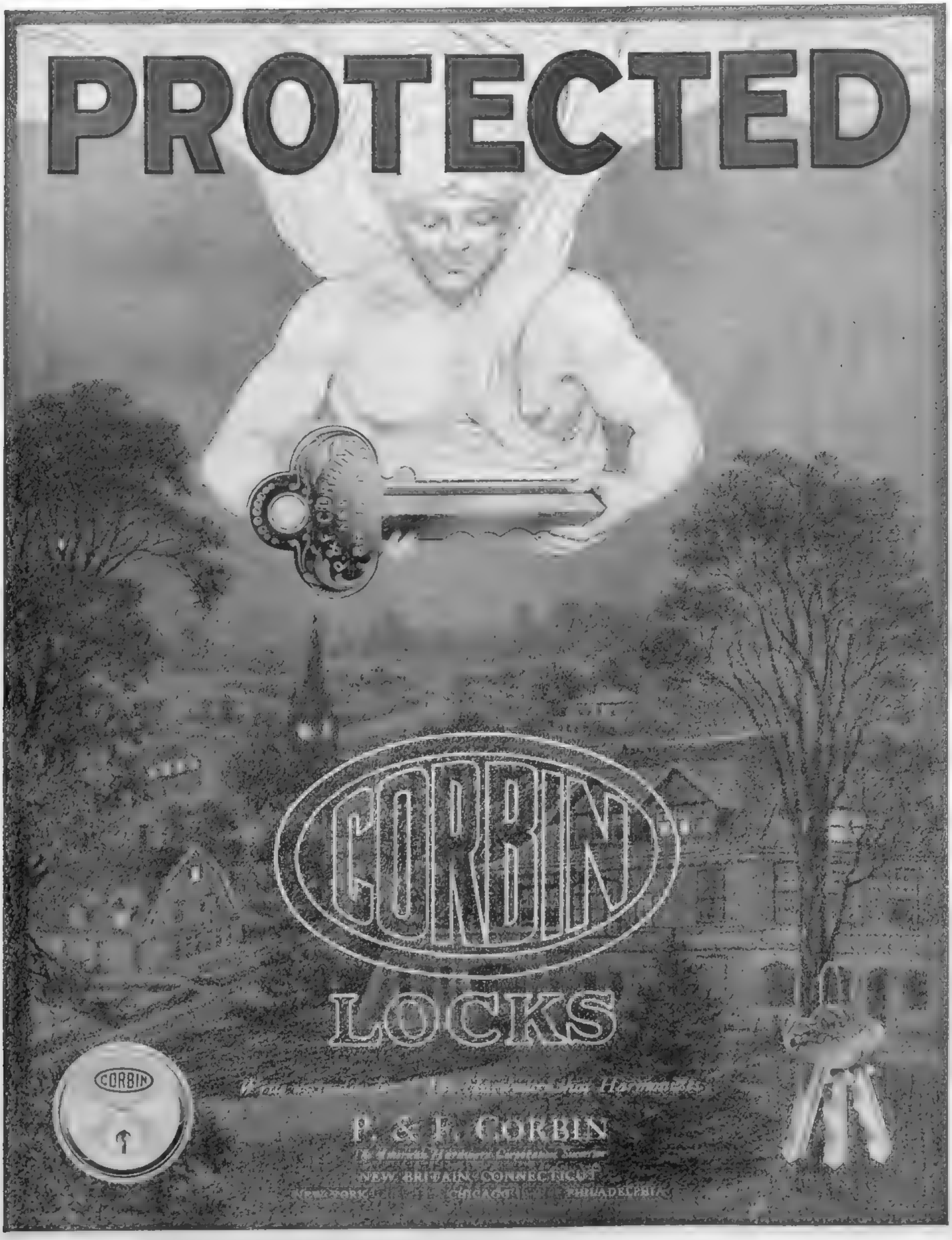
___ Apples—30c per carton (2 large pies or 6 large portions of sauce).
___ Loganberries—35c per carton (Enough for 5 people. Splendid for pies).
___ Peaches—35c per carton (From seven to ten dishes)
___ Prunes—50c per carton (Fifteen portions).
___ Soup, Vegetable—10c per carton (Sufficient for 6 or 8 plates of soup).
___ Spinach—25c per carton (Six to eight generous portions)
___ Squash—25c per carton (A Vegetable for 6 people or 4 pies)
___ String Beans—35c per carton (3 pints when ready to serve).

Name _____

Street _____ City and State _____

Grocer's Name _____

His Address _____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NEW YORK CHICAGO PHILADELPHIA

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

(Continued from Page 16)

They were afraid to make the attempt, but they would never say so.

"That's perfectly true," she said. "I haven't a particle of fear myself, but I have simply no curiosity about it."

She believed herself too. But I did not.

Now I am not brave. I have a sort of insane curiosity about things that gets me into a lot of difficult situations, from which I frequently have to be extricated; a survival of the instinct which made me in earlier days once make a pair of eyebrows out of tar—removed with a razor by an infuriated family; or try an old-fashioned high-wheeled bicycle and have to be sutured.

I am not only not brave; I am a craven coward about a number of things. But I am obsessed with the desire to show other people I am not afraid. I don't fool myself for a moment, but I get away with it now and then with other people. Therefore the more I fear a thing the more likely I am to do it. And that is how I came to fly. It happened like this: I had seen those aëroplanes a number of times. They stood right beside the road, three of them in a row—one red and two yellow ones. Early in the morning they were taken out of their hangars and polished and generally groomed, and as I went by I would see a group of young aviators laughing and smoking cigarettes and apparently oblivious to the fact that they couldn't get life insurance at any price. They didn't look like men with one foot in the grave.

The things obsessed me. They looked terribly small. But every morning I counted them, and there were still three. And the aviators did not seem to diminish in numbers. Once I saw a pilot starting out, and if he kissed anyone good-by I did not notice it. He tucked a bathing suit into the machine, put on a helmet and a pair of goggles, said he was going to the beach for a swim, and got in. I was dazzled by his aplomb. I sat in the security of my automobile and faced the facts. I was afraid to go up. I had done a good many rash things in my life, but I was afraid. A good many people thought I was a brave woman, but they did not know that I was afraid of cows. To the world at large I was a dauntless woman, without nerves.

In for a Flight

I would have to fly, not at once, but sometime. Next month. Or next year.

I remember coming home from the early months of the great war, with what is now the commonplace story of shells and No Man's Land. Partly by accident, partly by not wanting to show the white feather, I had had rather a thrilling time. I had, before I went abroad, been learning to drive a car. I hold the record as the only woman in my town who ever mounted a curbstone in a machine, ran it along the pavement inside two trees and a telegraph post, and out again onto the street without mishap—but also without intention. On my return, therefore, it behooved me to back that car out of the garage, giving it a twist to avoid the flower garden and another twist to avoid taking off a fender. I waited until I was alone. Then taking my courage in my hands I approached the monster. I was very uneasy in my mind, but the gardener was there, so I commenced operations with the sang-froid of a woman who had been to war and had a reputation to uphold. I started the thing, gripped the wheel, went into reverse, let in the clutch and shot forward as if I had been fired out of a gun. I smashed the gardener's potting bench, all the spring tomato plants, ruined a bicycle and narrowly escaped going through the rear wall.

"Got into the wrong gear," I observed to the gardener with a sickly smile. "All right now."

I then got into reverse, backed out, crumpled a mud guard, took a six-inch panel off the door and fetched up in a bed of early peonies.

But I conquered that car in the end. Now here was something else. Heavens, life was just one thing after another! By the time I'd learned to like flying probably parachuting would come in and we would have natty little parachute bags to carry round, and I would have to prove my courage by slipping off into space to make an afternoon call. It is really a dreadful time in which to live.

The way that aviator went off to take a swim impressed me, however. I began to play with the thought of how I should look debonairly stepping into one of the death traps. I dramatized myself doing it with a sort of daredevil nonchalance. Hands in pockets I would saunter up to the thing, cast a professional eye over it, leap in and be gone. When I came down I would be met by a number of newspaper men, who would ask me if there was anything I was afraid to do; and if so, what?

However, I only dramatized myself getting in and getting out. In between was a dark gulf, a bottomless abyss, where my imagination scared like a frightened pup and crawled under the porch.

One day passing a shop in town I saw some leather aëroplane coats for women. They were selling aëroplane coats for women. Therefore other women flew. Was I going to let other women fly while I remained a craven, earth-rooted?

Yes, I was. I had a family. Not for my sake, but for the family's, I must relinquish the thought of adventure. The family was pretty tired of watching me prove to outsiders how brave I was. The family knew. They knew I turned on all the lights below before I went downstairs at night, and that I consider every cow in a field a steer until proved otherwise. I put it on the family for several days. I would probably be doing it yet, but one day I met a man who was a part owner of that aviation field and its deadly trio.

And he said: "You've done all sorts of things, so I suppose you've been up too?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't. It's odd, isn't it? I've had one or two arrangements made at various times, but something always happened."

I did not know about his owning stock in that company or I would have made a different reply. I might have mentioned heart trouble.

"Well!" he said, "we'll just fix that. How about going up to-morrow morning?"

I broke into a clammy sweat.

"Fine," I replied. "I'm perfectly mad to do it! At what time?"

Now I am going to say this about that man. He owned stock in the company, and he was a thoroughly nice person, but I learned later on that he had never been up himself. I got even with him. Before a large crowd on a Sunday afternoon I urged him to try it. And because he hated to seem afraid and didn't think of having a heart lesion, he had to do it. He said when he came down that it was the most wonderful experience of his life, but he hasn't been up since.

"This Smile is Pure Camouflage"

You see, there is no halfway about flying. Either you love it or you hate it.

I was awake very early the next morning. I wakened with a half-conscious sense of something wrong, and after a time I remembered. My riding clothes, neatly laid out on a chair, reminded me. Somewhere the wretched youth who was going to take me up was probably splashing in a shower bath and singing, and equally calm and cheerful mechanics were eating ham and eggs, preparatory to putting gas and oil into the aëroplane for what might be its last flight. I rang for coffee and lay back trying to remember exactly what the Secretary of War told me was the low percentage of casualties counted by flying hours.

But I had a moment of hope too. It was foggy. I considered that no aviator in his senses would go up in that fog. I lay back and read the morning paper. Half of the first column dealt with an aëroplane crash the day before.

When the Japanese boy brought in the coffee I said hopefully: "I'm afraid it's going to be a bad day."

He replied with the calmness of a people which commits hari-kari as complacently as we have our tonsils out. "It clear up all right," he said. "Fine day. Forgot spoon. Come back soon."

He then departed, and left the world to sadness and to me. Shortly after that the field called up and said the fog would lift soon and to come right along. We would hop off at nine o'clock.

I dressed very carefully. If anything happened I felt it only due to my reputation to pass out with all my buttons on, and in my best silk stockings, I had a shampoo and a manicure. I meant to be a tidy corpse

Everyone at the field was very cheery. They held out a little book for me to sign, however, exonerating them from all responsibility in case of trouble. They said it was a mere formality, because they had never had any trouble and didn't expect any.

But as I now had an audience I signed it as casually as I would a club check.

Here is a curious thing about courage. It comes quite often by pretending one has it. It is a sort of acting in which one gets very thoroughly into the part. And the calmness of my pilot cheered me. He was a blithe young man who gave no evidence of having made his last will and testament. He did not seem to be saying farewell to life. He pointed out the fine lines of the machine and patted it a bit, as if he liked it.

"Fine little ship," he said. "Going to have a great ride. Mind the fog?"

"Not a bit," I observed in a brave loud voice.

"All right," he said. "Get in yourself—or need help?"

I was now smiling, but the smile was slightly set—see picture.

"No help, thank you."

Hopping Off

I then watched him get in and made an attempt to follow. But he was twenty-three and I am—see picture again. I needed help. Afterward I learned the trick of it, and I can now get in with quite a professional swing. I feel rather like Douglas Fairbanks when I do it. Indeed I do it so well—especially if there is a crowd round—that I quite give the impression, in case of the pilot swooning, of being able to crawl over and—you know: "The daring woman, seeing death below, crept forward, inch by inch, until the precious lever was within her grasp. With a quick jerk ——"

I was now in and tightly strapped. The pilot was saying "Contact" ever and anon, and somebody was cranking the propeller. There was a terrific noise and wind. We were moving. Farewell, earth. Farewell, sweet life. Farewell, family. Ah, if only they knew that while they still slept peacefully I was bound on this desperate enterprise!

Off the earth! Actually off the earth! Not very far off, but off. Heavens, will we miss those trees? We do. Well, this isn't so bad. One might live through it.

The pilot looks back at me and points a hand below; I am to look down. I don't want to look down. I might upset the thing. Anyhow, I can't turn my head. Every muscle is rigid. The pilot looks back again. Great Scott, why doesn't the boy watch where he is going? He points up this time. There is a hole in the clouds, and we are making for it, exactly like hitting a hole in shrubbery or a gate in a fence. I would rather look up than down, so I watch that.

That is enough of the present tense. It makes hard reading.

We struck the hole and went through. Another machine had followed us up. It contained a man with a camera, behind the pilot. And therewith hangs a tale.

I began to relax, bit by bit. The white ocean of clouds below shut off the earth, and I now released my frenzied grasp of the fuselage and found I could turn my head. I wasn't enjoying it yet but I was enduring it, and I was still alive. The other car was now very close, and the camera was focused on us! I waved to show how easy I felt, but cautiously, because I didn't want to overbalance anything.

Now one thing I had always known: So long as the engine runs one is safe. It is when it stops that one dies. I had therefore a vision of, the moment the roaring ceased, crashing to earth and being the aforesaid tidy remains. The engine stopped.

Farewell, clouds. Farewell, sweet life. Farewell ——

"Great up here, isn't it?" said the pilot.

Merciful powers! He had shut off the engine for a bit of conversation!

"Fine!" I said with stiff lips.

(Continued on Page 110)

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(Continued from Page 107)

He started the engine again.

The other plane kept hanging round, for pictures. At times the wings almost touched. But I was growing calm. I had bethought me of the clever idea of writing a note or two while in the air, subsequently mailing them to admiring friends. I now did so, for my consummate desire to pose as calm under trying circumstances still obsessed me. I should like to see those notes sometime. Once at the Front in France I undertook to make a record of events during an air bombardment. I felt very cool, but the next day this is what I read:

"Town is now being bombarding by sixteen aëroplanes. Sixty sick bombs have already fallen."

The pilot shut off his engine again and turned. But by that time I was deaf with the altitude and the noise. I was enjoying it, so I nodded a vigorous "Yes."

What he really asked was if I would like to do some stunts!

When I realized it I was too late. He waved an arm to the camera man, and speeded up his engine, stopped it and horrors, we were turning over! We turned clear over, and I said the shortest and briefest prayer of my life.

You would think that that was enough—but no, not at all. We turned entirely over the other way. Then for fear the camera man hadn't got it we did it again. Both ways. Then we did a few other trifles, such as a tail spin and so on. That pilot didn't have any inner ears to set spinning. He ate it up. His very back said: "Watch this!"

The camera man said later it made him dizzy to watch us. Well, he hadn't anything on me.

When we were level once more the pilot turned again.

"Want to do some more?" he asked.

Stunts in the Bean Field

I was doing some quick lip reading by that time, and I said "No." I said I had loved it, it was the greatest experience of my life. I didn't see how people got through life without it. But I wasn't any pig about it. I'd get along as it was. I'd manage somehow.

He seemed disappointed. He still had a few tricks up his sleeve, and he hated to waste a perfectly good camera man. But to be serious for a moment, air stunts, though alarming to the novice and spectacular to see, are surprisingly easy as to physical sensation. There is no sense of jerk or strain. The machine rolls over quietly and smoothly. One moment the earth is above instead of the sky, and that is all. But it is a strange moment.

After that cataclysm straight flying was so simple and felt so safe that I enjoyed it. The California summer landscape, brown meadows, with green oases where the faithful garden sprinkler had labored, the moving-picture studios, where during weekdays I was struggling to learn the technic of a new art, the palatial residences of those moving-picture actors who were later on to condescend to leave their happy homes for me and to spend a brief time daily trying to show in six reels what it had taken me a year to write—all these were below me.

I had looked up at those stars in their canvas firmament until my neck ached. Now I looked down.

"Off Guard. This is the Way I Really Felt"

But the pilot wasn't through. Dear me, no! We were now going to see how low we could go without hitting a fence. Until that time we had not seemed to be going fast, but now ——

Some time later after I had made a safe landing and gone back to the hotel, stopping ever and anon on the verandas to state modestly that I had been flying, the family came in from riding. I did not tell them at once. I waited, as a child will with a piece of candy. I felt patronizing, benevolent and slightly headachy.

"Well," they said, "d'you know what happened just now? We met a surveyor in the road, and what d'you think? A couple of darned fools in an aëroplane nearly took off his head in a bean field, and his horse ran away. He's still hunting it."

Never until now have I acknowledged my complicity.

The moment the novice gets his feet on solid earth he is willing to go up again. He feels so awfully safe then, and he forgets his fright, like a toothache. This condition lasts for about two hours. So it was that in that two hours I agreed to go up the next day. Overnight reflection rather altered this, but I had said I would. And I did.

It was at this time that I got in my revenge on the gentleman who owned stock in the company. It was a Sunday, and a large, interested but determinedly earth-bound crowd was on the field. Partly curiosity. Partly to see Charlie Chaplin go up.

Now Mr. Chaplin is a great artist—a real artist—and a charming young man. But he is about as fond of flying as he is of cholera morbus. He flies a great deal. But he is like all great artists, including myself! He has imagination. He likes it when he is up, but he hates the start. Or if he doesn't he pretends to. The crowd was divided between pride and anxiety when he got in. He is a sort of national good-cheer asset, and they didn't want to lose him.

"Even Charlie Chaplin's Million-Dollar Smile is Slightly Set"

In the accompanying picture we are presumably watching an aëroplane. There was no aëroplane there. This reveals how the camera lies. I have, for instance, a photograph of myself and pilot in a ship, taken from above. I am industriously writing, to prove how calm I am. But the ship was on the ground and the photographer on a step-ladder.

Mr. Chaplin went up, and the gentleman who had urged me to my first flight was still on the ground. Before the crowd, then and there, I urged on him the beauties of the upper air, the sense of moving like a bird through the blue empyrean, and so on. And the crowd waited and grinned.

His eyes took on a hunted look, and at last he said: "Oh, all right. Get me a helmet, somebody."

Another Invitation

He got in, after ferociously signing his name in the antiresponsibility book. But before he moved off he said something to me.

"Look here," he said. "I've had a couple of wisdom teeth to be pulled for about six months. D'you mind taking me to the dentist's to-morrow?"

I had by now got that swing of the right leg which clears the back of the pit and gives a truly professional touch. I had done stunts. I had nearly killed a surveyor and made a horse run away. What was left? Had I had my last thrill? Was there nothing further? There was

About to leave the field I mentioned my intention of motoring the next day 150 miles to a more southern city.

"Motor?" they said. "Why don't you fly down?"

Good heavens, were these people insatiable? Wasn't enough enough? But then something entered my mind. By a long-distance flight I would have it all over a certain member of my family who had once looped the loop. Besides, I was by that time beginning to like flying. Also there was a crowd round. Also I had that peculiar sense of safety that comes after a flight, with one's feet planted solidly on the ground.

Of course I would do it. And I would buy me one of those aëroplane coats in the shop window—instead of the coat belonging to the large pilot with an eighteen neck that I had been wearing—and get some real pictures. I did not mention photographers of course. I trusted to the field's publicity instinct. And I was right. They had any number of still photographers on the field the next morning. And a camera man with a movie camera; and I had the coat. I held up the flight with iron determination until I got that coat.

I was prepared to break the news very gently to those junior members of the family who had gone West with me. But to my surprise they showed no anxiety whatever.

They were, on the contrary, rather peevish about it.

"Do you mean to say," they exclaimed, "that you are going to fly there, and let us go in a poky old automobile?"

"Wh-what do you mean?" I asked.

Well, they wanted to fly too. They wanted another ship. Failing that they would sit on the wings. They'd hang on somehow. But I balked. They were young. They had their lives to live. I had lived considerably longer. Shall I refer to the picture again? I wouldn't do it. But to this day

(Concluded on Page 113)

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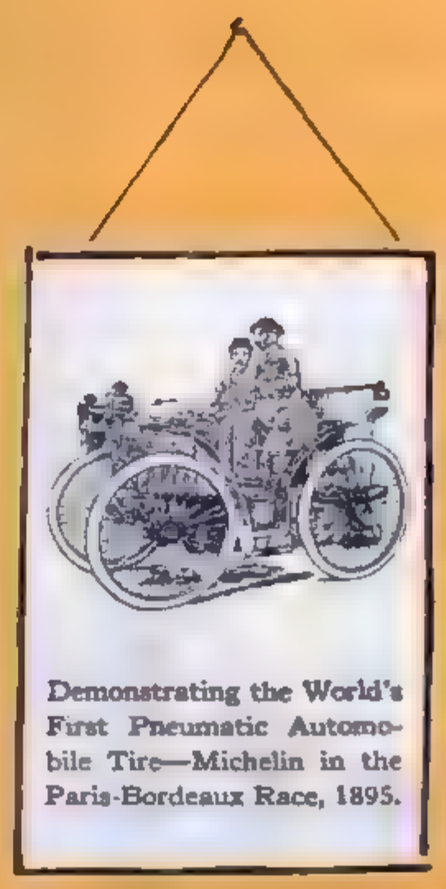

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(Concluded from Page 110)

they have not quite forgiven me for the stiff necks they got at the other end of the flight watching for mother to shoot out of space and land at their feet.

I was extremely calm that day. I sat all morning on the veranda of the hotel and waited for the coat and listened to a charming young man who had bought a ship of his own and was learning to pilot it. He told me about the various ways of crashing and about interesting things that had happened to men he knew in aëroplanes. I took a look at myself at a quarter to twelve, and I was wearing a sort of fixed grin, with my eyes sunk deep in my head. I had by that time decided that the propeller would probably drop off. It was the worst thing I could think of, so I fixed on that.

To ease my mind I ordered a luncheon to eat aloft. There was, I think, a sort of reluctant admiration in the hotel clerk's eyes when I gave the order. I ordered plenty. But I forgot it entirely when the time came to go, and I finally went up with a sandwich and a banana, the luncheon of one of the mechanics at the field.

The head of my moving-picture company had come to see me. He shook hands three times with me and observed that I was a brave woman. I immediately became a brave woman and indicated that the whole thing was a mere bagatelle. Then I signed the book again, and some businesslike person in the crowd asked if I had taken out any insurance lately, as some of the recent policies have an antiflying clause. I then discovered that if this trip was successful it would inaugurate a passenger-carrying schedule. If?

Now I've undertaken to be honest. At the end of three or four hours in the air I looked at my watch. It had been seven minutes. I held like mad to my luncheon, because it might fall out and get caught in something and cause all sorts of damage. Once the sandwich slipped, and my heart almost stopped.

The propeller ahead obsessed me. Suppose it flew off! There were defects in steel every now and then. And how about catching fire? Hot gusts from the engine came back occasionally. Where was the gasoline tank? The pilot was in front of me, and kept looking over the edge. Why? Was anything wrong?

No Place for Olive Stones

But after a half hour or so I began to relax. We were following the coast line, and I tried to find us on the map. The sun was hot, and far below and very small our shadow moved over the landscape, up hill and down, across plowed fields and dry river beds. The coast line was brown, the sea very blue and outlined with white stationary lines, which was the surf. The roar of the engine through the heavy helmet was soothing. The propeller seemed inclined to stay with us. My leaning over to look down did not seem to endanger our equilibrium. I felt hungry and a little drowsy.

Heavens, what was that? The ship shook, tilted one way and then the other, and dropped. It picked up, dropped again, trembled. Air holes. The pilot, whom I had suspected of napping, showed vigilance in the very back of his head. We rode through, and he turned round, smiled and pointed below. We were going over a range of bare precipitous hills and the air currents were uncertain.

I sat back again, and my mind wandered to those boys in France who had known this loneliness of the upper air and who had gone out, like knights of old, to solitary combat. What did they think of as, with every cloud a possible lurking place for an enemy, they sailed through those lonely spaces, eternally vigilant, eternally facing death? And I wondered then, and I wonder now, as I look over this great country, if we are quite worth the sacrifices they made.

I looked below and tried to imagine that peaceful terrain crumbled with bombardment, traced with trenches, filthy, sodden with blood, and buried in it those blind heroic souls for whom the air man was the eyes; and again I wondered.

After a time, everything seeming calm and the pilot still unexcited, I decided to eat. There were two olives stuck in the top of the sandwich, and I began on them. Almost immediately I was faced with the problem of what to do with the pits. Throw them overboard? But what if they stuck in something? Wasn't even a small flying bird apt to wreak havoc with a propeller? And what if some law of suction, of which I knew nothing, drew them into the engine? I debated, but it was no time to take chances. I put them in my pocket.

Then I ate the banana, because I was tired of holding onto it. But here I faced the problem of garbage disposal. Suppose, for instance, that this thing became common, and aëroplanes overhead were as frequent as flivvers on a Sunday afternoon. And suppose they all took lunches and threw overboard the empty pop bottles and the tin cans and the wooden platters and a broken cup or two and emptied out the coffee grounds from above. No; I was a pioneer; I must set a good example. I put the banana skin in my pocket.

The remains of the sandwich, which was horrible, I held firmly to the end.

Towns Seen From the Air

Feeling by that time extremely professional I decided to make a few notes on the landscape for Post readers. I wanted to work in a paragraph or two on the delightful aspect of things from above. But I discovered what every pilot knows—that the earth from above is, as to all points near enough for observation, a plane of two dimensions only, length and width. The aëroplane seemed to represent the only excursion into the third dimension. After a time one learns to see things beneath, but at first all the old standards fail. I don't know to this moment whether certain moving specks were cows or chickens, whether certain boats were gasoline launches or battleships. If I had been at the Front and seen a tank lumbering forward I would probably have thought it was a turtle.

Towns are hideous from the air. We shall have to have a new type of architecture if we are to impress the air tourist and induce him to come down and spend his money in our midst; and this must comprise decorative roofs. No one but Santa Claus ever enjoyed looking down into a chimney. And we shall have to change a lot of other things. Of course the limousine body to the aëroplane will be used for going to dinners and balls, and for going to the theater on those occasions when we have evening clothes. But what about those nights when we decide to hop into the little open bus to fly to the movies or take in a vaudeville? The answer, so far as women are concerned, is either a total change in the present little bus—or breeches. As for hats—well, I look for an improvement in the present leather helmet. It would make a movie queen look plain. Perhaps something on the order of the boudoir cap, at present so popular for motoring with a certain fixed percentage of the population, will be adopted. It will have to have ear muffs, however, and the vogue for sewing false curls into the lace border should be abandoned.

This dress question is an important one. Even the small detail of the handkerchief should not be overlooked. An aviator showed me a natty little trick of tying mine by a corner to a buttonhole of my coat. This was splendid, as the handkerchief could not get away. It was, however, too small to reach my nose, and when I finally untied it it was whipped away. When I last saw it it was heading for the Hawaiian Islands, at an altitude of something over a mile. The aviation handkerchief of the future, then, will probably have a loop at one corner to hang it over a button, and a lead weight at another. It might also have the owner's name and address stamped on it, and a two-cent stamp for its return.

But the most fatal thing of all at the present time to the popularity of flying is its unsociability. The pilot may have the profile of a Greek god, but if every time he turns it to speak it is necessary to shut off the engine, and one's heart stops too, it is difficult to think of a witty response. And mostly he does not turn it. All one has for company is the upper two-thirds of the back of a leather helmet. As a match-making proposition the aëroplane is a failure. And as for descending to some flowery meadow and there saying all the things he has been thinking up while in the air, I can only say personally that after two hours of flying I was stone deaf, and I wouldn't have known whether he was telling me he adored me or was asking me if I wanted a drink of water.

I was quite deaf for some time. We landed at an army aviation field before a lot of ground mechanics and flyers, and if I expected that the removal of my goggles and discovery of my sex was going to make any sensation I was disappointed. D'you think they ran up and shook me by the hand and observed that I was a brave woman?

They did not. A man in overalls came up and I gathered by lip reading and his gestures that we weren't wanted where we were, and to move on down the field and park somewhere else. No newspaper men, no excitement, no cameras. Was this thing to be lost to the world?

I went to the hotel in full aviation garb. Now usually at that hour the verandas of that hotel are thronged with people. There were two elderly men sitting there alone, and they didn't look up. The hotel clerk shook hands with me and asked me if I had had a pleasant trip. The last time I had entered that hotel I was in riding clothes, worn very thin in certain places, with a 30-30 rifle hung to me, a bad case of sunburn from the Mexican sun, and a rolled-up deerskin under my arm. I hadn't shot the deer. This time I was in a complete department-store aëroplane outfit. D'you think he showed any surprise? He did not.

Two Great Uses

I am going in there sometime in a full diver's outfit, including the helmet, carrying a dead fish by the tail, to see if I can rouse him from his calm. But he will probably only slap a key down on the desk and mention that there will be moving pictures in the ballroom at eight o'clock.

I have since those first days done considerable flying, and I realize that my early terrors were absurd. There is no danger about straight flying. It does not even give a sensation of danger, after the first strangeness has worn off. But stunt flying is different.

There are two kinds of motorists: There is the sort that considers thirty miles an hour fast enough, and likes to take the family out into the country on Sunday afternoons and fry some bacon and open a can of baked beans and cut a chocolate cake, and then jogs along home at the children's bedtime. And there is the sort that buys a car by the speedometer, and after getting it likes to step on the accelerator and see it travel. It is the difference between transportation and sport.

The aëroplane likewise has two uses. Used as a means of getting from one place to another or for straight flying for pleasure it is, figures show, safer than earth-bound vehicles. It is the joy-rider, the stunt flyer, who meets mishap. There will be, I venture to say, less and less stunt flying as time goes on. Almost all our aviators to-day are army-trained, and stunt flying was necessary as a part of their training. It was intended and it served to help them out of tight places in the war, and it taught them control of their machines.

A young man I know bought an aëroplane the other day. He intends to use it to get to the railroad from his Arizona ranch.

"I hope," I said earnestly, in view of my recent experience, "that you don't intend to do any stunts with it."

"But of course I do," he replied. "It isn't any fun if you don't."

By "fun" he means looping the loop and the Immerman turn and the tail spin and the falling leaf, and a few other air acrobatics which leave the novice with a feeling that most of his important organs, such as liver and stomach, have deserted him and remained above in the ether.

Needed Improvements

Oh, flying is here all right. But it needs a lot of improvement. A muffler on the engine, for one thing, and a real windshield instead of ten inches of mica, which does not keep the wind off but does prevent the passenger from poking the back of the pilot's head with anything he has handy to ask if the engine is going all right.

I am, you understand, referring to the present type of aëroplanes being sold to the general public. I do not refer to those floating palaces with glass-inclosed bodies and patent cigarette lighters and a telephone to the pilot and a wireless to the earth and a set of bottles in a rack to use when one gets above the three-mile limit and prohibition.

It is here. And nowadays it is as safe, outside of stunt flying, as the automobile; safer, probably. But it went through its period of terrible danger. I look at the present-day ship, with its stability, its light reliable engine, its ability to glide to the ground right side up, in case of that engine's failing. And I remember the aeroplanes I saw in France in the early days of the great war, ships that aviators shudder to remember.

And I wonder about those boys, over there and here, who went up alone for their first solo flights. They put a brave face on it. They went up smiling. They were eager to prove to themselves and to the men below the stuff that was in them. But I wonder if a good many of them did not feel, hidden deep in their boyish souls, that they would come down right or they wouldn't; and if there was not, never to be revealed afterward, a moment of panic somewhere in those lonely blue reaches above the clouds. How about the first loop the loop, alone? Some of the school planes were frankly unreliable. Every field had its crashes. Did any memory of them flash through his mind?

We shall never know. He will never tell us. When he came down he unhooked the belt, got out, and merely observed probably that everything was all right, and was chow ready. Then he lighted a cigarette and went in search of food, being very careful not to strut on the way.

But he had it, I think—that moment of panic. Just the first time he looped the loop. He had it surely if he had imagination, that mingled blessing and curse of the adventurous.

I had it, and I didn't have to keep my head. I didn't, as a matter of fact. Yet I was in the care of a pilot who turned over in the air as casually as turning over in bed. A cool young pilot, with a wife and baby somewhere below, and every intention of getting home by lunch time.

Yes, flying is here. Stop in and buy your aëroplane coat. Tie your handkerchief to your buttonhole, take a last look at the good old solid old earth, wave your hand to show how happy and care-free you are—and go up.

The Car of Tomorrow —what will it weigh?

If there is anything about the coming car that is certain, it is this—that it will be built to new light-weight standards, stripped of every excess pound, freed of every hampering ounce.

Some leading automotive engineers put the weight of the car of the near future at not over one thousand pounds, others at fifteen hundred. Whether these figures be high or low, it is unquestionable that weight-economy is one of the outstanding aims of the far-seeing automobile builder today.

Why? Because weight that is not useful is worse than useless, a drag upon the engine—a tax on gasoline and tires—a foe to long life—

Because better cars with lower cost of upkeep and longer life mean many more owners.

Because *Lynite* now provides the means to build such cars, while for the automobile of tomorrow, *Lynite* Laboratories promise many new and important achievements.

The car manufacturer knows that motorists will not continue to haul three pounds of cast-iron when one of *Lynite* would suffice, nor to pay the freight on all the surplus weight it takes to support and balance heavy iron parts.

How well he appreciates this is indicated by the fact that already it requires eleven plants to supply the millions of pounds of *Lynite* which today go into the making of more than seventy different parts for cars and trucks—and the use of *Lynite* is only well begun.

The development of a new *Lynite* alloy which effects important savings in weight below the springs—in axle housings, differential carriers and other parts—is an example of what is to be expected as *Lynite* scientists and foundry experts pursue their researches to the end that the car of tomorrow shall carry not a single pound without a purpose.

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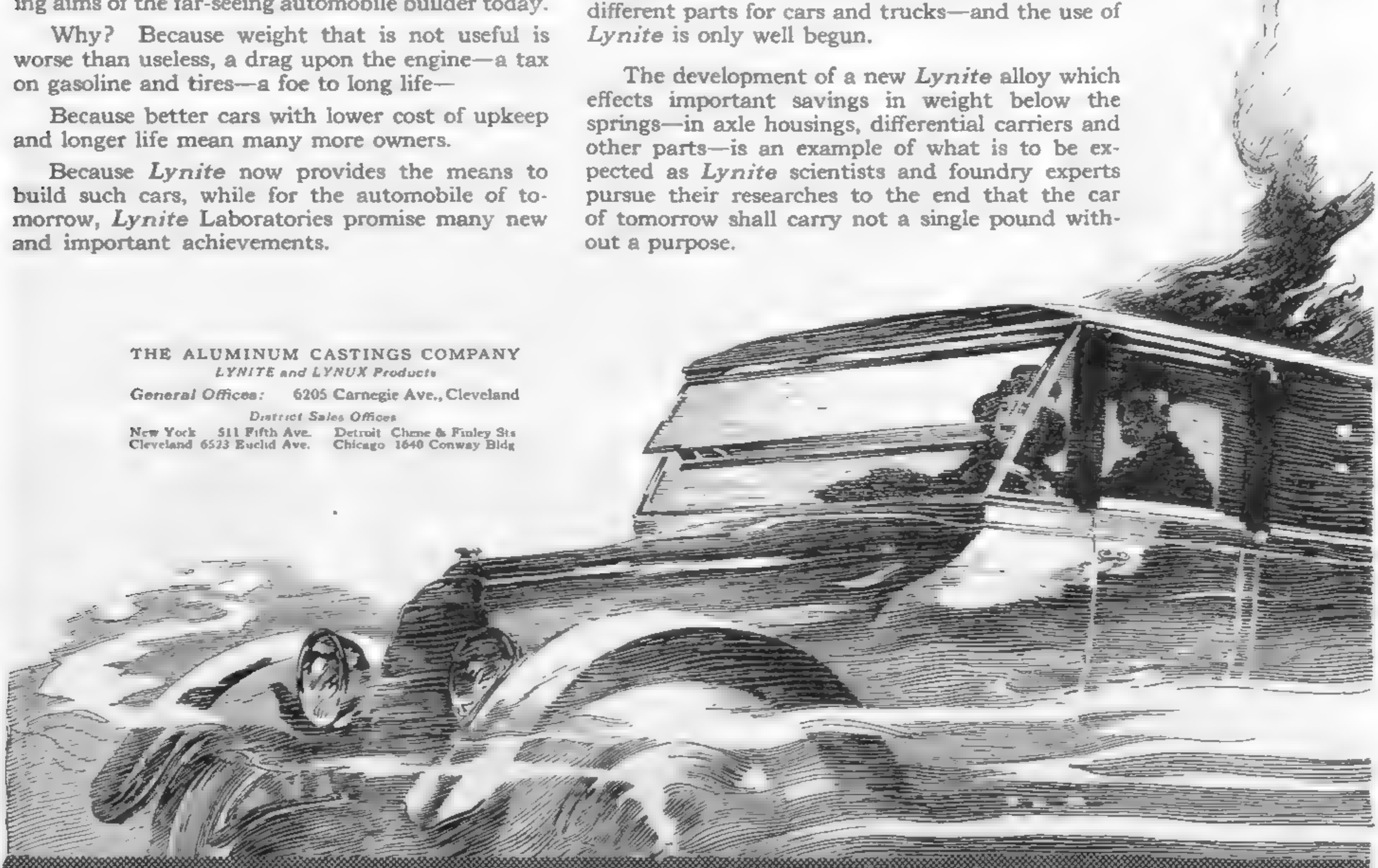
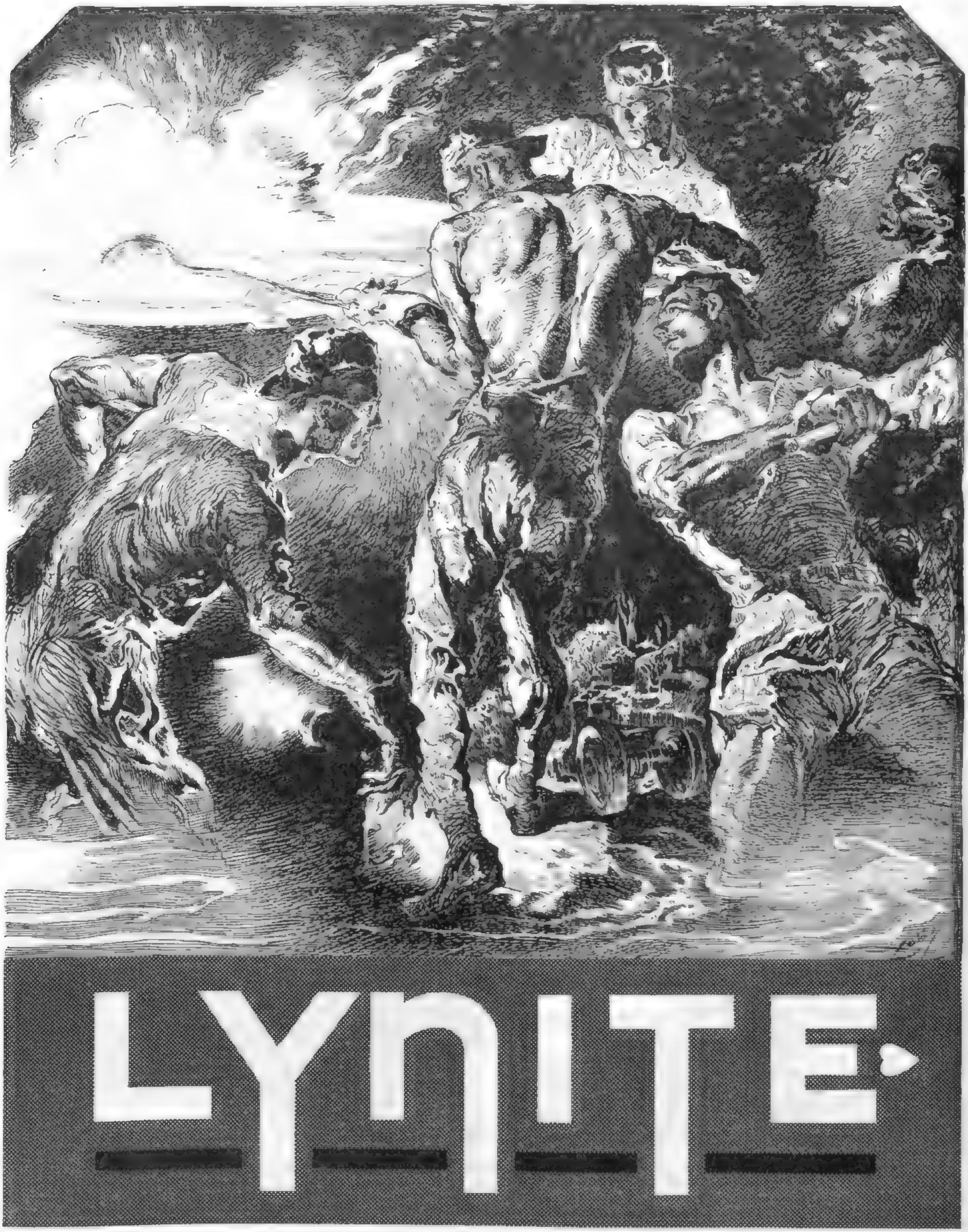


LYNITE


LYNITE

MRS. FIFTY-FIFTY

(Continued from Page 7)

strangely, did not seem in the least to have affected her appetite.

At half past nine Nelly rose. A half hour later she was downstairs, fully dressed, her manner, for once, briskly businesslike. Hannah emerging from the pantry found her mistress in the dining room down on her hands and knees peering under the sideboard.

"Get a broom, Hannah," directed Nelly. "Sweep under here, and under the china closet also. When you've finished that go into the parlor and sweep under the cabinet, the piano and the bookcase. After that dust off everything in sight; and if you dust it so I can't find any dust when I get back I'll raise your wages this month. I'm going out now, and when two scrubwomen get here you set them to work scrubbing the woodwork upstairs, after which they can polish the hardwood floors. There'll be a man, besides, to beat all the rugs; let him start on the dining room first, then take the parlor rugs. And, Hannah, if you can get your sister here by this afternoon I'll start her at the same wages I pay you. Use our telephone; you can charge the call to me. And let those scrubwomen, when they come, begin on Mr. Dunbar's room; and when they've finished with that they can take his sitting room next. You needn't bother about my bedroom; I've put that in order myself. But if you find time I wish you'd tidy up my bureau drawers; those as well as the drawers in the clothes closet. That's all, Hannah. I'm going now, but I'll try to get back by four or five this afternoon. Don't forget now—you and the scrubwomen begin on Mr. Dunbar's bedroom and sitting room first of all!"

The maid had no chance to reply. The next instant her mistress was out the front door, hurrying down the street.

It would have been curious, that day, to have followed Nelly Dunbar in her peregrinations. Her first stop was at the local bank, where she and Dunbar had a joint account. Pausing at the window marked "A to F Accounts" she inquired the amount of the Dunbar balance. It proved to be quite substantial, several thousands of dollars, in fact; and going to a desk Nelly wrote out a counter check. This in hand she went to the rear of the bank, where the bank officials had their offices.

"Is Mr. Reynolds busy?" she inquired.

Mr. Reynolds was the president. He was not so busy that he couldn't see Mrs. Dunbar, she and Dunbar were among the bank's heaviest depositors; and he came out instantly, smiling and deferent.

"If you please," said Nelly, "could you give me the address of some good broker in the city? A Wall Street broker?"

"Making a little investment?" inquired the president pleasantly.

"I wish to open an account," she replied.

The president looked at her abruptly over his glasses. Then he murmured, "H'm!" However, it was not his business to inquire into a client's affairs; the chief difficulty was to name a broker who would take a woman's account. First-class houses usually have a prejudice against such business; but after talking it over with the cashier Mr. Reynolds gave Nelly the required information. The brokerage house of Rooker, Burke & Co., New Street, kept an uptown office where they made a specialty of women's accounts.

After thanking him Nelly handed the president the check she'd drawn. "I'd like to have this check certified," she remarked with a brisk confidence curious in a woman who knew nothing of business details.

The president himself attended to the certification. It gave him the opportunity, for one thing, to learn just how much of a balance the Dunbars would have left once the check had been deducted. Nelly, it appeared, had put a dent in the account. She had drawn out all but two hundred and fifty dollars.

While the president was certifying the check she consulted a time-table in her pocket. Riverdale boasted frequent trains to the city; and having assured herself of the trains available she replaced the time-table in her hand bag, then thanked the president for his courtesy. Taking the check she left the bank and again hurried up the street.

In spite, however, of her interest in the trains bound cityward Nelly did not make her way to the railroad station. A few minutes later, hastening along a thoroughfare lined with tree-shaded lawns, she turned in at a house set back from the street.

The house was one of the largest, the most pretentious in Riverdale. A wide expanse of lawn fronted it. At the center of the lawn was a large copper beech that glinted metallically in the heat of the summer sunshine; and round its base was a large luxurious bed of pansies, geraniums and marigolds intermixed. On the porch stood a number of cactus plants and rubber trees in tubs; but aside from this array of exotic floral species what would have been observed was the order and immaculate spotlessness of the surroundings.

The veranda had been scrubbed till it shone. Each chair stood with its back to the wall in what inevitably must have been its ordained particular position. Each cushion had been laid precisely in its place. A shop's show window in fact could not by design have been arranged in more meticulous order.

Nelly, however, gave it hardly a glance. Her air anxious, she twitched the shiny polished bell pull.

A maid presently appeared.

"Is your mistress at home?" inquired the visitor.

The mistress was, and Nelly was ushered into the drawing-room. The shades were drawn, the room was vague in its dustless dimness; and seating herself she peered through the gloom, absorbed in the surroundings. At it was on the porch, so it was in the drawing-room. Each chair, each table, lounge and stand stood as precisely placed as an elder at a church meeting. There were the ornaments too; they had been spaced as regularly on the mantel, the tables and the stands as if set there by a surveying squad.

"Heavens above!" murmured Nelly, though not impiously.

Then hastily she rose from the swollen upholstery on whose edge she had perched, waiting to greet the woman she had come to see.

"Well, my dear," cried Nelly gayly, "here I am!"

Mrs. Fawcett was perturbed. She had just been dusting her husband's sitting room, being unwilling to trust the task to any servant; and as she was still decked in a Canton-flannel wrapper, just as she had breakfasted; and as she had a pair of old gloves on her hands and her hair tied up in a towel, she sought to utter an apology.

Nelly didn't want to hear it.

"I've taken you at your word, you see," she chattered eagerly. "I've come to learn how you keep house so wonderfully! Then I want you to show me too all your pretty dresses; you know you offered last night to let me look at them. My husband is just crazy about your clothes, my dear; the garnet silk with the cut beads especially! Shall we go up now, and see them all?"

Mrs. Fawcett was left little choice. Ere she knew it she found herself half led, half pushed up the stairs into the hallowed upper precincts of what she would have called "the home." What is more, nearly a full hour of her valuable time had passed before she could rid herself of the unexpected visitor and resume once more her happy morning routine of dusting, sweeping, scrubbing.

As the door, however, closed and Mrs. Fawcett found herself alone she might have been astonished had she been in earshot of the departing caller. Again Nelly gave vent to an exclamation. Again, too, it was curious, the exclamation was that same not impious expletive she had let fall before.

"Heavens above!" uttered Nelly with sincerity.

Then glancing at her watch she hurried faster. It was toward the station she hastened now.

To those who have never indulged in it Wall Street trading call it that must seem a lamentably dull, dismal occupation. Outwardly it lacks any semblance of interest.

Those who trade either buy or sell the securities they trade in. If they buy it means literally they bet the price will go up. If they sell it means, conversely, they bet the price will go down. In short, success depends largely on the trader's ability to guess which way the stock will go.

Simple as it sounds, though, very few win at the game. Though a stock can move only two ways up or down few win even half the time. The few who ever win are those equipped with inside information. This means, in so many words, they are in the confidence of those who dictate whether a stock shall go up or go down.

Fawcett no doubt had this information. At any rate Dunbar's friend had been dealing for years in brokerage shops. He seemed also to have some vague connection with the same shop. What it was Fawcett had not mentioned to Dunbar; nor Dunbar heard of it. However, it was the fact that Fawcett had dealt so many years in the market that impressed his new associate. Without inside information few last long in Wall Street.

The first day's venture went far to confirm Dunbar's confidence. Rocket that afternoon closed ¾ above the opening. The turn netted the two nearly $150 profits for the day; and at Fawcett's suggestion they converted the profits into additional stock. Then at Fawcett's further suggestion they went to a place up the street to talk it over. It was late that evening—much later, in fact, than usual—when Dunbar got home.

Late as he was, though, Nelly had beaten him in by a very narrow margin. Hurrying from room to room she barely had time to see what the two scrubwomen and the rug man had done in her absence before she heard her husband's key in the latch. Without going to greet him, though, as had been her habit, she flitted hastily up the stairs to her room; then she locked the door behind her.

The bed was piled high with paper parcels and pasteboard boxes. Helter-skelter, in her usual haphazard way, she flung these into her closet. She was still at it when she heard her husband at the door.

"In just a minute, Walter!" she called.

His footfalls she heard retreating; and a moment later she had disposed of the last of the parcels. When this was done Nelly stole to the door and laying an ear against the panel stood there for a moment intently listening. Then, as if satisfied no one was outside, she snatched up a workbasket from a table near the window and hurried to her bed. There, hurriedly, she stripped the coverings from one side of the mattress.

It would have been curious to anyone who had seen her. Once she had laid the ticking bare, with scissors she ripped the ticking along a seam. This accomplished, Nelly darted toward her dressing table.

Her hat and her light summer jacket she already had removed; now with the same feverish activity she began stripping off her waist. A moment later she stood before the glass, her arms and shoulders bare, gleaming in their girlish prettiness.

Protruding from her corsets was a packet. Its dimensions were by no means small, and it must have been with difficulty she had inserted it there. However, returning to the bed Nelly perched herself on its edge and hurriedly stripped the paper wrappings from the packet.

It was filled with stiff crinkly papers. The papers were bonds, securities; and there were dozens of them. They were of all sorts too—rails, industrials, Governments—the variety ranging in denomination from bonds of $50 to some of $1000.

How Nelly was in possession of so much wealth is explicable. A full twenty-five per cent of all Dunbar made she had ruled they must convert into savings. It is curious perhaps that being so ignorant of business she had been intrusted with its keeping; but such had been the case. This was in fact the major part of their savings, Dunbar retaining the remainder as working capital.

So far so good; but what Nelly now was doing with that wealth is not so easily explained. Heretofore it had lain in a safe-deposit vault in the city. Perhaps that had been the object of her visit to town—to get possession of the bonds. But why she had wished possession of them; why, too, she was now secreting them in the mattress of her bed, had yet to be made clear. Another thing—if Nelly had become suddenly metamorphosed into a squirrel or a jackdaw, bent on hiding whatever she could get, what had become of the certified check she had taken to town that morning? It was not visible among the papers.

You may guess as you please about it. So far Nelly had taken no one into her confidence.

Stuffing the bonds inside the mattress she sewed the rent together, remade the bed, then hurriedly dressed herself and tripped down the stairs to dinner.

"Hello!" Dunbar cried.

Nelly, her air radiant, had decked herself in a dress that gave her the look of a girl just out of her teens.

"Gad!" he exclaimed. "That dress of yours is a wonder!"

"This old rag?" she laughed.

Dunbar protested she never had looked prettier, and Nelly laughed again.

"You wait, Walter. I'll show you something in a day or so!" She didn't say what she meant to show him; but going over to Dunbar she nestled closely to him.

"I'm sorry, Walter, about this morning. To-morrow I'll have the house fixed just the way you like it."

"It's all right now," he protested. He had in fact congratulated himself on the result of his morning's effort. "To-night it's fine! Just the way I've always liked it!"

She shook her head energetically.

"No, it isn't, dear! I did only what I could to-day. This morning, though, I spent an hour with Mrs. Fawcett; and to-morrow she's coming in to help me put the whole place to rights. Then it'll be just the way you want it!"

A light dawned on Dunbar. As he told himself he had Mrs. Fawcett to thank for this surprising reform in Nelly.

The dinner too was unusually good. Nelly's table, in spite of her domestic slackness otherwise, always had been excellent; to-night it was exceptional. Hannah's sister, summoned in haste, had arrived betimes; so that now with her labors lightened Hannah was able to give time and attention to the task of serving the repast. Dunbar was still more grateful to Mrs. Fawcett.

Nelly gave a little laugh, its note deprecatory.

"Gracious! This isn't the way Mrs. Fawcett serves dinner! She's going to show me that too," she said; and Dunbar nodded his approval. He suggested that they have the Fawcetts dine with them soon.

Nelly had already thought of that. Probably she would have the house in order by Saturday, so she had invited the Fawcetts for that evening.

The topic was dropped then. It was not referred to again until they were about to rise from the table.

"How did you and Fawcett get on to-day?" asked Nelly.

She smiled brightly as she spoke, and nothing in her voice or manner evidenced in the least her former unreasoning dislike of the man. Again Dunbar congratulated himself on the success of the morning's talk.

"We did splendidly," he replied.

Having cleared $150 for the day they were now carrying 300 shares of Rock I; and Fawcett had suggested they should take on 200 more.

"Are you buying or selling?" inquired Nelly.

"Buying of course," he replied, his tone indulgent. Had she known anything about business matters, Wall Street matters especially, she would have divined that of course.

"Will you have some more coffee?" she asked.

Dunbar took another cup. Afterward he lit a cigar and lounged into the living room, where he ensconced himself behind an evening paper. The paper he opened at the financial page; and ere he had finished the room was blue with smoke, the floor covered with ashes.

Nelly had gone upstairs. She had some sewing to do, she said. At eleven o'clock, however, she came down to say good night. As Mrs. Fawcett was coming early to help put the house in order she was going to bed.

At the door she paused momentarily.

"Mrs. Fawcett is awfully nice, Walter; so friendly, so appreciative. They're deeply in debt, I understand; and she's quite grateful for the money they've had from you already."

Dunbar looked up abruptly. Money from him?

"The commissions he gets," murmured Nelly. "His wife tells me, you know, he gets paid a commission on all the business he brings into the brokerage office."

Dunbar was staring at her intently. Nelly, however, did not seem to see the look.

"Well, I guess I'll be going to bed," she said.

(Continued on Page 118)

Vacuum Oil Company Warehouse at Bangkok, Siam.

American Oils for Siam

Carrying Correct Lubrication to the Land of the White Elephant

THE following extracts are from the report of a representative of our Bangkok office after a trip he made to sell Gargoyle Lubricants in the wilds of Southwestern Siam, on the Malay Peninsula. His story gives some idea of the perils and hardships of his long journey through this wild untraveled country.

"One morning I determined to go inland to Gnow. Rode 8 miles on bicycle, by a jungle foot path under the blaze of a 160 degree sun . . . Came to in a tent with some one fanning and throwing water on me."

"At Petchaburi two rice mills secured us an order for one barrel Gargoyle Marine Motor Oil. The engineer, a Malay, expressed surprise at the little he has consumed. The Ban Pan Palace promised orders for two barrels for the traction engine and pump . . . "

". It Singora the proprietors of two mills adopted Gargoyle H. H. Engine Oil and Gargoyle S. W. Cylinder Oil. The motor cars here all use our Gargoyle Mobiloils."

"Wednesday . . . harbor of Puket . . . Tan Chen Hor, an educated Chinese, was quite pleased to get our agency."

"Thirty oil engines employing castor oil lubrication were clogged with a mass of black deposit. Put in our Gargoyle Etna Engine Oil."

"At Renong . . . a plant run by Australians . . . use 1500 barrels Gargoyle Lubricants annually."

" . . . with four men as rowers, we started up the 40 mile passage of Packchan River . . . squall . . . arrived Mamoo . . . encamped in a Chinese house to secure elephants for the next two days' travel. Only one for baggage . . . 42 miles on foot . . . leeches . . . tumbling streams . . . tigers . . . leopards . . . the priest in his yellow robe."

* * *

In the map shown here, the red line indicates the course of the trip.

This representative was told by the authorities that he was probably the first white man to walk across the Isthmus of Kra.

Wherever machinery goes, scientific lubrication must follow. The work must go on.

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(Continued from Page 116)

The days that followed this long will be remembered in the Dunbar household. They long will be remembered by Dunbar especially. Aside from the fact that the week marked a long-awaited movement in Rocket, the stock he and Fawcett had bought, the week was momentous. The next day, in fact, began these happenings.

Bright and early Nelly was up and doing. At half past six she rose, and at seven she was dressed. In the brief half hour, besides, she found time to put her room in apple-pie order. At half past seven she was at the breakfast table, waiting to pour her husband's coffee.

"Hello!" Dunbar exclaimed abruptly.

Nelly as he entered was already filling his cup. But it was not her early morning devotion, neither was it her air of busy capable briskness that wrung from him his exclamation.

"What's that you have on?" he inquired, frowning.

"The wrapper, you mean?" she asked. Her manner hurried, she added sugar and cream to his coffee, then shoved the cup toward him. "Mrs. Fawcett gave me the pattern. It's the sort she wears at her housework."

The wrapper was of Canton flannel, gray with light-green stripes. Pouring a cup of coffee for herself she gulped it hastily. "If you want another cup of coffee, Walter, call me; I'll be in the sitting room," she said.

She rose as she spoke, and readjusting the towel she had wrapped round her hair she slipped on a pair of large cotton gloves she produced from a pocket of the wrapper. Then she went to the pantry door.

"Hannah! I say, Hannah!" she called. Hannah appeared instantly. "We'll begin on the sitting room," said Nelly. "Get your sister."

The sitting room adjoined the dining room. The opening between the two was draped with hangings; and at Nelly's direction the two maids removed them from their rod. In the same businesslike way she directed them to hang the draperies from the dining-room window, where the air and sunlight could get at them.

"Now the rugs," ordered Nelly. Evidently she meant to make the housecleaning thorough.

When the rugs too had been disposed of the maids began removing the furniture.

"I say," said Dunbar irritably, "you might wait till I get out!"

Nelly paused in astonishment.

"But, Walter," she protested, "Mrs. Fawcett will be here any moment!"

Dunbar said no more.

Having finished his breakfast he retreated to his room upstairs. He had hardly settled himself, however, his paper opened at the financial page, when Nelly and the two maids hove into view.

"I'm sorry, Walter," she announced, "but we've got to begin on this now." Then she suggested, "Why don't you go down on the porch?"

Dunbar lounged down the stairs. The porch, however, seemed little more comfortable than elsewhere. All the chairs had been stacked in a pile; and in the middle of it a scrubwoman was down on her hands and knees vigorously attacking the paint. Dunbar's irritation voiced itself in a grunt. Snatching up a chair he dragged it round to the back of the house. There he sat down to finish his paper.

It was nine o'clock when he departed. Usually he left for the city much earlier, but as Fawcett always took the later train Dunbar waited to meet him. Nelly heard the screen door bang as he went out, and instantly her absorbed interest in the housecleaning seemed to depart. Dropping the carpet sweeper she was vigorously propelling to and fro she rattled down the stairs.

At the end of the hall was a telephone. "Get me Rooker, Burke & Co., New Street, New York," she directed the operator hurriedly.

The firm was the brokerage concern whose name the bank had supplied the day before. In a few minutes she had the connection; and she asked for the firm manager. Then, when that person was on the wire, Nelly gave him a series of explicit directions. Dunbar, had he heard her, might have been surprised. For one so unfamiliar with business Nelly seemed to express herself most clearly. But, more surprising, perhaps, to Dunbar would have been the directions she gave.

The business took only a few minutes' conversation. Hanging up the receiver she rose and for a moment regarded herself in a mirror hanging on the wall. It was the wrapper she had on that seemed to hold her attention.

"Ugh!" she remarked.

Then her eyes traveling to the towel that adorned her head again she uttered "Ugh!" Afterward the gloves came in for the same comment; and she had just uttered this when the doorbell rang.

"Ugh!" exclaimed Nelly with added emphasis.

Hurrying along the hall she paused long enough to wring her face into a smile, then she opened the door.

"Come right in, my dear!" exclaimed Nelly warmly.

Mrs. Fawcett was studying the veranda with an appraising eye.

"You'd ought to have a few plants out here," she remarked; "a couple o' rubber plants or a cactus in tubs 'ud make it look real swell."

"I know," rejoined Nelly; "I've already ordered them!"

As has been said, Rocket was the stock Dunbar had bought. That his faith in Fawcett's inside information was justified the events of the day again did much to prove. Rocket that afternoon closed a point and a quarter above the opening. Dunbar, in other words, again had cleared a profit. The day, however, was not eventful to him alone. In an indirect way Nelly too seemed to share in the general happenings.

At half past three the telephone rang. Excusing herself to Mrs. Fawcett, who was still supervising Nelly's housecleaning, she went to answer the call.

The call was a New York call, it seemed; and some minutes later when Nelly reëntered the parlor Mrs. Fawcett gave a little exclamation:

"Heavens! No bad news, I hope?"

Nelly seemed not to hear her. "Let's finish with the ornaments," she remarked. She had brought in from a top shelf in the store closet a bronze statue of Siegfried Mrs. Fawcett had seen and admired; and with Mrs. Fawcett's help she lifted it from the floor to the mantel. The figure had massive handsome limbs and a curly beard; and in the middle of its waist the artist had inserted a clock. The statue had been a wedding present, but heretofore Nelly had not found a place for it.

Now, however, as she placed it at Mrs. Fawcett's direction in the exact center of the mantel Nelly inquired casually, "What do you know about Rocket, Ida?"

It had been at Mrs. Fawcett's suggestion that they were now calling each other by their given names.

"Rocket? It's a stock, ain't it?" remarked Mrs. Fawcett. She reflected briefly. "Yeh; that's the stock Jim tipped off Mr. Larkin the other evening to sell. The Larkinses was dining with us, you know. You don't know them, do you? They're real exclusive."

Nelly, curiously, caught her breath.

"Tipped him to sell?" she echoed.

"Yeh," nodded Mrs. Fawcett; adding: "Hitch that over a couple o' inches. It ain't in the middle yet."

"You mean, don't you," questioned Nelly as she moved the bronze, "that he tipped Mr. Larkin to buy?" Though she didn't say so it was to buy that Fawcett had tipped Walter.

No. Jim had tipped Mr. Larkin to sell. If Larkin won he was to give Jim, too, a percentage of his winnings.

"That mantel looks real elegant now," commented Mrs. Fawcett, standing back to admire it.

Nelly's face somehow did not display the same admiration. She was not even looking at the statue. Her eyes thoughtful, she was gazing covertly at her visitor.

At five Mrs. Fawcett took her departure. The house under her capable direction was now thoroughly in order; and on the veranda, after Mrs. Fawcett had expressed her approval of that too, Nelly said earnestly: "I can't tell you how much I'm indebted to you!"

"Don't mention it," replied Mrs. Fawcett. Any time Nelly needed it she would be glad to give again the benefit of her experience in housekeeping.

"Oh, but I don't mean just that!" was Nelly's cryptic response. Giving the visitor no chance to reply she added:

"Don't forget now; Saturday night you're to wear your garnet silk with the cut beads. You know Walter just adores that dress!"

Her earnestness and cordiality would have pleased Dunbar could he have heard her. No one in fact could have mistaken now Nelly's determination to omit nothing that would defer to her husband's tastes and wishes. As he himself would have seen, that talk the day before seemed to have impressed her effectually. Dunbar certainly could have no further complaint against Nelly's fealty and devotion.

It was again late, that evening, when he came home from the city; but in spite of the day's success he felt fatigued and restless. Perhaps it was the excitement. By the rise in Rocket he and Fawcett were several hundred dollars to the good. However, instead of converting the paper profit into cash, at Fawcett's suggestion they had again used their winnings to buy more stock.

"What's the use, anyway, of piking?" Fawcett had exclaimed. If he—as he said also—was in Dunbar's place with all the loose money Dunbar had he'd never be satisfied with a measly 300 shares or so; he'd carry double that; three or four times as much, maybe. Rocket, as he'd been told on the inside, was slated for a big rise: thirty or forty points.

It was a golden opportunity, Dunbar saw that. Fawcett's information was sure-fire stuff, and he might make a killing, a fortune. The trouble was, though, that Dunbar had been too long a slow, plodding investor to leap offhand at the chance. He wanted time to think it over. Rather than that even, he would give much to talk it over. But to talk it over was inexpedient. Having asserted his authority, his ability to manage his own affairs, he could hardly be weak enough to fall back on his former ways. Perhaps he might find some way round it. Absorbed in thought he trudged up the walk to his door. He was halfway to the veranda when he paused abruptly.

For an instant the vague impression that he had turned in at the wrong house struck Dunbar. The veranda was not the same veranda. Banked across half its width was a triple row of cactus and rubber plants in tubs; and he stared at them in astonishment. Then, when, still wondering, he had let himself into the house, he was conscious of other changes. The hall was too dim to determine them definitely; but never before having had a cactus or a rubber plant on the premises he went back to the door to take another look at them.

"Nelly! I say, Nelly!" he called. When Nelly, upstairs, replied "Yes, dear," Dunbar exclaimed abruptly, "What's all that damned truck on the veranda?"

The question was echoed by an exclamation; and Nelly appeared at the head of the stairs. She was still in the gray, green-striped flannel wrapper, and her face registered wonder.

"You don't mean all our new plants, do you?" she asked. "Why, I thought you'd like them!"

"Like them!" he repeated. "You must think this place is a beer garden!"

Her face fell; and she looked disappointed and hurt, the tears gathering in her eyes.

"Why, they're just like the Fawcetts have!" she answered; and her look more distressed she withdrew slowly.

Dunbar instantly regretted his impatience. It was only natural, though, worried as he was over what decision he should make in his stock deal, that he should be out of sorts. Hanging up his hat he walked into the living room.

Upstairs Nelly had retreated to her bedroom. Closing the door she also locked it. Half an hour later, though, dressed for dinner, she came down the stairs, her face as usual serene. Evidently in her light easy-going way she had already forgotten her momentary hurt about the plants.

Dunbar had left the sitting room. He was in the parlor, so humming lightly to herself a little snatch of melody Nelly joined him.

"I say!" he said abruptly.

He was gazing about him, his face queer; and at once Nelly gave a happy exclamation.

"Isn't it wonderful, Walter! It took all day to make it the way you like, but I didn't stop till it was finished!" She cuddled up to him then, linking her arm affectionately in his. "There's the Siegfried, Walter!" Her voice softened, its note fond. "It was one of our wedding presents, you remember, dear. You've seen it, haven't you?"

It would have been difficult not to see it. He had seen too the other changes she had effected, not only here but in the sitting room. But though Nelly clinging fondly to his arm gazed at him anxiously his face somehow did not disclose the appreciation she evidently expected. That too in spite of all her toil that day!

And that it had cost toil, hard physical labor, in fact, was more truth than metaphor. Each object in the room had been moved, not once but a dozen times, ere it had satisfied Mrs. Fawcett's critical taste. The chairs—they had either been set flat against the wall or spaced here and there with minute regularity—had thus been arranged only by constant change and rechange.

So it was with the tables, the stands and every individual ornament.

With difficulty Dunbar rid his face of its look. Frankly the room somehow gave him the impression of an installment-furniture flat; but in spite of that he was touched. She had struggled so hard, he saw, to please him that to express anything but pleasure would be boorish. He must be kind, gentle—yes; at the same time, though, he must be firm.

"It's all right of course; very nice," he said approvingly; "but if you don't mind you'd better change it back the way it was, Nelly."

"Oh, I can't do that!" Nelly cried instantly.

"You can't?" he echoed.

He had been quick to catch her tone. In it again he detected—or thought he did—the note he had heard the morning before. "Do you mean you won't?" again he inquired painfully.

Nelly withdrew her arm from his. Once more she looked hurt, distressed; and instantly, gentle as he'd been, Dunbar regretted he had spoken. But at the same time he must be firm.

"Why not, Nelly?" he questioned.

With an effort she answered:

"Mrs. Fawcett arranged it, Walter. She spent the whole day doing it, and we thought you'd be so pleased! We can't insult her by changing it back, can we?" she inquired.

Whatever he thought Dunbar did not express himself.

"Come along, Walter," said Nelly. "Dinner's ready."

His face thoughtful, Dunbar followed her into the hall. The hall was lighted brightly; and as he followed Nelly along it he was conscious for the first time that Nelly wore a new dress. Its fabric was a garnet silk that rustled richly as she walked, its folds trimmed with fringes of glistening, tinkling cut beads.

Somewhere Dunbar recalled dimly having seen a similar dress. But where he had seen it was not just the cause of the queer scrutinizing look he gave it. The dress was cut extremely low at the shoulders and the skirt was equally brief. But already having twice hurt Nelly with his criticisms he was chary about uttering another. The dress in his opinion gave her the look of an overdressed hoydenish schoolgirl.

As they sat themselves, however, at the table, Dunbar ventured a cautious comment.

"I see you have on a new dress," he remarked.

Nelly nodded indifferently. "Yes, it's like that one of Mrs. Fawcett's you admired. I got it at the shop where she buys hers." The beads tinkling, the garnet silk rustling like the leaves of Vallombrosa, she drew up her chair to the table. "Help yourself to the butter, Walter," she directed.

Dunbar's face as he did so grew more thoughtful.

The dinner that night was unusual. It was so, at any rate, compared with their usual evening repast. Instead of serving each course separately Hannah placed the entire meal on the table at once, then withdrew, to be seen no more. But this Nelly explained. As Hannah had been doing housework all day she had been excused from waiting at the table.

Dunbar busied himself with his plate.

"Is this the way Mrs. Fawcett does?" he asked.

"No," said Nelly, absorbed in shoving the vegetables within his reach; "when they have company she has each course served singly. They hire a waitress to come in."

Dunbar glanced at the table piled high with dishes. It was evident he had another question to ask, but ere he could ask it Nelly spoke again.

(Continued on Page 121)

-jewels for your motor

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706

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(Continued from Page 118

"That reminds me, Walter: I've asked Mr. and Mrs. Larkin to dine with us Saturday. The Fawcetts are coming, you know."

"Those people!" exclaimed Dunbar. "How in the world did you ever meet them?"

Larkin was a poultry dealer in the city.

"I called on her to-day, Walter. They're very exclusive, you know. Besides, Mr. Larkin's interested in business with Fawcett; and I thought you'd like to meet him. Some more of the turnip, dear?"

Dunbar said, "Thanks; no." He had not eaten what turnip he had.

During the meal, when she wasn't reaching for the vegetables or shoving the dishes toward him, Nelly chatted brightly. She was filled visibly by her newly awakened interest in housekeeping. But Dunbar hardly listened. Without talking it over it was difficult to decide how heavily he should plunge on Rocket.

He ate little, the table with its dishes grouped over it everywhere filling him with distaste. Refusing the pie Nelly nudged toward him he rose and dawdled into the sitting room. There he lit a cigar, and dragging his easy-chair from a corner back to its accustomed place he sat down to his newspaper. But though the newspaper was opened at the financial page Dunbar hardly looked at it. When Nelly entered she found him staring at the ceiling.

She gave a little cry. Darting out abruptly she presently appeared with a dustpan and a brush.

"Look here," said Dunbar heavily. "I want to talk with you!"

"Yes, Walter," said Nelly. Bending over she began vigorously to sweep up the cigar ashes on the floor.

It was about the Rocket deal he wished to talk. After reflection he saw no reason why he shouldn't. That didn't mean he should defer to anything she said.

"It's this way, Nelly; I know Fawcett's information is inside stuff, but I can't make up my mind how much stock to buy."

If he put much more cash into the deal he would have to sell some of his securities. An extra 500 shares was the amount he considered buying.

He was just debating what securities he'd sell when Nelly gave another exclamation. In his anxiety Dunbar had again knocked the ashes from his cigar; and getting down on her knees Nelly swept them up anew. Dunbar waited till she finished.

"I might sell some of those Government 4's," he remarked; "or there are my Atchison firsts. How do they strike you?"

If they struck her at all she didn't say so. Once more he had knocked the ashes from his cigar, and once more Nelly with her dustpan and brush darted at the carpet.

"Stop it!" snapped Dunbar.

Nelly stared at him in astonishment, but shoving back his chair Dunbar lumbered to his feet. "I asked you a question," he said sharply. "Are you going to answer it?"

"What about?" she questioned bewilderedly.

"About those Atchison bonds. Shall I sell them or not?"

Her eyes widened. "Why, don't ask me, Walter; ask Mr. Fawcett. I don't know anything about business," she replied.

Then, dustpan in hand, Nelly hurried out.

Dunbar did not see her again that night. He could hear her, however, out in the pantry helping Hannah wash the dishes; and resentful, angry and outraged, an hour later he stamped up the stairs to bed. But the next morning, as on the morning before, Nelly was at the breakfast table when he appeared. Again too she had donned the flannel wrapper and tied up her hair in a towel.

Dunbar said nothing, but his jaw set itself grimly. In silence he consumed his coffee, his toast and his eggs. In the same silence he rose heavily when he had finished, and strode into the sitting room. Nelly, already at her housekeeping, seemed too absorbed to pay any attention. Humming lightly she went from one task to another. Then, at nine o'clock, Dunbar strode to the front door.

Dropping the carpet sweeper she was wielding noisily Nelly darted after him.

"Walter!" she called hastily.

"Well?" he inquired, his air icy.

"Are you going to buy those 500 extra shares?" she asked.

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her it was no concern of hers, but instead he smiled amusedly. A smile would be more convincing of his disdain.

"I am," he answered.

"All right, Walter," said Nelly, her eyes hardening, "but I warn you, no matter whether you buy or sell, you won't make anything!"

"What!" he exclaimed.

"Never mind!" replied Nelly.

He could get nothing more out of her. All that day, however, Dunbar puzzled over her curious remark. Not make anything? Had he kept watch on her a few minutes he might have divined, however.

The instant he left, Nelly hurried to the telephone. Once more over the wire she talked with the manager of Rooker, Burke & Co., the New Street brokerage firm. The conversation, as before, took only a minute or so.

"Yes, that's what I said; 500 shares. I'll be in myself with the check!"

Hanging up the receiver she hurried to her bedroom. There, armed with a pair of scissors, Nelly attacked the mattress on her bed. Half an hour later, still in the same haste, she came down the stairs. She was fully attired, and hurrying out of the house she headed for the railroad station. It was to the city she departed, and she did not return until late. Late as it was, though, she was in time to greet Dunbar at the dinner table.

As before, Hannah set the dishes on the table and departed. Waiting till she was gone Dunbar turned to Nelly. The day evidently had not improved his mood.

Rocket had not advanced, it seemed. Instead, after he had bought his 500 shares, the stock had fallen nearly a point; and as he seated himself he glanced at Nelly.

"I see you have on that same dress," he remarked.

Yes, Nelly again had donned the garnet silk and cut beads; and his lip curling Dunbar said: "It makes you look like a chorus girl!"

Nelly seemed to start. Never before had Dunbar uttered an affront like that. But controlling herself she replied quietly: "You mustn't criticize my clothes, Walter. You may criticize me if you like; but don't forget, this dress is like Mrs. Fawcett's!"

Dunbar attacked his soup furiously.

"Damn Mrs. Fawcett!" he snapped.

"Reach me the bread, please," requested Nelly.

The day following was Saturday.

That evening, it will be recalled, the Fawcetts, the Larkins as well, were to dine with Dunbar and Nelly. This event, merely social in character, however, was but one of the day's occurrences.

On Saturday the long-expected movement in Rocket—the real movement—took place. During it the white-goods house where Dunbar was head buyer saw nothing of him. Most of his time now he was spending at the brokerage office to which Fawcett had introduced him.

At half past ten Nelly's telephone rang. Nelly went to it, but though it was Rooker, Burke & Co.'s manager who called and his voice was impressive Nelly seemed to take things as a matter of course.

"All right," she responded casually. "Let me know if it goes the other way."

Then she hung up the receiver and went into the kitchen to supervise the dinner she'd ordered for the evening.

All the morning she pottered about the house. The furniture and ornaments in some of the rooms had become disarranged, and with deliberate care she replaced them in the exact order they had been so artistically arranged by Mrs. Fawcett. At noon the telephone rang again; but it was merely the manager, who reported things had gone on the same way without change.

At one o'clock Nelly lunched. Then she went to her room and sewed up the rent in her mattress. Afterward Nelly lay down for a little nap. Her strenuous housekeeping the last few days seemed to have tired her. She may have been merely indolent, however.

At half past two the telephone rang again. But this time it was not the brokerage office.

Hannah, answering the call, plodded up the stairs.

"New York wants you on the phone, ma'am. It's Mr. Dunbar, I think."

"Say I'm out," directed Nelly.

Then she resumed her nap.

At three the telephone rang again. Again plodding up the stairs Hannah received the same instructions. Twenty minutes later it rang anew. Then, at fifteen-minute intervals, New York kept on calling till five o'clock. To each call the New York operator received the same report: "The party's out." At five the calls ceased; and her eye on the clock, at a quarter of six Nelly donned the gray, green-striped wrapper, and binding her hair in a towel sauntered down the stairs. She seemed concerned in making sure the parlor and sitting room were still exactly as Mrs. Fawcett had arranged them.

The clock imbedded in Siegfried's bowels had just clanged the hour of six when the front door was flung open. Startled at the sound Nelly glanced into the hall.

Dunbar had returned. His face was moist. It was, as she saw too, drawn and feverish; and omitting the preliminary of a greeting he strode toward her.

"What have you done with those bonds?" he demanded thickly.

Nelly made no attempt to evade the question.

"I took them out of the safe-deposit box," she replied; and though he shook Dunbar by an effort controlled himself.

"I want them," he said brusquely. "Where are they?"

"What do you want them for?" inquired Nelly; and Dunbar blinked abruptly.

"Never mind what I want them for! Tell me where they are!"

"Not till you tell me why you want them," she replied.

But Dunbar had no intention of doing that. His wrath, however, righteous as it might be, seemed to flow off Nelly as so much water flows off the proverbial duck's back. Then all at once his voice broke.

"You don't know what you're doing, Nelly! Do you wish your obstinacy to ruin us? Before it's too late tell me where they are, won't you?" he pleaded.

"You'd better go dress for dinner, Walter," she returned with aggravating calmness. "The Fawcetts may be here at any moment."

Dunbar consigned the Fawcetts to perdition.

"Are you going to tell me?" he demanded.

This time she answered the question. "They're where you won't get them, Walter!"

Dunbar gaped at her as if tongue-tied. It was the calm assurance of it that took his breath away. Outraged, he could only stammer, and he was still stammering when Nelly went toward the door. At the door she turned.

She was smiling, her air as calmly self-assured as ever. "You don't need to tell me, Walter, why you want those bonds. Your friend Fawcett's tip was like any tipster's. Rocket fell eleven points to-day. You've been wiped out; and your brokers have called you for more margins. I warned you, Walter, it would happen; but as you wouldn't listen that's why I've put the bonds where they'll be safe!"

Dunbar gasped, then he stared at her agape.

"You'll never get them, Walter," said Nelly; and smiling she went up the stairs to dress.

The dinner was at half past six. Ordinarily the Dunbars dined at seven-thirty, but as the Fawcetts dined at the earlier hour in order that Mrs. Fawcett might find time to tidy up the house before retiring Nelly had changed to that hour also. Promptly at the moment she was down in the parlor waiting to receive the guests. Dunbar was still upstairs in his room.

It was as Nelly had said. Rocket had dropped eleven points, and his brokers had called him for more margins. That was why he'd gone to the safety deposit for the bonds. He had been convinced that if he held on he could recoup his losses. The drop in Rocket, he felt sure, was only momentary. It was just the insiders shaking out the small fry; and though he too had been shaken he had not lost confidence in Fawcett. It was Fawcett in fact who had assured him the loss was only momentary. What staggered him the most was Nelly's knowledge of everything. How had she found out Rocket had tumbled? How had she learned he had been cleaned out? Perhaps Fawcett had talked, and that fool wife of his had babbled!

Unjust as the suspicion was Dunbar was in no mood to reason. The mere thought of Mrs. Fawcett filled him with savage distaste. He meant to let her know sometime what he thought of the way she'd meddled in his household!

Then downstairs the doorbell rang.

It was the Larkins, the first to arrive. In spite of their exclusiveness, the social distinction Mrs. Fawcett attributed to the couple, Mrs. Larkin seemed somewhat uncomfortable. Perhaps it was due to the gown she wore. Early in the day she had telephoned Nelly, inquiring whether, as she expressed it, "high" or "low" would be worn. Having donned low she now was certain high would have been more re-fined. She had the appearance of being about to tumble out of her corsage. Mr. Larkin, a short squarely built person, wore evening clothes with a black silk handkerchief folded neatly across his shirt front.

Nelly was not wearing the garnet and cut beads. She had put on another dress for the occasion; and moving toward her Mrs. Larkin was murmuring admiringly, "Swell rig you got on," when the doorbell again rang. At the same instant Dunbar entered. "Cost much?" inquired Mrs. Larkin.

Evading the question Nelly presented her husband to the guests.

"Mr. Dunbar, Mrs. Larkin." When Mrs. Larkin uttered, "Pleased to make your acquaintance," Nelly turned to Larkin. "You know my husband, I think. You are both friends of Mr. Fawcett."

Mr. Larkin abruptly stuck out his chin.

"Him?" he said.

Nelly was glancing at Dunbar. "Why, yes," she said; "he gave you both the information to buy Rocket."

"Say!" said Mr. Larkin explosively.

But Nelly already was flitting out. Ordinarily she received her guests in the parlor, but hearing Mrs. Fawcett outside she had gone to greet her.

"Looka here!" directed Larkin. He was speaking to Dunbar, and his jaw had grown belligerent. "Did that fellow tell you to buy Rocket?"

"He told you too, didn't he?" inquired Dunbar.

Mr. Larkin found it difficult, apparently, to command himself.

"He told me to sell, he did! He had inside information, he said, and when I sold the damned stock went up! Inside information, eh? Inside your grandmother!" Mr. Larkin vociferated.

It was at this instant the Fawcetts entered. Mrs. Fawcett came first, and she had on the garnet and cut beads. As Dunbar saw too, in the effort to make herself more beguiling Mrs. Fawcett had taken a tuck in the skirt, at the same time cutting the bodice still lower. However, he gave it hardly a glance. Fawcett after telling him to buy had gone and told Larkin to sell, thereby making sure to get a percentage, his profit, whether Rocket went up or down. The man was nothing more than a crook!

Had Dunbar not been the host and Fawcett a guest in his house he would have taxed him to his face with his dishonesty. But though he didn't Mr. Larkin had no such compunction.

The entrance of Fawcett had its instant effect on the poultry gentleman. He was observed to swell visibly, his cheeks and chest expanding, while there spread over his countenance a series of blotches as though Mr. Larkin had eaten something that hadn't agreed with him. Mr. Fawcett's sleek manner as he saw him underwent a sudden change. He appeared somewhat startled to find himself in Larkin's presence, but instantly recovering himself he essayed a jovial greeting:

"Hello, Larky, old top! Didn't expect to see you here!"

"You bet you didn't!" said Mr. Larkin. His jaw in close proximity to Fawcett's nose he jerked a thumb toward Dunbar. "Say, you," he demanded, "did you tell him to buy Rocket?"

"Why—why, what's this?" stammered Mr. Fawcett.

"You heard me!" retorted Mr. Larkin, and he added: "You told me to sell Rocket, you crook!"

Mr. Fawcett backed hastily away. As Mrs. Larkin was just behind him Mr. Fawcett backed into her; and Mrs. Larkin, her face dangerously apoplectic, gave him an energetic shove.

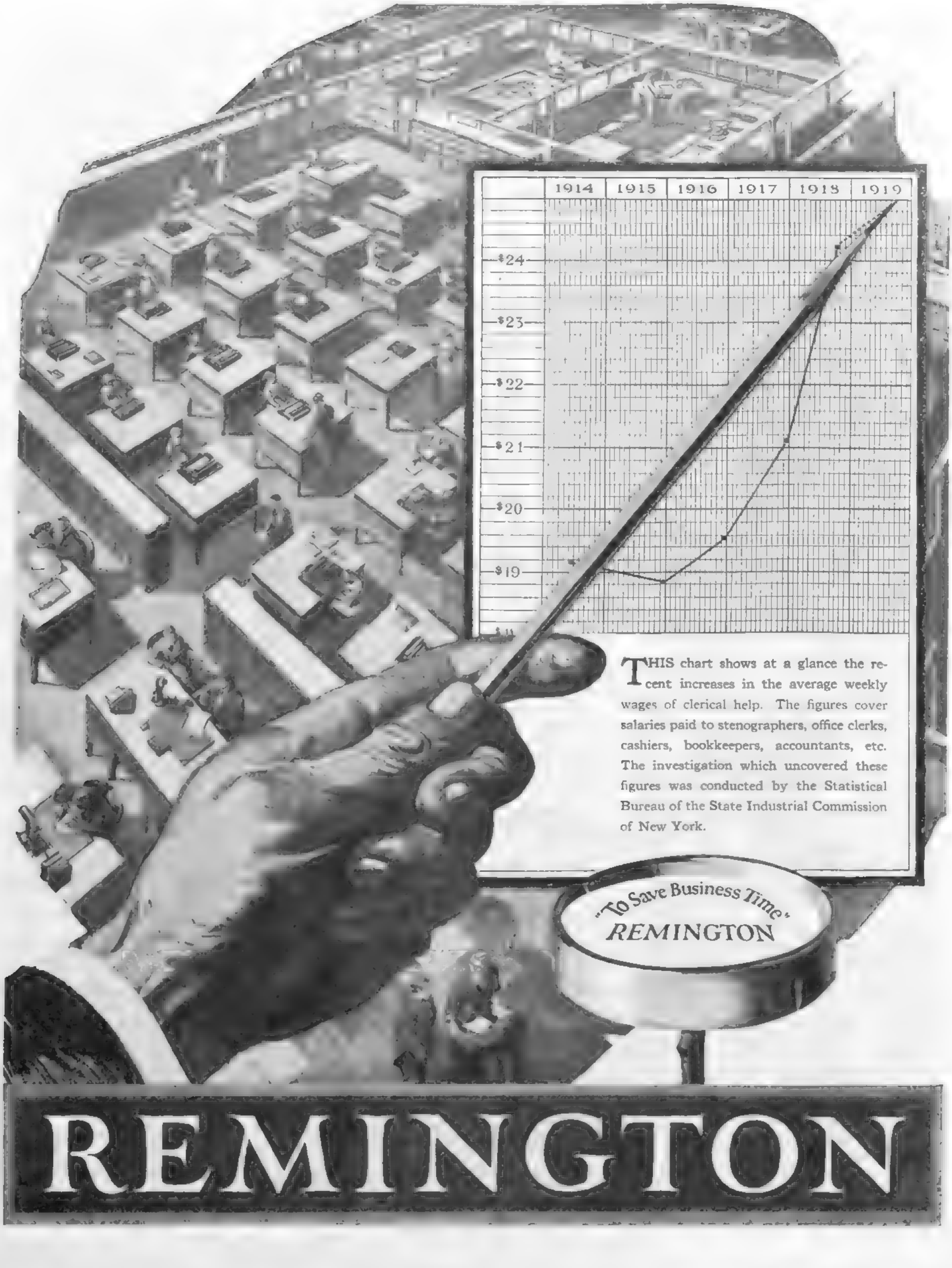
"Get off my dress, you bunco steerer!" she directed.

"Why, Mrs. Larkin!" exclaimed Mrs. Fawcett. "That's no way for a lady to talk!"

Mr. Fawcett was bristling indignantly.

"See here, Dunbar," he cried, "I didn't come here to get insulted!"

(Concluded on Page 124)


1914
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THIS chart shows at a glance the recent increases in the average weekly wages of clerical help. The figures cover salaries paid to stenographers, office clerks, cashiers, bookkeepers, accountants, etc. The investigation which uncovered these figures was conducted by the Statistical Bureau of the State Industrial Commission of New York.
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What's the answer?

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But what machines?

Both big business and small business are daily discovering this: The Remington Salesman can point the way to welcome cuts in the cost of clerical office work.

Of course the Remington Salesman cannot come in and put your office on a pre-war basis. Nobody can! But he can recommend machines and measures which will effect real economies of business time and money!

Perhaps you say—"Be definite. Tell me how Remington service can save time and money in my office. What Remingtons? How do they work? Where do I use them?" We reply, "A Remington Salesman will gladly hold a time-saving consultation with you—at your office and at your convenience."

But wait! We'll give you here a few quick hints about Remington time-savings. It would be surprising if they did not make you want to hear from the Remington Salesman himself about the following Remingtons and other Remingtons especially fitted to your business needs.

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(WAHL MECHANISM)

This is the machine which covers all the bookkeeping tasks of your office. Or, yes, any office. The auditor of the White Sewing Machine Company would give you a strong recommendation of it. Read what he writes! "One girl now does the work previously requiring two clerks working the greater part of the time." One girl's salary versus two clerks' salary! Sharpen your pencil! Figure the saving.

Another! The Buffalo General Electric Company tells us, "We would need at least one more clerk were it not for the Remington Typewriter with the Wahl Mechanism, and this of course means a monetary saving of over $1000 a year." Don't you want to see a machine that pays for itself twice over in far less than a year? The Remington Salesman is waiting to tell you! He'll give you all the details. He can point to an impressive list of big users—houses that never buy until they're shown. Houses that want error-proof bookkeeping and ready-made trial balances. Here's another money-saver.

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(WAHL MECHANISM)

Here's a versatile business helper for you! Saves time all day. Looks simple and is simple. Simplifies complicated tasks. Tabulates *any* kind of business form. "Quick changes" from one form to another. Adds! Does it fast and can be fitted to total as many columns as you wish. Proves the totals, too. Further, it subtracts! But that's not all. This Remington writes plain letters. And it does all of these things singly. Or all together. Obeys your orders. Doesn't the full story of such a time-saver deserve a few minutes of your time? Phone the Remington Salesman!

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REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY - INCORPORATED

374 Broadway, New York *(Branches Everywhere)*

TYPEWRITERS

(Concluded from Page 121)

But disgusted, shamed, Dunbar said nothing. It was Mr. Larkin again who took up the cudgels.

"Insult you? You couldn't!" said Mr. Larkin. That was not all he said, however, though it is not necessary to repeat it. When he had finished it he turned to Mrs. Larkin.

"Get your duds, ma! You and me ain't going to sit down to any meal with any robber like him! Pleased to have met you, Mrs. Dunbar. Pleased to have met you, Mr. Dunbar. Come along, ma!" directed Mr. Larkin.

Nelly gazed at the two, abashed. The Larkins she made no effort to detain. The ruse she had played to get Larkin and Fawcett together so that Dunbar could learn just what sort of man he was dealing with had succeeded beyond her wildest anticipations, but when she glanced at Dunbar her heart fell. He had seated himself, and his face more shocked, more shamed, he was staring dumbly at the carpet. The Larkins, Mr. Larkin's saltent chin stuck out more belligerently than ever, stamped out of the room; and when the door slammed behind them Nelly turned to the Fawcetts.

"You'd better go too," she suggested quietly.

"You're right; we're going!" said Mr. Fawcett aggressively.

Mrs. Fawcett, her self-confidence reviving now that the Larkins had departed, chimed in also. Her chin over her shoulder at Nelly and her skirts looking shorter than ever she seemed as if she was about to put out her tongue too like an impudent schoolgirl.

But she didn't. At that instant Hannah appeared at the door and announced "Dinner is served, madam!" and Mrs. Fawcett gave a sniff.

"I guess if she cooks the way she keeps house," said Mrs. Fawcett, "we don't want to eat any meal of hers!"

"Yeah; let's go, Ida," said Mr. Fawcett; and they went.

Nelly, as the door slammed on them too, gave one look at Dunbar, then she went out into the dining room. "Take the dinner away, Hannah," she directed briefly; and ignoring the maid's gaping wonder she returned to the parlor, where Dunbar still stared at the carpet.

"If it's the money, Walter," she said quietly, "I wouldn't worry over it if I were you!"

Dunbar looked up at her, his face haggard.

"I've lost eleven thousand dollars," he replied doggedly.

Nelly wet her lips as if to tell him something; then as if at a sudden thought she checked the impulse.

"I don't want to hurt you," she said slowly, "but there's something I'd like to say. You've told me a good many times lately what the trouble with women is, so I'll take the same liberty and tell you what's the trouble with men. One of the troubles is that as they never have to do housekeeping they never realize that it is a drudgery, a bore. All they think about is whether the house suits them or not; and that again is another trouble. They see their homes and what is going on in them, but women don't see their husbands' offices and what is happening there. That being so it is perfectly possible for a man to criticize his wife without his wife being able to criticize him. How is she to know he does any better at his business than she does in her house? And that's what you've been doing, Walter! You criticized me cruelly because my house was not what you thought it should be. It wasn't, either, because I'd worried myself ill over your business; and that's why I got back at you, Walter—put up that game of running things the way they're run by that woman you admired! That doll! That vulgar, pretentious, overdressed hoyden! Well, Walter," said Nelly, for the moment letting her indignation run away with her, "you've had enough of that woman, I think! You've had enough too of the way she runs that house of hers!"

"Yes," Dunbar said heavily, "I've had enough!" And at that Nelly's wrath seemed suddenly to subside. The hardness all at once died out of her eyes, her rigid mouth, her lips; and Nelly uttered a little gasp.

The next instant she had flung both arms about him, and drawing his head to her she was patting his shoulder, his hair, his cheek.

"Oh, my poor, poor, silly boy!" cried Nelly. "You haven't lost that eleven thousand dollars, the silly money you're worrying about!"

Dunbar looked at her agape. Her eyes were shining, filled with tears.

"No, Walter! That's what I meant when I said you wouldn't make a cent no matter if you bought or sold! When you bought I went to another broker's and sold. I coppered you—that's what they call it, isn't it? While you were losing that eleven thousand of yours I was making eleven thousand. We're just where we started from!"

But in her heart she knew better. She and Dunbar were much farther along than they had ever been before.

MOONSHINE

(Continued from Page 13

chair and pretended to be interested in a stale copy of the New York Times.

Toward noon, when the upstairs riot had subsided into the silence of sleep, Maggie came out upon the porch and after inspecting him with that grim regard which concealed a wealth of kindness inquired, "How high's yer temperchoor now, Mr. Pipling?"

"Pretty bad, Maggie." He smothered a groan.

"I got some loose quinine," she suggested.

"I can't take quinine. It gives me a rash and drives me wild. But I was talking to Doctor Dilk over at the station. He said that if people would only take whisky—regular doses for a day or so—they could check influenza in the early stages."

"He said that, did he?" inquired Maggie. "Well, there's no law to keep him from writin' a perscription."

"To tell you the truth, Maggie"—Pipling saw it was now or never—"I told him we had a bottle of Bourbon in the house and he needn't mind. He said it would take about a quart to set me up ——"

"There's a doctthor behind every gravestone," announced Maggie, shutting her small jaw down tight.

"Be that as it may," Pipling conceded, "a doctor's advice is all we have to go by in cases of sickness unless we resort to Christian Science."

"Bad luck to ut!" sniffed Maggie.

"And I seem to be getting worse all the time."

This last avowal seemed to make the desired impression. Maggie moved irresolutely toward the door, never relieving him of her melancholy Celtic gaze.

"After all," he added, "that bottle of Bourbon's mine, you know."

This was perhaps an unfortunate remark, for it caused her to stiffen perceptibly.

"Mrs. Pipling told me it was to be used for nawthin' but seeryus sickness."

"This is just as serious as I know how to make it," he assured her quite truthfully.

Whereupon she glided into the cottage, closing the screen door carefully to avoid waking the babies. Pipling squeezed himself with a grin of sly triumph. Once the Bourbon was produced he had no intention of letting go of it until it was divided among his cronies on the hotel veranda. Maggie might complain, but after all she had been given free rein too long. It was high time that she was taught her place, the proper relation between employer and employee.

He could hear her rummaging among the upstairs rooms. Finally he was aware of a key clicking against a lock, rusty hinges turning. The little trunk in the hall! Just as he had suspected.

Presently her little feet came pattering down the stairs. Pipling shifted his watchful air to one of enduring invalidism; when she opened the screen door he had folded his hands and closed his eyes. She stood over him so long that at last he raised his lids a crack's width in order to see whether she had brought the full bottle or merely a dose. Then his eyes came wide open with the significance of what he beheld in Maggie's dutiful right hand.

A clinical thermometer!

"Put this between yer teeth, Mr. Pipling," she commanded in a not unkindly tone as she took out the glassy tube and presented it point first. "An' now we'll see what's ailin' ye."

It was too late now to shift the pivot of attack. Solemnly, obediently he opened his mouth and permitted the cold point to be thrust under his astonished tongue. He sat glaring, gagged, indignant while Maggie, a white-clad figure of accusing conscience, stood inflexibly over him. Earnestly he prayed that the wrath now boiling in his veins would increase his temperature even so much as a degree.

Finally she drew the telltale tube from his lips, scrutinized it with her keen eyes and permitted herself the ghost of a smile.

"Ninety-eight," she announced, and proceeded to wipe the tube on a fragment of gauze she carried.

"It's probably out of order," he snarled. "Those things are always getting damaged and making false records."

"I have another wan upstairs," declared Maggie smoothly. "If ye'll wait but a minnut ——"

Poor Pipling had bounded to his feet and was charging along the footpath toward the hotel.

As he approached the veranda he spied his three friends still locked in manly debate, their heads closer together, if possible, than before. The Reverend Mr. Beagle had withdrawn to a remote angle of the building and sat hunched over a writing pad, his delicate spiritual face intensely preoccupied. Obviously he was composing a sermon.

Somewhat hesitantly Mr. Pipling approached the intellectual threesome; being a sensitive man he had a natural delicacy about intruding himself into a discussion so apparently self-contained. However, he had learned to value his friends' opinions upon world politics, though he often disagreed with them; and to-day he had a feeling that an intellectual combat would enable him to forget his minor irritations. He saw the diplomat's hands come together and spread apart in a wide comprehensive gesture, and he hoped that Percival was again abusing the League of Nations, because Pipling had just invented a scathing defense of Article Ten. He edged closer, still unheeded, and was about to draw up a chair when a scrap of the diplomat's stirring speech came distinctly to his ears:

". . . You just take a batch of parsnips and do what I say with 'em. That ferments 'em, you see."

"How do you know when they're fermented?" asked Mr. Tweed in an awed tone.

"One has a nose," was the surgeon's opinion.

"What are you talking about?" asked Pipling.

"I found an old book in the hotel library. It was published before the Civil War."

The real-estate man's voice had sunk to a whisper as he looked suspiciously round, then drew a small volume from his pocket. It was entitled The Home Convivial and gave more than a hundred simple recipes for the manufacture of delicious intoxicants in your own kitchen. Pipling opened the book at random and glanced at inconsecutive fragments:

". . . Homemade Wine. Six pounds Catawba grapes . . . after about five months . . ."

". . . Russian Koumiss. Obtain three gallons mare's milk . . ."

"Old Peach Wine. . . . After two quarts of ripe brandy have been added to the peaches . . ."

"It looks simple," agreed Pipling, closing the book with a snap. "All we need is a herd of mares, two quarts of brandy and a five months' vacation. It sounds like a recipe for civilizing Russia."

"That book's no good," declared Percival Lamimoor. "But I've been telling about a brew my Aunt Clara makes every year in Baltimore. Parsnip wine."

"He's told us practically all about it," explained the surgeon in a sarcastic tone, which caused Tweed to turn upon him:

"Look here, doc! If you were any good you could write us a prescription for a quart of rye and stop all this nonsense."

"Nay, nay, my boy!" chuckled Biskoff dryly.

"You're a physician, aren't you?"

"In my own state, yes. In West Virginia, no."

"Has this parsnip wine got any—you know—kick?" asked Pipling.

"Kick? My child!" snorted Percy. "About forty per cent alcohol."

"A scientific discovery!" sneered Biskoff.

"Perhaps Aunt Clara added a little brandy or something," admitted Percy with a slightly crestfallen air. "All we need's a mess of parsnips."

"That sounds easy enough," Pipling reminded the caucus.

A tall white-coated mulatto man came shuffling along the porch making a great to-do of a basket tray containing several milk bottles. This was Shakspere, the handy man of Spouting Springs. His handsome head with its high-bridged nose, yellowish eyes and tightly fitting wool presented the appearance of an intelligent and extremely benevolent ram.

"Hi, Shake!" called Tweed.

"Yassa."

The general factotum shuffled nearer and stood at attention.

"Do you reckon there are parsnips in the garden over yonder?"

"Nossa, Mist' Tweed. Didn't grow no pahsnips this summa."

"All right, Shake," admitted Tweed in a tone of dismissal.

Shakspere shuffled a few shuffles, then said earnestly: "Ah reckon the Guvmunt don' 'low no mo' pahsnips nowheres, Mist' Tweed."

When Shakspere had gone about his mild errand of distributing milk to the very young of the colony the author broke the silence:

"There's a perfectly whopping vegetable store down in the village."

"Do you think they keep parsnips?" asked Tweed hopefully.

"I don't know. I saw at least a ton of beets ——"

The surgeon emitted a series of dry cackles.

"What are you wheezing about?" demanded Pipling in an unfriendly tone.

"Beets!"

Apparently Doctor Biskoff was relishing some joke which could only be expressed in a chemical formula.

After the heavy midday Southern dinner Tweed stopped Pipling in his progress toward the cottages and whispered in his ear, "Want to join us?"

"Where?"

"I've ordered a jitney and we're all going down to the village to get the—you know ——"

"Parsnips?"

"Yeah. And other materials."

The author was led to the porch, where Doctor Biskoff and Percival Lamimoor were lingering in the shadow of a post.

"Of course we'll have to be pretty careful about this sort of thing," Percy issued the warning. "There's a lot of spying going on, I hear."

"Better keep it under our hats," chimed in Pipling, a little proud of his prescience.

The jitney which Tweed had so thoughtfully engaged came whiffling between the gate posts. Its appearance, outwardly weak and harmless, startled Pipling to the point where he all but fled and abandoned his comrades to their several fates. For glaring amiably through the dusty wind shield he beheld the face of Mr. Hig Botts, thinly disguised revenue agent.

"Look here, Tweed," whispered Pipling, struggling to be calm, "we can't go with that man."

"Why not?" Tweed's broad pugnacious face reflected alarm.

"Hig Botts—he's in the government service—he was one of the agents who broke up the still at Pine Pole."

"Gosh!" said Tweed; then a curious light came into his keen gray eyes. "I'll bet he knows all about it."

"About what?" Pipling asked vainly, for the real-estate man was already hustling his criminal gang into the tonneau.

They roared away and Pipling sat back in depressed silence. He didn't like the look of it. He thought of his wife and children. What would Angy say when she came back and found that her author, the author upon whom she based all her standards of conduct, had moved his typewriter to the somewhat primitive local jail? His blood congealed frightfully when he was

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The Joke is on the Weather Man!

How Mayo 10-rib knitting lets you make your own weather

THIS is the season when weather men begin to dust off their thermometers down around the 32° mark. They are whispering among themselves, "Guess we'll have some little jokes on people pretty soon. Before long we should be able to predict 'Lower temperature tomorrow, accompanied by probable snow flurries'."

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ONE feature of the widespread and rapidly increasing tendency toward wire wheels is well worthy of your notice.

This is the pronounced preference for Hayes Wire Wheels—a preference on the part of both motor car maker and motor car owner.

In the case of the maker, it is shown by the fact that the big majority of manufacturers use the Hayes as their standard wire wheel.

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No doubt both are influenced, to some extent, by the added social distinction which Hayes Wire Wheels undoubtedly do confer upon a car.

But they have found that Hayes Wire Wheels possess decidedly practical advantages, which amount to definite superiorities.

Hence it is perfectly logical that more and more car owners should be driving Hayes Wire Wheels.

The dealer who sold you your car, or the Hayes sales and service station, can install Hayes Wire Wheels on your old or new car

DEALERS: We have a limited number of exceptional opportunities for Hayes Wire Wheel dealerships. Ask about your territory

Wire Wheel Division

Hayes Wheel Company, Jackson, Mich.

World's Largest Builders of Wheels—Wire, Wood, Steel

HAYES Wire Wheels

(Continued from Page 124)

aware of Tweed, an engaging smile on his lips, leaning far over and addressing the potential vengeance on the front seat.

"Are you the Mr. Botts who arrested all those moonshiners at Pine Pole?"

"Yes, seh," acknowledged the driver, only too willing to take all the credit unto himself.

A physical shock seemed to jostle the guilty passengers. Possibly it was a bump in the road.

"You got a good deal of whisky, didn't you?" pursued the audacious one.

"Yes, seh. Right smaht of it."

"Pretty good stuff?"

"It would o' been bettah if they'd a boiled it mo'."

Mr. Botts was now driving by the touch system, his body twisted round, his eyes on his audience, only his good right hand doing its duty by the tortuous road.

"I reckon you know all there is to be known about making that moonshiner stuff," suggested Mr. Tweed.

"I reckon there's nobody kin learn me much 'bout that," agreed the conversational acrobat.

"Takes a good deal of skill, doesn't it?"

"Shucks! A baby could make cawn whisky if he only knowed the trick."

Mr. Botts diverted his attention momentarily in order to scrape past a frightened negro on a mule.

"Gentlemen," he resumed, a certain light of enthusiasm having illumed his glassy eyes, "they ain't nawthing to it."

"They use corn some way, don't they?" asked the diplomat in a hollow tone.

"Yes, seh. Cawn don't do no harm. All y' need's a still to boil it in."

"Is a still hard to make, Mr. Botts?" inquired the man from Norfolk.

"Shucks, Misteh Tweed! I reckon most everybody knows how to make a still. Then you jest boil it."

"Boil what?" Pipling shot the question nervously.

"The sour mash, Misteh Pipling."

Like the mare's milk and the two quarts of ripe brandy it sounded easy, but was it?

"Of course there might be a certain ethyl vapor precipitation," said Doctor Biskoff thoughtfully.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Botts.

"He's talking to himself," answered Tweed. "I'm sorry to hear that whisky's so easy to make. It might cause a great deal of trouble."

"Anybody kin do it—if they want to take the resk," said the driver in his smooth curiously high-pitched voice. "In fact lots of 'em do."

"Of course there is risk." Pipling said this quaveringly.

"Ya-as. It's goin' to keep us agents pow-ful busy, I reckon. But what you goin' to do 'bout it?"

Nobody in the car could suggest any practical remedy.

"Just how do these scoundrels go at it?" persisted Tweed.

"Jest 'bout the same way they make it in the mountains, Misteh Tweed. Rig up a still; nawthin' to it."

Pipling swallowed hard before he spoke. "Nothing more?"

"Git yo' sour mash an' boil it, Misteh Pipling," drawled the gentle Botts.

"And then you get your whisky?"

"An' then yo' git yo' whisky."

Mr. Botts' tone had become a trifle sinister. He turned sadly toward his wheel, for they were now approaching a jumble of vehicles outside the village.

Four potential jailbirds sat and gazed at each other with a wild surmise. If there is anything in telepathy it was here manifest, for the thought went round, plainly proclaiming that Mr. Tweed was going to make whisky on the strength of Botts' very sketchy information.

As they were nearing the village Botts twisted again and inquired, "Where to, gentlemen?"

"The hardware store," commanded Tweed decisively.

A blond clerk who attended them at the hardware store looked mildly interested when the amateur moonshiners asked for copper kettles.

"We haven't any to-day, Mr. Tweed," said the man across the counter. "We have a nice line of agateware."

"What's happened to all the copper ones? inquired Tweed. "You used to have a lot of them."

"Sold out," said the clerk. "There's been quite a run on them lately. Everybody seems to be making tea nowadays."

He delivered the last opinion in the polite inflectionless tone of the perfect clerk.

They decided on agateware and insisted that the goods should be carefully wrapped—to avoid rust, as the diplomat cunningly explained it. While the paper and string were being applied Pipling and his gang stood apart discussing in whispers.

"We mustn't do anything raw," Percy cautioned them.

"We ought to give the corn time to ferment anyhow," Tweed decided, having gleaned that much from Mr. Botts' learned lecture.

The surgeon stood apart, doing nothing to help. He was driftwood and Pipling was already sorry that he had been admitted into the secret circle.

Outside they found Mr. Botts doubled up behind the wheel, a seven-cent cigar at a worldly angle between his thin lips. At the sight of his passengers he rubbed the burning brand against his wind shield, dropped the stump in his pocket and asked sweetishly, "Where to now, gentlemen?"

"The grocery," commanded Tweed; and in a loud strained tone, "I mustn't forget those oranges for Helen."

No sooner said than done. Tactfully the others permitted Tweed to enter the grocery alone. They plunged into an animated discussion of the railroad situation, with never a thought apparently for the felonious errand which seemed to keep their friend far too long.

At last he reappeared, struggling with a heavy package which he carried under his arm.

"I'll take that in front, Mr. Tweed," suggested Mr. Botts, helpfully leaning forth.

"No, thank you," said Tweed. His clutch upon the package had become hysterical.

"You're right crowded back there," suggested the driver, still holding out his long arms.

Tweed snatched the parcel hastily to his breast, and as he did so the base of the heavy bag jammed so smartly against the open door as to rip a hole, an insignificant but guilty hole, through the thick coating of paper. A tiny river of some yellowish sandy substance rilled smoothly down upon the running board.

"Anythin' else?" asked Mr. Botts obligingly as soon as Mr. Tweed had stopped the leak and got himself into the car.

"No. We'll go back now."

"I reckon you forgot them oranges, Mr. Tweed."

"Damn it! So I did."

There befell then another interminable wait during which poor Tweed made his hypocritical purchase, dumped it testily into the car and sank back among the dusty cushions.

II

"TYLKA CONNINGMERE had become ineffably precious to Leighton Sedgewick; the sweetness of her pulsed through his brain like rare wine, quickening his whole being, filling his heart with languorous memories of that swift rosy promise under the ancient ilex grove."

So typewrote Robert Burns Pipling, apparently unaffected by the poor ventilation of his somewhat stuffy workroom. It was nearing noon of the third day after the conspiratorial trip in Mr. Botts' jitney and our author was in the thrall of what he felt more than usually certain was to be his masterpiece. But at this instant he looked up, his eyes filled with dreams; his subconscious mind warned him of a presence, but his conscious mind was on his job. Therefore he resumed his romantic clicking:

"It was not her physical beauty alone which Leighton adored. She was to him an intangible influence, something as delicate as the breath of early May blowing over a moonlit field of jasmine. The girlish sweetness of her, the subtle perfume of her hair—lingered wonderfully in his memory."

Pipling came impatiently to his feet, snatched rudely away from Tylka's aromatic hair. What the devil was it, anyhow, which tainted his room with that vile sour odor? Then he remembered, and smiled a smile of gentle forgiveness. The sour mash, of course!

He walked over to a table by a sunny window and peered into the depths of a large white slop jar wherein for three days the mixture of corn meal and other ingredients had oozed, swelled, bubbled, soured and worked itself into that disgusting state of mind so much admired by our leading pathologists under the name of fermentation. Now fermentation is a hard thing for the layman to admire. It suggests the unhappy dough which rises Bolshevikly in the pan and sours before the baking; more unpleasantly, it suggests neglected garbage.

Yet such is the force of idealism that Robert Burns Pipling was able to lower his nose almost to a level with the mess and sniff appreciatively. The corn meal as if disgusted with the unholy war below had risen to the top and lay in a hard cake with a crack across its surface. Neglecting the impassioned scene in his impending novel Mr. Pipling again lowered his nose and sniffed. Sour it was indeed! He didn't mind the smell, he fooled himself into believing; no Bulgarian distiller of attar of roses could have worn a more triumphant expression upon the eve of success.

The stuff was ready for the still! Pipling was sure of it though he wished that Doctor Biskoff hadn't gone to White Sulphur to attend a medical conference. Biskoff's nose was perhaps more attuned to fermentation than was Pipling's idealistic member.

The experiment thus far had gone smoothly, but not too smoothly. In the first place there had been Maggie. Pipling knew too well her prejudice against alcohol in even the mildest form, and he had been aware of the inquisitiveness with which she had followed his actions. His door was, of course, the only one in the cottage that wouldn't lock. Once he had found a towel neatly laid over the top of the slop jar; and though he dared not question her he knew that Maggie was to be thanked for this unscientific act of housewifery.

She had been silent and grim and had only once become expansive. If only the gintlemen would be afther employin' their foine minds with somethin' besides roisterin' an' boozin' there would be no sin and sorrow annywhere. Quite true. She had only tasted wine or liquor once in her otherwise blameless life. That had been thirty years ago and it had given her a headache. What could Pipling do but sympathize with Maggie's point of view, guard his secret, and keep his sour mash exposed to fermentation as many hours as possible out of the twenty-four?

Then there had been little Willie. On the second day of fermentation he had come leaping out of his father's workroom, a bright vision of childhood under a corn-meal poultice.

"Willie make pancake!" he had shrilled through his disguise, and stood rubbing the mash into his hair, poking quantities of it down his Fauntleroy collar.

Maggie, who had just then finished dressing him for a children's party, had been displeased with his appearance, and this had so astonished Willie as to bring on a fit of weeping, causing rivers of tears to plow their way through the corn-meal dressing, which he wore like a hideous mask.

Oh, well, one must suffer to gain merit! And on this noon of the third day Pipling smiled ecstatically as he stood whiffing the delicious frightfulness.

Footsteps on the veranda! Pipling started guiltily and was about to pull down the shade when he beheld the solid figure of the real-estate man coming toward the outer door. Tweed's figure, always generous, looked bulkier than usual. He held his coat kimono-fashion across his swelling front and under that same garment in the rear dangled six inches of a tail-like something which gave him the appearance of one warming a serpent in his bosom and trying hard to conceal his generosity.

Tweed whistled thrice. Pipling leaped to the door and pulled his partner into the obscurity of his workroom.

"Well, I got it!" grinned the real-estate man, opening his coat and revealing something which looked like a tangle of telephone wire.

"What are you going to do with that?" was the author's very natural question.

"It's copper pipe," explained Tweed.

Pipling examined one end of the tangle. Sure enough, there was a cunning hole drilled through the length of it.

"Rather small isn't it?"

"What do you expect?" grumbled Tweed. "I almost got myself arrested as it was. I went to the hardware store and the plumber's. You ought to have seen the way they looked at me. Everybody in the place gathered round and asked what I wanted to do with copper pipe. I told them I was trying to mend a patent washing machine. What a snicker! At last I thought of the village garage. I found what I wanted the first crack out of the box. A mechanic was taking a leaky feed pipe out of a car and I bought it for a dollar."

"Rather steep, wasn't it?"

"Not when you consider what everything costs nowadays."

"Good. Hadn't we better rig the still right away?"

Pipling was impatient.

"How's the mash?" asked Tweed, smelling the mysterious combination in the jar. "Pretty good, what? I tell you what let's do. I've got a full program on to-day. I don't believe we can boil that mush—maybe it ought to be strained or something. Why don't you fix it up so that we can begin serious operations to-morrow morning?"

This seemed fair enough to Pipling. Therefore toward midafternoon, when he had taken his heroine through her first soul agonies, he locked up his portable typewriter, stole a yard of gauze out of the nursery and set to work methodically straining out the prodigious results of fermention. He used a two-gallon pitcher to catch the milky juice which dripped grudgingly through the texture of the little bag as he squeezed and squeezed it to the bursting point. And when the bag was squeezed until it would drip no more he shook hard yellowish dough balls upon a yard of Sunday supplement which he had spread for that purpose.

The hours sped painfully, because the author's hands, unmuscled to such a milking process, grew sore and stiff. His back ached. The pile of dough balls grew and grew, the sour corn milk in the pitcher curdled higher and higher. Hypnotized by the monotonous labor Pipling thought of many things. He composed a sonnet to a blonde whom he had once loved and seen married comfortably to a cotton broker; he designed a scathing article, intent to scathe Maximalism both at home and in Russia; he thought of a ghost story with an original ghost walking through it.

At last the straining was over, the strain having settled in the small of Pipling's back. He felt a slight touch of *mal de mer*.

What to do with that pile of dough balls, now that he had acquired them? Save them and bury them in the dark of night? Spies, he knew, might be watching his every movement. Burn them? The latter plan looked more practicable.

He found a can of kerosene in a little closet near the back door. Piling the dough balls pyramidally in the fireplace he covered them with wood, excelsior and paper wads before anointing them liberally from the can. He lit a match. The pyre burned splendidly, engendering an infernal heat. Pipling opened first his door, then his collar. The blaze died down and several dough balls rolled out, slightly scorched, on the floor.

"Tut, tut, tut!"

The animate clucking sound caused the author to look up nervously. Maggie Dempsey, gaunt, prim and wiry, stood at the door.

"I thought the house was gone this time, Mr. Pipling," she explained, her melancholy eyes glued on the waning conflagration. "The house is full of ut, an' the baby's fair chokin' blue."

"I have just burned some old manuscripts," he informed her briskly, meanwhile contemplating an ejection by force.

"I see."

Maggie picked up a dough ball which had rolled halfway across the matting. It was hot apparently, for she dropped it like a soggy bomb, and it exploded noiselessly, scattering corn meal.

Pipling made a poor pretense of mending the fire with fragments of charred wood, but Maggie still lingered. He dared not look her in the eye. When at last he ventured a sidelong glance he found her leaning over the slop jar, genuine concern written all over her kind peppery face.

"Mr. Pipling," she said severely, "ye gintlemen ain't goin' to dhrink thim suds, ar-r-re ye?"

"Oh, no. No." He grinned insanely. "It's just a little foolish experiment, Maggie."

"It's foolish all right," she conceded. "What d'ye put in ut to make ut smell like that?"

"Corn meal," confessed Pipling, now realizing that there was no keeping anything from Maggie.

"In Ireland they make ut out o' potaties," she volunteered. "Ut don't look like that, and ut don't smell like that.

(Continued on Page 130)

Most Miles per Dollar

Actual size illustration of a 5-inch Firestone Cord Tire with the new Non-Skid Tread, built to the largest standard of this size established by the industry.

THIS Firestone Cord Tire—first of the new standard oversize adopted by the industry—has much greater air capacity than the average, contains much more material and delivers extra mileage in proportion.

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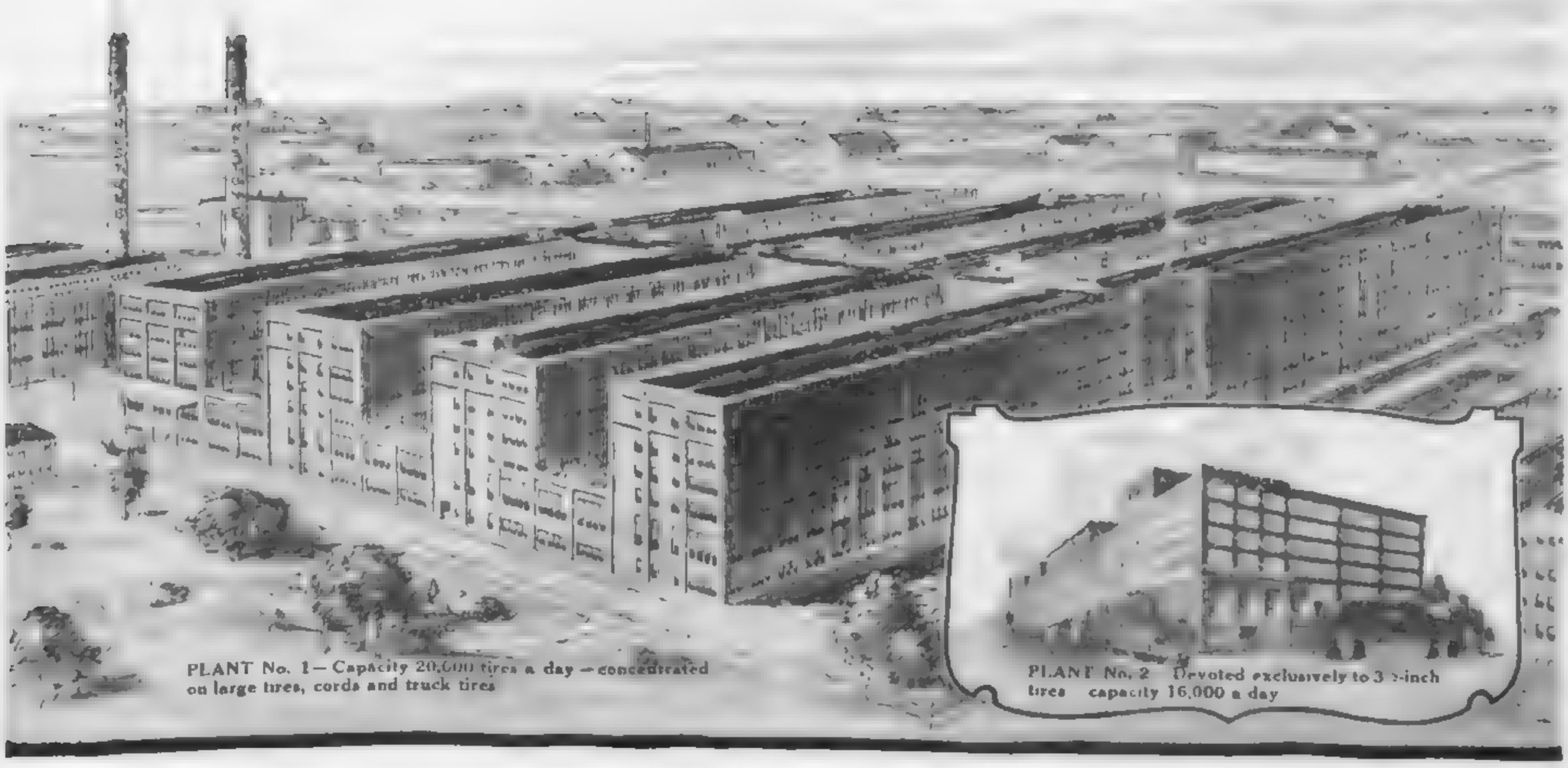

PLANT No. 1—Capacity 20,000 tires a day—concentrated on large tires, cords and truck tires

PLANT No. 2—Devoted exclusively to 3½-inch tires—capacity 16,000 a day

(Continued from Page 127)

There's no good to ut, however it's made. But there's no har-rum in doin' annythin' right."

Whereupon she picked up the pitcher of mash and walked briskly away with it. Pipling was of a mind to call after her, to command her to mind her own affairs, to keep her place. But would she keep her place? There was the rub! Maggie was but an item in the prevailing servant problem, treasure though she might be. Suppose he should tempt her to resign and leave him stranded in Virginia with two squalling children on his hands?

But Maggie Dempsey was no quitter. Presently she came back, carrying another pitcher, blue this time. And when she set it down he beheld his darling mash swimming in the cleanly depths.

"Ye'll gain nawthin' be usin' dirthy utinsils," she informed him. "Mrs. Pipling gave me stric' instructions to watch yer health. And I want no sick gintlemen on me hands—they're twicet the trouble of babies, an' more obstinate. Would ye be wantin' some clean bottles, Mr. Pipling?"

"I should be ever so much obliged," cried the author, breathless at this sudden turn of events. "And do you think you could find me something to cook this stuff on?"

"I have a coil oil burner for the baby's milk," she admitted, but retreated as though fearful of relenting too far.

Femina semper mutabilis! according to the Latin poet, and *Donna e mobile* as the Italian tenor so sweetly sings it.

"Isn't that just like a woman?" was Pipling's sketchy translation as he stood brushing away the cold sweat of anxiety.

Experiment One was conducted in secrecy and a bathtub shortly before midnight of the same day. The chemist, who had returned from a conventional dinner party, arrayed himself in a qualified laboratory costume consisting of a dress shirt, knickerbockers and morocco slippers, then he proceeded to assemble his ill-gotten materials. To complicate matters one of his teakettles had disappeared—he had a suspicion that Maggie had chosen it for a cereal boiler in her nursery cuisine upstairs. Finally he discovered in a closet under the stairs a thick square bottle which, its label glaringly announced, had once contained Old Tom gin. He felt sure that this would do just as well as a teakettle. Therefore he spent two crowded hours rigging up a distilling machine according to his memory of what Messrs. Botts and Tweed had told him. He wasn't at all sure that he had got it right, though the homemade apparatus looked sufficiently ingenious when he poured a quart of sour mash into the kettle and lit the oil stove.

He drew up a chair beside the bathtub and awaited results, inspired by the hope that a beautiful clear elixir would presently begin flowing into the thick square bottle.

Finally he shut the bathroom door, because an acrid fog was beginning to rise from the loose lid of the boiling kettle. There was no sense in announcing his nefarious trade, he thought, even to the dead of night.

After an eternity of waiting Pipling tiptoed forth to his workroom and from his small summer library chose a heavy volume which dealt with the self-determination of two or three states he had never before heard mention of, even in the covenant. He found his reading glasses and tiptoed back to the bathroom. The oil stove was beginning to smoke. He turned it down and took a narrow look at the gin bottle, which remained as dry inside as its label announced.

Patience! He seated himself comfortably and opened his book at a promising chapter, a solid thing touching upon Rumania and her right to expand toward the Ægean without hurting anybody's feelings. The kettle began puffing frightfully, the lid rising with every puff. Volumes of tainted steam fogged the room and mingled with noxious gases from the smoky oil stove. Pipling rose dizzily and again turned down the wick. He wondered if there wasn't some way of holding down the kettle lid. He scalded his fingers and decided there wasn't.

Finally he laid a broom handle over the spluttering, steaming, bouncing lid, signed deeply and resumed his reading. . . .

"Fire!"

Pipling shouted this out of a dream, for he had fallen asleep and imagined that he had died of a broken heart and that his spirit rising gently from its carnal shell had begun its floating voyage toward Spiritland, only to be caught in a terrific gas barrage directly over a garbage crematory. His waking sense apprised him of the true situation. The kettle had boiled down and its deposit of corn meal, subjected to long heat, had caught fire! With the aid of a handy washbowl he drenched the flames, and after calm had once more prevailed he disconnected the gin bottle and held it up to the light. Something evidently had happened during his spiritual absence, because a glance at his wrist watch assured him that it was now a quarter after two.

The bottle was not empty—not entirely. By tilting it close to the electric bulb he could see, glistening in one corner, a tablespoonful of crystal-clear liquid. Success! Nothing to brag about, perhaps; but were not Wilbur and Orville Wright prouder of their few yards of flight over Killdevil dunes than of their later sky-aspiring triumphs? Pipling had done nothing in the way of quantity production, but he had demonstrated a principle.

As he undressed sleepily he made up his mind to save the tiny sample and show it to his friends in the morning. But as soon as he had got himself into his pyjamas it occurred to him that Tweed might smile at the paucity of results. It would be better, thought Pipling, to drink the results of Experiment One. He had never tasted the famous moonshine whisky, and this small dose would teach him what to expect.

His last act before turning out the lights was to tilt the neck of the bottle against his teeth, permitting a tiny rill to trickle along his tongue. Delicious! More than delicious, indeed, for it was perfect beyond his wildest dreams—biting, aromatic, rich in alcohol.

"Great!" chuckled the experimenter as he clicked off the light, leaped into bed and pulled the covers to his chin. The taste lingered pleasantly, giving promise of pleasures to come. Why did people call moonshine whisky a crude and savage drink? This little sip had been wonderful. And he had found the secret. It was remarkable, too, how much like good gin it tasted.

A sudden midnight suspicion caused him to sit up in bed and grapple for the light chain. As soon as he could see he reached for the square bottle, which he had set on the table beside his bed. He smelled long and tenderly and emptied the few remaining drops upon his tongue.

"Rats!" he grunted, and again turned out the light. It was gin. Some wasteful idiot had left a spoonful of good liquor in the bottle ere casting it aside.

III

WE WILL spin hastily through Experiments Two and Three in order to linger among the scientific grandeurs of Experiment Four.

Experiment Two was a dry one and entirely concerned with mechanics. Tweed came smiling in next morning with several metallic objects which he had stolen from a garage. They had everything necessary for a perfect still, but they were baffled by the simple fact that everything refused to fit into or be joined to anything else. Pipling's workroom took on the appearance of a badly managed machine shop; the lusty clangor of hammer upon brass was mingled warmuse with manly oaths. Tweed mashed his finger and kicked a kettle across the room. They would have been at it yet perhaps had not Pipling ended the experiment dramatically by an abrupt backward step which upset the pitcher of sour mash. A milky lake spread and spread across the matting.

"Mop it up!" shouted the real-estate man, himself having rescued the pitcher and a considerable quantity of the fluid.

Pipling glared round the room and saw many hooks laden with expensive summer apparel. On the bureau he spied a pair of woolen socks—clean ones—and with these novel sop rags he mopped the floor and wrung the escaping mash back into its pitcher.

"It's full of germs," he confessed sorrowfully, gazing into the jar.

"Who cares?" asked Tweed. "There's no germ that walks that can live in a still."

"We've got nearly a gallon left," sighed Pipling, not without regret.

That afternoon the diplomat came in with a handsome Sheffield teakettle suspended on an elaborate crane.

"I borrowed it from a cousin of mine over at Bubbling Springs," he explained. "I told her we were giving a tea party and she was crazy to be invited. Of course you'll have to clean it all up when you're through—and be careful not to dent it. It's a sort of museum piece, and Sarah's a crank about curios."

A creative light beamed in Tweed's eyes as he snatched the object of art, and sans explanation joined the silver aristocrat, spout to spout, with the graniteware bourgeois.

"Steam-tight and perfect!" he jubilated. "Pour a pint of that mash into the curio, will you? And light the lamp underneath. And fetch a pan o' water."

Three men held the kettles at practical angles, three men were scalded this time, and three men swore. That was the total of the afternoon's work.

"Hell!" snorted Tweed, squinting at the nauseating fluid which trickled stingily from the graniteware spout.

"That little dinky museum piece has been boiling over and we've got the same old mash—hot."

They went up to supper, Percival carrying his cousin's priceless teapot under his elbow.

"It looks like an antique, all right," Tweed tried to console him.

"She'll throw a fit," grumbled the embryo ambassador; and he studied a row of interesting dents in the beautifully designed spout.

It was Sunday morning right after breakfast when the amateur moonshiners held a full caucus; indeed it was an overflowing caucus, because the Reverend Mr. Beagle strolled down to the Pipling cottage and invited himself in, with the explanation that there was nothing in the New Testament touching upon the rules of wartime prohibition. Indeed, what the boys were doing might be interpreted as an act of necessity and mercy, therefore no Sabbath breaking, strictly speaking. It was plain to see that Mr. Beagle's curiosity had got the better of his scruples.

Doctor Biskoff, who had returned from White Sulphur, came in with a pair of murderous surgical shears and a spool of adhesive plaster.

"I can stop either blood or steam," he explained, "according to the operation indicated."

Pipling didn't like his tone, which was light and suggested little faith. A naturally silent man, Biskoff merely smelled the mash, squinting and smiling; and over the wild apparatus which Tweed had constructed he passed his owlish eyeglasses and smiled again.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the real-estate man impatiently.

"I am no diagnostician," grinned Biskoff. "What's that kettle doing floating in a cut-glass bowl of water?"

"I should think you would know—you're a scientist," said Tweed cuttingly.

"There are a few things beyond us," declared Biskoff, walking round and round the bureau, upon which Tweed had installed his marvelous still.

They had moved their operations from the bathroom to Pipling's studio, the tub being at that moment occupied by the Pipling baby. Percy the diplomat had brought in a small alcohol burner, and above its sprightly flame the boiler was beginning to sing.

"A little of this adhesive," explained the surgeon, tearing off a strip daintily and in his best operating-room manner, "will stop the escaping steam. There are about a hundred leaks, I should say."

"Somebody bale cold water over the condenser!" bawled Tweed. "Keep 'er cool and stop arguing."

"I can smell alcohol!" muttered Pipling hopefully.

"It's from the burner," replied Percy in a tone of lamentation.

Meanwhile the minister remained aloof. It was none of his doings, and this was no time for a sermon.

"Well, I must be going to church," he spoke finally into the tense silence. "And when I get back I hope you'll have done nothing you'll regret."

"We'll get a quart at least at this rate," mumbled Tweed; for he had just looked into the kettle which, weighted from within, was sinking deeper and deeper into the watery depths of the cut-glass punch bowl. Doctor Biskoff, looking every inch the scientist that he was, stood gumming adhesive plaster over the leaky lid of the boiling kettle.

Mr. Hig Botts drove the Reverend Mr. Beagle to church. This had been Mr. Botts' prerogative all summer, and to-day he was dressed in a severe black coat and a collar he had not worn since last Sunday. As they bumped along Mr. Beagle thought indulgently of the four conspirators in the steam-reeking cottage. Certainly they were not doing any harm, thought he; but they ought to be at church.

It was after the first bend in the road that Mr. Botts permitted the jitney to think for itself, as it were, and twisted round to his conversational angle.

"How's the boilin' gettin' on, Mr Beagle?" he asked in the courteous tone befitting one addressing a clergyman.

"Boiling?" Though a mountaineer born, Mr. Beagle did not at first recognize the term.

"I understand the gentlemen are makin' right smaht o' liquor up to the Springs."

"Oh, yes."

Being an absent-minded man, pure of life and in no wise suspicious, Mr. Beagle was quite ready with his information.

"They seem to be having some fun with some spoiled corn and a lot of cheap hardware. There's certainly no harm in it, so far as I can see. It's the best cure for the drinking habit that I've encountered yet."

"That mout be, Mr. Parson. That mout be," agreed Hig Botts thoughtfully as he turned again to the wheel and showed no further curiosity during their tortuous trip to the little red church, where a congregation was already gathered awaiting the words of the visiting pastor.

Now Mr. Botts was not a churchly man himself, and being inured to a life of action the two-hour wait till the conclusion of services irked him sore. He drew a positively new cigar from his Sunday coat, lit and smoked with innumerable impatient puffs.

Then wantonly he threw it away in a semidestroyed condition, cranked his car and headed rapidly back over the road to Spouting Springs.

In the Pipling cottage things had progressed, as the author expressed it, "like a dream." The homely kettle in the cut glass bowl had grown heavier and heavier, while the amateur moonshiners worked as they had never worked before, baling warmish water out of the basin, baling cold water in a constant fount over the lid of the mysterious teakettle, which the surgeon had now dressed so conscientiously in surgical tape that to lift the lid and look inside was entirely out of the question. The high tension was felt by all save the surgeon, who remained satirically calm, gumming and gumming. As he gummed he composed a pathological ditty to the tune of Our House is Haunted:

Fermentation,
Fermentation
Has ruined many and many a happy home.
'Twas Fermentation
And Cultivation
That caused the fall of ancient Rome.

Tweed's good nature had returned upon the prospect of brilliant results.

"Colonel John B. Corn!" he cried in a moment of ecstasy. "No matter how deep you bury him, he'll rise again and give 'em all the hoss laugh."

"He's the greatest leader of men the world has ever known," declared the diplomat, who had just rushed in with a fresh basin of cold water.

"Bless the old colonel!" jubilated Pipling, asweat with constant boiling. "He never fails to pull a party together."

"A little more adhesive over that joint," grumbled the eminent surgeon, performing the operation skillfully.

"I think she's about simmered down now," declared Tweed, his ear to the boiling kettle.

Indeed there was a spluttering racket from within, indicating danger.

"Wow!"

Pipling lifted this Mohawk syllable as he raised the crude condenser an inch from its watery grave.

"Man born! The thing's chock-full."

"*Per Bacco!*" swore the diplomat, proud of his meager Italian. "What's the use of Amendment Eighteen now?"

What indeed?

"Get a clean pitcher," commanded Tweed, "and we'll pour out the stuff."

While the diplomat was turning down the light the author was running for a sufficient container and the surgeon's cunning fingers were removing the surgical dressing. Pipling brought in a two-quart pitcher of the standard hotel variety and four heads were grouped in a tight cluster as Tweed raised the agateware kettle and proceeded to pour.

(Continued on Page 133)

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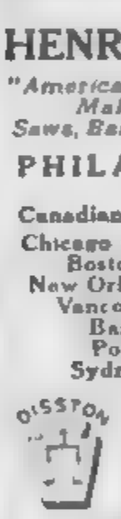


DISSTON SAWS AND TOOLS Standard for Nearly Eighty Years—and Growing Faster Every Year

(Continued from Page 130)

Assemble, all ye bacchantes, to witness how he poured! Out of the generous muzzle of the large kettle cascaded such a flood of crystal-clear liquor as Falstaff never dreamed of, Tantalus never thirsted for. Pint after pint of it rilled down with a satisfying gurgle, until the pitcher was full to the brim and Tweed was shouting for another reservoir. Pipling snatched a two-quart bottle, which Maggie had been so thoughtful as to wash and set on the mantelshelf. Still the tea-kettle poured tirelessly as if fed from some inexhaustible spring.

The bottle was two-thirds full when the pouring ceased and Tweed set down the kettle amidst a tremendous silence.

"I'll tell you what let's do," said the diplomat, his social nature the first to revive. "We'll make a tremendous julep and give a party to the Springs."

"It might be a little crude at first," Tweed temporized, apparently too proud to boast. "But holee hickoree, ain't it easy when you know how!"

Pipling, a practical man in spite of his ethereal calling, had poured out a full glass of the magic elixir and was holding it up to the light.

"Who deserves the first swig?" he asked.

"Tweed's done most of the work," was Percy's diplomatic reply.

"I'm not claiming all the honors," Tweed protested with a modest blush. "But since you insist, here's how!"

He measured the glass off with his fingers, swallowed a just quarter of its contents, smacked his lips, and passed the loving cup on to Pipling, whom he had chosen as next in importance to himself.

"How is it?" asked the author, the glass already tilted toward his lips.

"Fine!" said Tweed cheerfully.

Whereupon Pipling dashed off his apportioned quarter, smacked his lips in turn, and gave the glass to Percy, who being overeager all but finished it.

The surgeon merely smelled the potion when it came his turn. There beamed a clever analytic look behind the owlish spectacles as he revolved the glass round and round under his birdlike beak.

"What's the matter with it?" asked Tweed.

"Well, what is?" counterquestioned the scientific gentleman.

"It has a certain—glow."

Tweed said this, but without unnecessary enthusiasm.

"To tell you the truth," volunteered Percy in a weak voice, "it seems to hit one rather hard about here."

He laid his fingers delicately across his ribs.

"I think there's alcohol in it," declared Pipling. "But it tastes a lot like rain water that has been left out in a whisky barrel."

"And allowed to sour," supplied Tweed, sitting suddenly and wrapping his chubby arms round himself.

During the ensuing depression Doctor Biskoff, who had touched not, tasted not, passed again among the items of apparatus, making a minute examination. Finally he lifted the lid of the kettle that had poured so luxuriantly, and after his forefinger had run itself two or three times round the little knob on top he smiled his dry, wrinkled smile.

"Quite a large hole here," he said, "and you've been baling water into the kettle as fast as the steam could condense. A great deal faster, I should say."

The four of them sat huddled in chairs. Doctor Biskoff had been thoughtful enough to open a window.

"Well," said Percy at last, "there's enough of something in it to make me pretty sick."

"No doubt," agreed the surgeon. "But it isn't alcohol."

"Well, what the devil is it?" snarled Tweed. "If you're so thundering educated, why don't you tell us something?"

Biskoff mentioned a long list of chemical things which sounded a degree less deadly than the present results. His eye passed over the limp group with a look of purely professional interest. Every face was seamed with agony; green was the prevailing shade.

"I think a little ——"

His diagnosis was interrupted by a loud rapping upon the frame of the screen door, followed by a tart inquiry from Miss Maggie Dempsey.

"I want to see Misteh Pipling, ma'am, if you please."

"Mr. Pipling's a-holdin' a conference. Who's it a-wantin' him?"

"Botts," declared the sweetish voice. "Mr. Hig Botts, on impawtant business."

"Well, Botts ye may be, but he'll not be seein' ye now. Gowan an' set yourself under a tree till he's through ——"

"I'm sorry, ma'am," came the kindly drawl.

There were sounds of scrambling by the screen door, a smothered scream including an invitation to git out ye lazy burglar, and before the stricken Pipling could move a muscle Mr. Hig Botts came smiling into their midst.

"Mawnin', gentlemen," he began in the best manner of our motion-picture sheriffs. "Sorry to interrupt, but I heah they's been some boilin' down this way."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Botts," smiled the diplomat, shaking off his pain and showing an equality to the occasion which if applied among nations will bring him to the front of his profession. "Glad you dropped in on our little experiment."

"I've dropped in on heaps of 'em befo'," declared the secret agent, his chinless chin folding itself resolutely.

"Not like this, I assure you, Mr. Botts," said the diplomat. "We've been experimenting in artificial ice. Doctor Biskoff here has invented a process whereby it can be produced cheaply without the use of ammonia ——"

The surgeon lifted his eyebrows, and in the pause Mr. Botts spoke harshly.

"I know what you-all are up to. Artificial ice is all right in its place, and feed cawn is all right in its place. But you-all have been distillin' without a license. If you-all got an ice plant tell that to the judge. But I'm 'bliged to put you-all undeh arrest for makin' whisky."

In a long silence he permitted his words to sink in.

"Look here, Botts," said Tweed, coming out of his coma, "what makes you think we've been making whisky?"

"Tha's the evidence, seh, scattered all oveh the flo'. I'm right sorry, Misteh Tweed."

"Well, before you make any arrests don't you need a little evidence in the form of whisky to prove something on us?"

"I reckon I do, Misteh Tweed. What you-all got in yon bottle?"

With nervous promptitude Mr. Tweed poured out a half glass of the sparkling liquid. Mr. Botts crooked his elbow and tossed it off at a gulp.

"Do you call that whisky?" asked Tweed in a voice which gained power.

Mr. Botts smacked his lips as the others had done. Carefully he set down his glass ere a pained expression crossed his prickly countenance and he slid into the same chair that he had but now used to barricade the door.

"I don't know what you-all been makin'," he pronounced deliberately, "but it shore ain't whisky."

"I reckon we're innocent," decreed the real-estate man, who had taken over the case.

"Innocent is right!" agreed Botts, then was still.

Doctor Biskoff, the one abstemious person in the conspiracy, took another look at the havoc, the human wreckage, the greenish cheeks and white lips on his miserable companions. Then he stepped briskly into the hall and encountered Maggie lingering by the screen door.

"Nurse," he asked in his commanding hospital voice, "have we a little whisky in the house?"

"Annybody seeryusly sick?" she queried unbendingly.

"Mr. Pipling and Mr. Tweed seem to be a little upset."

"I thought they would be," she announced, not without a certain hint of satisfaction.

She stepped to the door and took one long, sad look at the emergency ward ere she spoke again.

"There's a bottle of the devvil's stuff in the house, and it's me that's thinkin' they'll be needin' it now."

"Get it at once, will you?"

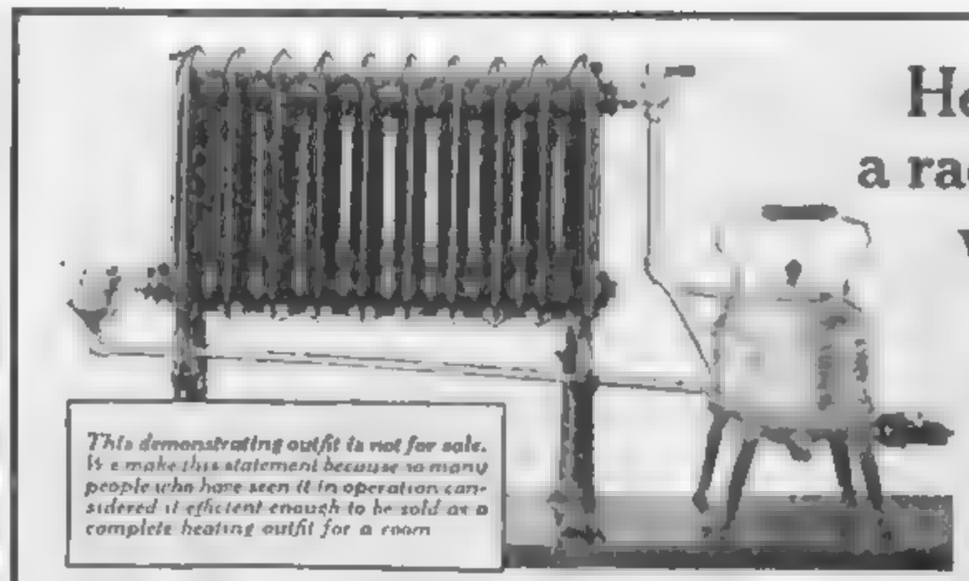
"Docthor's orders," said Maggie.

Without another word she stepped into the room of misery and, mounting a chair, produced a full quart of Bourbon from a shelf less than three feet above Mr. Pipling's bowed head.

"I thought he wouldn't be a-lookin' for ut there," she explained. "How manny glasses, docthor?"

"Five," commanded Biskoff decisively.

Sunday dinner was set for half past two, and it lacked a quarter hour of that time



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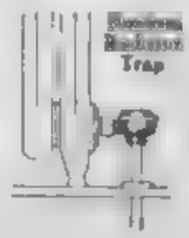

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Extra Christmas Money

Perhaps you have planned more giving than your purse will permit? Most gifts are expensive this year and the dollars that once sent seasonal tokens to all the relatives and friends are now spent before they have half accomplished the duty you have set for them. But you can still get the extra money that will enable you to complete your buying or enlarge your plans, easily and quickly.

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The ideal gift for this year, when we must give *freely* to show our good will on this first new Peace Christmas, and when we must give *wisely* to show that we have learned the war-time lesson of thrift, is a subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman*. Thousands of sensible Christmas buyers will realize this truth. You can easily secure the gift orders for *your* town or *your* neighborhood. And for this easy, pleasant work we will pay you well, both in commissions and salaries. To learn all about this spare-time, money-making opportunity, without placing yourself under any obligation, write *now* to The Curtis Publishing Company, 474 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

when five jolly roisterers sat together in the Pipling cottage round a half-finished bottle of Bourbon. The Reverend Mr. Beagle might be still waiting at the church for aught Mr. Botts cared.

"Ther ain't no law aginst it bein' used like we're usin' it now, fer medishnal pu'poses," he lectured on and on, himself having taken most of the medicine. "But, gentlemen, believe me fair and honest, it cain't be did to home the way you-alls' been doin' ut. If you-all must drink—and it's a crime, gentlemen, but human—they's no reason why you shouldn't git it the way the moonshiners sell it, twice distilled off the stump."

"Off the which?" asked Percival, hanging on his lips.

"Off the stump. I reckon they's about a hundred stumps marked with a gob o' white paint between heah and Bubblin' Springs. It's like pickin' a turkey—y'only need to know how."

"Well—how?" asked four accorded voices.

"Git a gallon jug and a five-dollah bill. Find a stump with a white mark awn it. Put the bill awn the stump and the jug awn the bill. Then 'bout dawn next mawnin' go git the jug an' see what's in it."

"Isn't it against the law?" asked Pipling, who had had his scare for the day.

"I don't say it's strictly in accawdance with juice-prudence." Mr. Botts winked wickedly and helped himself to more medicinal Bourbon. "But they ain't no hawm in tryin', and see what's in it."

A few minutes later Mr. Botts and his car went swaying away toward church, blithe in the assurance that Mr. Beagle was either there or wasn't.

All that afternoon and evening the undiscouraged conspirators collected jugs out of the hotel cellar and five-dollar bills out of the hotel safe.

Well after dark that night four mysterious figures might have been faintly discerned, each figure moving slowly under a weight of jugs. Any spy, had he been possessed of more ambition than is native to the Blue Ridge, might have followed to see eight jugs, properly baited with currency, set upon eight whitish stumps between Spouting Springs and the more pretentious resort down the road.

Our hypothetical spy might also have waited till dawn to see what happened then. Out of the mist four city-bred gentlemen, who should have known better, passed furtively along the forest marge to gather in their illicit spoils. The stumps were still there, the jugs were still there. The jugs were uniformly empty, but an equally uniform absence of five-dollar bills indicated that the stumps had not been unvisited.

"Bunked again!" was Percival's original discovery as soon as he had visited the eighth stump.

"Well," observed Pipling, his eye peering down the neck of the vacant crockery, "Botts merely told us to look into the jug and see what was there."

"Gentlemen," cried Tweed speculatively, seating himself on the bare stump, "if dandelions were only in season I could give you a recipe that would ——"

"Another word" Pipling lifted the jug menacingly—"and you're a dead man!"

The Cabin

A SPREADING stain through forest lane,
A haze in cabin clearing;
The cricket's knell from hearth and dell
For summer disappearing;
And ragged nests where, stranger guests,
The snowbirds house unfearing.

My ferny nook for dream and book
Is but a den of thistle,
Like skeletons 'neath ghostly suns,
The stark old beeches bristle,
Their deep veins cold their green wreaths mold,
Their song a mourner's whistle.

But who in grief at fade of leaf
Can long resist the fall?
The gleams and rains which haunt the panes
Have a mysterious call,
And musings dread attend his tread
Around the cabin wall.

Are these wild noons among the dunes
Less loved of Pan, I wonder,
Than flower-frilled lawn with nymph and faun
Dancing the warm stars under?
These skies of dun with sand-blown sun
And thrilled with ocean's thunder?

What of the din when ducks blow in
On squalls of dusk December,
And torn flocks take the sheltered lake
Beneath a snow moon's ember
Shall I repine and old dog whine
Or Redbreast's song remember?

Oh, we hear hails from Arctic trails
Whose Valkyries choose our prey.
And heap the hearth with Viking mirth
When ducks blow down our way;
And as gun glint and feather tint
Across the firelight play
The setter gnaws his folded paws
And plans the dawn's foray.

-Calvin Johnston.

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A POST-MORTEM ON COCK ROBIN

Continued from Page 17

"It is the same thing in boys' clothes. I was going on thirty years old before I paid more than $20 for a suit of clothes, and when I took my sixteen-year-old boy down last week to buy him a school suit they didn't have anything in the store for less than $35, and most of them were $45 and $50. They didn't begin to compare with the suits we used to get for $18. What is a fellow going to do?

"And shoes! My Lord! I used to have to be talked into paying $5 for a pair of shoes. And yesterday for my kid I had to pay $14.40 for a pair of low-quartered tan shoes made out of leather. He would kick a pair of those $8 shoes all to pieces inside of a month. I don't need to tell you about food—you know about that. I work just as hard as I ever did. I get more pay than I ever did. I don't waste my money. I don't buy anything I don't have to buy: I just about break even. It costs me twice as much to live as it used to and I don't get as much for it. What is the answer? Is somebody gouging me? I think so. I am trying to find out who it is.

"I went down street the other day to buy some shirts, the kind I always buy—a white soft shirt, with soft cuffs. They used to be $1, and then they went to $1.50, then $1.65, and then $2. Now they are $2.50.

"I said to Henry, the clerk, meaning to be sarcastic: 'I think they are almost as good as the dollar shirts used to be.'

"'Yes,' he says, 'I think they are, but they aren't made quite as well. I don't sell as many of 'em as I used to. Most of the boys is buying these silk shirts. We have got some nice ones, $6.50 to $10.00.'

"'Who is buying 'em?' I asked him.

"'Why, most of the fellows,' he told me. 'The crowd that comes in here Saturday night, the railroad boys, and most of that crowd workin' down there buildin' old man Jessup's warehouse. They are all getting good pay. The unions have put wages up.'

"'Yes,' I says to him, 'and it seems to me I am paying a good part of 'em.'

"'Well, join a union, then,' says Henry."

Big Production and High Prices

"And there you are. I don't blame these fellows for trying to get as much pay as they can. I am glad to see them prosper. But the more they get the higher prices go and the more they take out of me. I have just come to the end of my row. I have got a right to live too. We can't all be railroad men and belong to unions; or be bricklayers or carpenters or plumbers or steamfitters. I am earning all I am worth and all I can earn. I work hard, don't dissipate, and I try to live within my means. I don't buy anything I don't have to buy, and yet they've got me on the run. We will have to have a showdown pretty soon, because I am not getting anywhere with all my trying.

"On the very hottest day of last July I came out of the dining car of a train just then leaving Wilmington, Delaware, where I had paid $1.85 for a railroad administration lunch, and walked into a lodge meeting of ultimate consumers who were pronouncing the high, the low and the middle curse on the cost of living. All of them, it developed, were salaried men. The greater number were apparently traveling salesmen. One of them was reading aloud from a morning newspaper.

"Listen to this," he said. "It is official, from the Department of Agriculture, and says there is no longer need for meat conservation, and that patriotic citizens may freely disregard the meat-saving placards which are still displayed at many eating places. Now listen:

"'With meat prices to the consumer so high that he is denying himself, and with prices for livestock, especially beef and lamb, so low to the producer that he is actually losing money, the nation is confronted with a grave problem which requires solution if we are not to suffer a decline in the livestock industry.'

"And here's another bit: 'Beef producers and lamb producers who sell their produce at this time are confronted with the danger of heavy financial losses, which would tend to restrict production and cause a serious shortage in future.

"'In 1918, for the first time in many years, the production of meat animals gained ground in the losing race with growth of population. This was made possible by the earnest and patriotic efforts of our livestock producers, and unless beef and lamb consumption is now increased to its potential maximum, without needless waste, we are in danger of throwing away the advance we have made under war pressure.

"'We have in prospect the greatest wheat crop in our history; we had in 1918 by far the largest production of pork we ever had, as well as a great increase in our beef, lamb and dairy production. . . . "Save Food" signs should now be disregarded. Consumers are unconsciously working harm to themselves and to livestock producers by now restricting their consumption of meat.

"'The department is aware that much of the reason for the hesitation of the average housewife to increase the amount of beef in the family diet is the excessive retail prices which now prevail. These prices are not justified by the wholesale quotations.'

"Can you beat it? Can you even tie it? Here is meat at a price where we can't afford to eat it. Did you notice the prices on the bill of fare? And in the face of this we are being told that if we don't eat steaks and chops and roast beef as we used to the beef producer will be put out of business and the supply will be cut down. Here we are told officially by the Government that we are producing more meat than we have ever produced before; that the livestock raiser is threatened with ruin because of the low prices he is receiving; and yet that the consumers are called upon to pay an absolutely preposterous price per pound for all that we buy to eat. Three years ago bacon was twenty-five cents a pound. Now in the face of the increased supply it is seventy cents a pound. More beef and lamb and pork than ever before, and yet prices so high that we can't afford to buy it. Will somebody tell me the answer?"

I should advise whoever is responsible for this sort of thing to pay some attention to these little experience meetings that are going on everywhere I have been this summer. The present distracted state of mind of the ultimate consumer reminds me of nothing so much as the little boy who has been told who Santa Claus is. He has been stripped of a dear illusion and is beginning to inquire into a great number of things and persons that he has rather taken for granted.

You may have noticed that the qualities and capacities of men in high places are not being taken for granted any more. The present public attitude toward all those who sit in high places or positions of authority is one of scrutiny and criticism. It has been widely remarked that the war produced no hero in the Army, no idolized generals. And the same is true in civil life here at home. Who is there whom you can think of, in public life or out of it, at this juncture, who is an idealized and idolized leader? Nobody. I mean popular heroes and popular leaders followed blindly and worshipfully by millions, and whose opinions and outgivings are instantly and enthusiastically adopted by their followers, without thought and without reservation

Congress in Low Esteem

Do you remember the blind adoration of the Roosevelt followers and the Bryan followers? And before that, the men who thought James G. Blaine was the greatest man in the world? Those mass followings are dissipated. The state of mind and the attitude toward public men and leaders that brought them into existence and held them together have completely disappeared. Only the other day the President, in probably the most lucid, clear, intelligent, sound state paper he has ever written, asked the railway shopmen not to strike but to postpone action until the whole situation with respect to wages and the cost of living could be readjusted. He might have been the bookkeeper for a gravel-roofing concern, for all the weight his words commanded.

I venture to say, from my observations while wandering about in the past two months talking to people, that men in public life, in office and in Congress, were never in less repute and less esteem than they are just now. My own observations are borne out by the yelps of approval that have greeted Mr. Wilson on his Western speech-making tour every time he has taken a shot at the Senate. One of the things that an itinerant analyst hears oftenest is, "We are onto Congress. They'll never pull us out of the hole we are in."

There doesn't seem to me to be much justice in this attitude. But there it is, and it must be reckoned with. Congress is in the same plight as the people out in the country. It knows that something is wrong, but it doesn't know exactly what it is nor how to set about curing it. It knows that the League of Nations won't give everybody forty acres and a mule and bring about automatically peace on earth, good will to men, and a full larder at a reasonable price. So does the country. If I have read correctly the signs in my own adventures into the hinterland the folks at home are rather bored with all this talk about the League of Nations. They want to get it out of the way and behind them. If it proves a good thing, all right; and if it does not prove a good thing, we'll try something else. President Wilson tells us that the League will reduce the cost of living and put business on a normal basis again. "All right," they say; "let us

A Loyal Policeman, One of the Remaining Few When the Boston Force Went On Strike, Guarding a Wrecked Store, the Result of Mob Rule Which Followed the Walkout

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see if it will. That is what we want. Go to it."

What we all want, of course, is to get back where we were before the war, and know where we are. This restless groping for stability is not confined to this country. People everywhere are seeking to evolve and declare the faith that is in them. The other day a company described as "fifty-four leaders of French thought" met in Paris to make a declaration of faith. Here is a rough translation of a paragraph from their address:

"If we feel the need of a philosophical, moral and political thought which shall organize our experiences; if we aim to oppose to liberal and anarchical disorder, to the revolt of instinct, an intellectual method which discriminates — *hierarchise* — and classifies; if, in a word, we know what we want and what we do not want, we do not intend, on the other hand, to remain mere doctrinaires and critics. The methods to which we adhere require us to understand and engage us to act; they are essentially creative. But there exists a thought which blocks the way of thought, an art which is the end of art, a politics which destroys politics; it is these alone that we are determined to proscribe. In this hour of unspeakable confusion, when the future of civilization is at stake, our safety is in the spirit. By combining against all the powers that oppose the spirit we shall achieve victory. The human race will share the profits with us."

Waste in Distribution

A certain shrewd man whom I know in the Middle West thinks that when we have evolved a national system of distribution of necessary commodities we shall have solved our problem. He says: "Here we have a country packed with richness, food for all and to spare, forests, streams, minerals, wool and cotton for clothing, meat and grains and fruit to eat, land a-plenty, and a young virile people. We know where all this stuff is and how to get it out. We have solved the problem of production. We know how to increase production. We proved this up to the hilt when the war came on. We can produce in quantity and in any quantity, and when not under war pressure we can produce economically. All that we thoroughly understand.

"But we have never set our minds to distribution, to a fair sharing of what we produce. There are too many people between the man who produces food and the man who ultimately buys it for consumption. There are too many people between the man who grows wool or cotton and the man who buys clothing. Food marketing is grotesque in its appalling waste. Here in our town there are two markets. All the dealers have separate stalls. In the market nearest my home I buy butter and eggs from one man, green vegetables from another, fruit from another, fresh meats from another, and staples from a fifth. It happens day after day that five wagons drawn by five horses, and each one carrying a man to drive and a boy to deliver, come to my house from these market stalls that are not 300 feet apart.

"Each stall owner maintains his own delivery system. I and the other consumers pay for it. One delivery system for the entire market would save money for all of us. That is only a minor detail.

"A friend of mine has a muck farm up here in the northern part of the state. He grows nothing but onions. He sells them to an agent by the carload. I have known a carload of onions to be sold three times and make three profits before they reached their final destination and were sold to retailers. The food producer, I think on the whole, is not getting more than a fair price for what he raises, but a lot of parasites fatten themselves on it before it gets to the consumer, and he pays for it. Everybody seems to know this, but nothing is done about it."

One of the singular and amazing aspects of this new-thought politics and hot and hasty social and economic reorganization that is finding temporary lodgment in various parts of the country, especially in the Northwest, is being watched by my friend the ultimate consumer with rather mixed feelings. Apparently he is not being considered at all in the arrangement, and he doesn't understand how any system of society can endure that doesn't provide for his beneficent activities. Producers who don't take consumers into account are a new phenomenon in an imperfect world, already so full of strange and inexplicable spectacles. A news story in a Chicago paper a little while ago told of the offer of the Non-Partisan League to cooperate with the Independent Labor Party of Illinois in the coming municipal election in Chicago. Not long after the story was printed Governor Frazier, the Non-Partisan League Executive of North Dakota, met a group of labor men in Chicago and made plans for uniting the farmers and city workingmen for political purposes. At the same time there was published an interview with "one of the men high in authority in the Non-Partisan League, who is understood to be the incarnation of the league's inward spirit." He was quoted as saying:

"We must have an entirely new system, a system based not on politics but on industry. The producers on the farm and in the shops must unite in one great political union. . . . This new party, composed of producers, will take all the machinery of government, production and distribution in the interests of the people. . . .

"There are six million farmers and millions of workmen. These constitute the vast majority of the United States. It is the purpose of the Non-Partisan League to bring these two great bodies together; then we can dictate terms to the balance of the country. . . . It will be an adaptation of the Russian idea of government of the producers, for the producers, and by the producers, to American habits of thought."

One clear, definite, fixed idea I find in the minds of virtually all the tolerant, kindly average human beings whom I group for present purposes of classification as the ultimate consumer is that we are all in this thing together and that we must pull ourselves out of it together. He dislikes and resents and has not much faith in any group theory. It strikes him as a European importation that is just about as useful as the English sparrow or German carp. He doesn't take to the idea of getting out of a tight corner by trampling on somebody else. I have had the case put to me a dozen times something like this:

"The truth is our nerves are pretty well on edge. What with one thing and another we are tired and harassed and irritable. It is hard to get a civil word out of people. We are all worried about something. Mostly it is about how to make a living. You will hardly meet anybody nowadays who is satisfied with his job or thinks the work that he is doing is worth doing well. Taking it by and large, folks aren't as neighborly as they used to be. Before they do anything they want to know how much they are going to get out of it. I suppose that is natural, because with everything costing so much a man has just naturally to get as much as he can. But with everybody feeling that way nobody is contented.

"Then there is another thing: There has always been a lot of bunk in this country and we are just getting wise to it. I suppose the war is responsible for that. We have had to come down to cases; right down to realities. I don't think we will ever hear any more of the blah-blah boys who used to call us the uncrowned kings of the grandest, greatest, richest country on God's green footstool, and all that sort of thing. We have been pretty well shaken up in the last three or four years. That old patter does not satisfy us any more. You will hear a lot of people saying that we will never get started right again until we have a good old-fashioned smash in the way of hard times and a fresh start on a bed-rock base. As it is now, you do not know where you stand. People who never had anything before, or what they deserved, are now getting more than they ever dreamed of having. In the flush of it they are having a good time. Other folks are pinched to pay for it, and the bulk of us in between are just making buckle and tongue meet. We all know there is enough for all of us and to spare. The butter needs to be spread more evenly."

Raising an army of 4,000,000 men and sending 2,000,000 of them abroad and shifting 2,000,000 from one camp to another in this country have wrought a tremendous change in the outlook and viewpoint of all the obscure unknown people who in the end make public opinion in this country and decide its destinies and rate of progress. The change is easily discoverable now. Four or five years ago you would not have expected to find, and you would not have found, in towns of four, five, eight, ten, twelve thousand persons, decided views and opinions on the personnel, efficiency, management and value of the Regular Army; or the qualities of diplomats and their functions and how well they performed them.

Marks of Distinction

A little while ago the people at large didn't know anything about such things. They took the Army and the diplomatic service for granted. They were aloof from the popular understanding or the popular interest. At this present moment in the history of civilization it is easy enough to find a negative vote and the reasons for it based on more or less personal experience and observation of both services. The fellows who have come in contact with the Regular-Army officer and have now gone home do not like him. They say that he was harsh and uncivil; that he was out of contact and did not understand his own countrymen and their habits of thought and the things they hold dear; and above all, that he was pathetically lacking in intelligence about his own profession. I do not touch here upon the justice of this indictment, but I do report that the sentiment exists and is widespread.

I got one evening from a young fellow as vivid an account of the Peace Conference and the personalities of the American mission as could be wished for. He had been a private in the Army, and had been on duty about the Hotel Crillon at Paris. He had not been impressed a little bit. He thought the diplomats were funny and singularly unfitted for diplomacy. He described them as "these young birds with black coats and checked pants who shuffle the papers from one basket to another." Of course he didn't know what was going on at Paris. But who did? He told me a story that I liked:

It appears that two sentries were posted at the door of the Crillon to serve as guards. Of course they saluted the officers who passed them, and sometimes it was noted they saluted civilians. One of the professors in the tail of Colonel House, who was serving as a specialist with our peace delegation, observed that on some days the sentries at the door saluted him smartly and on other days they would let him pass unnoticed. One day he stopped and made inquiry.

"Of course," he said, "I know that you have to salute officers in uniform, but I notice that sometimes you salute civilians. Some days you salute me and some days you do not. What are your orders?"

"We are ordered to salute all officers and all distinguished civilians."

"How do you tell whether a civilian is distinguished or not?"

"They told us that the distinguished ones was the ones that wore these jim-swinger coats with long tails to 'em. We can't tell 'em apart, but if they got long coat tails they gets a salute. The officer said it was as good a way as any."

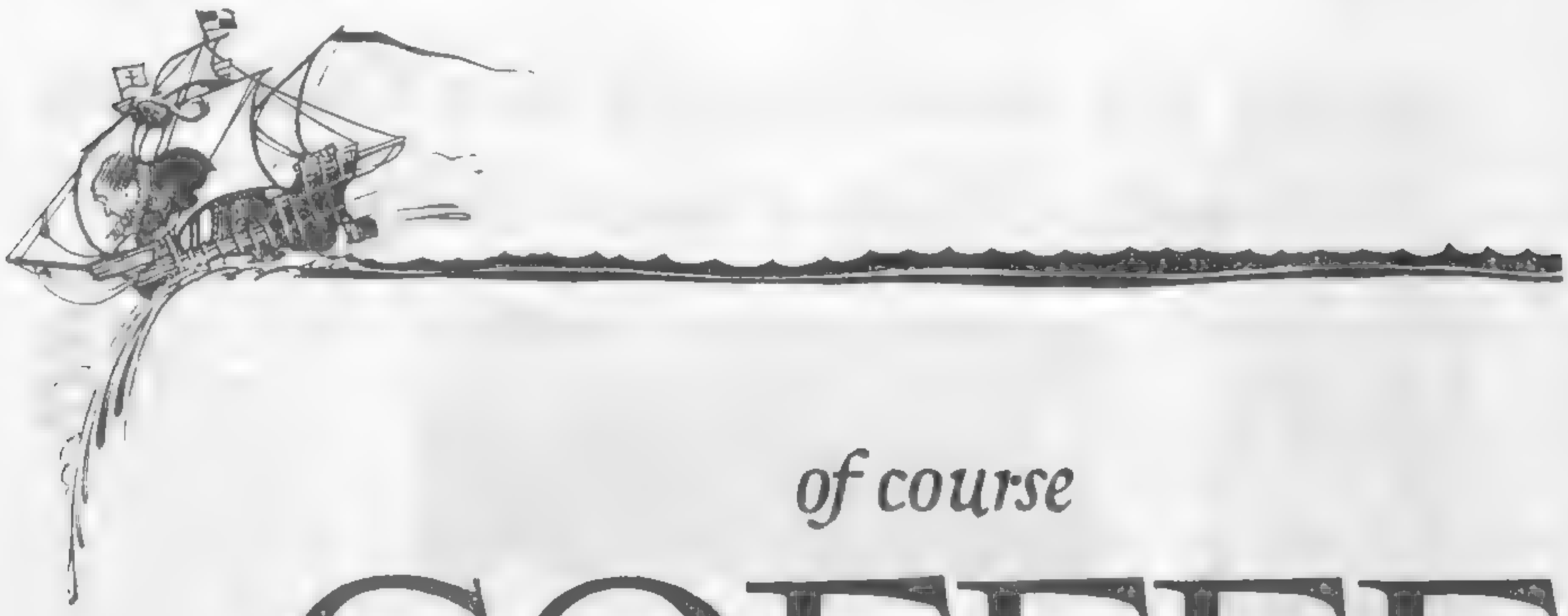
In sum: All of which, as Mr. T. Carlyle observed, is very singular to contemplate.

They wend. Undoubtedly they wend.

Now that you have come with me this far down to this quiet corner I will tell you a secret: The ultimate consumer killed Cock Robin.

He got too cocky.

It is so easy to get false notions *but~*



of course

COFFEE

is Healthful

Many, many good well-meaning people used to think the world was *flat*. A Portuguese went out and sailed around the earth. And we all know now they were *wrong*.

Coffee was a popular beverage before Magellan disproved the old foolish fallacy. It is still popular the world over. But many well-meaning people have false *notions* about it.

Of course,—the world is *round*. And, of course coffee is healthful. It is wholesome and nourishing. But too much of anything isn't good!

One may eat too much meat. Or drink too much milk. But nobody claims that meat and milk are not healthful. It isn't the use of coffee that is harmful—it is the *abuse* of it.

Coffee is good. It has proved good under every test. It proved so in the war—in the trenches—in the camp—in the hospital—on the march—on the sea. Soldiers and sailors *know* that coffee is nourishing—*sustaining*.

Drink coffee three times a day, if you like. But, be sure that you drink good coffee—*real* coffee. This is the only way to get the genuine coffee *taste*.

SIGNIFICANT

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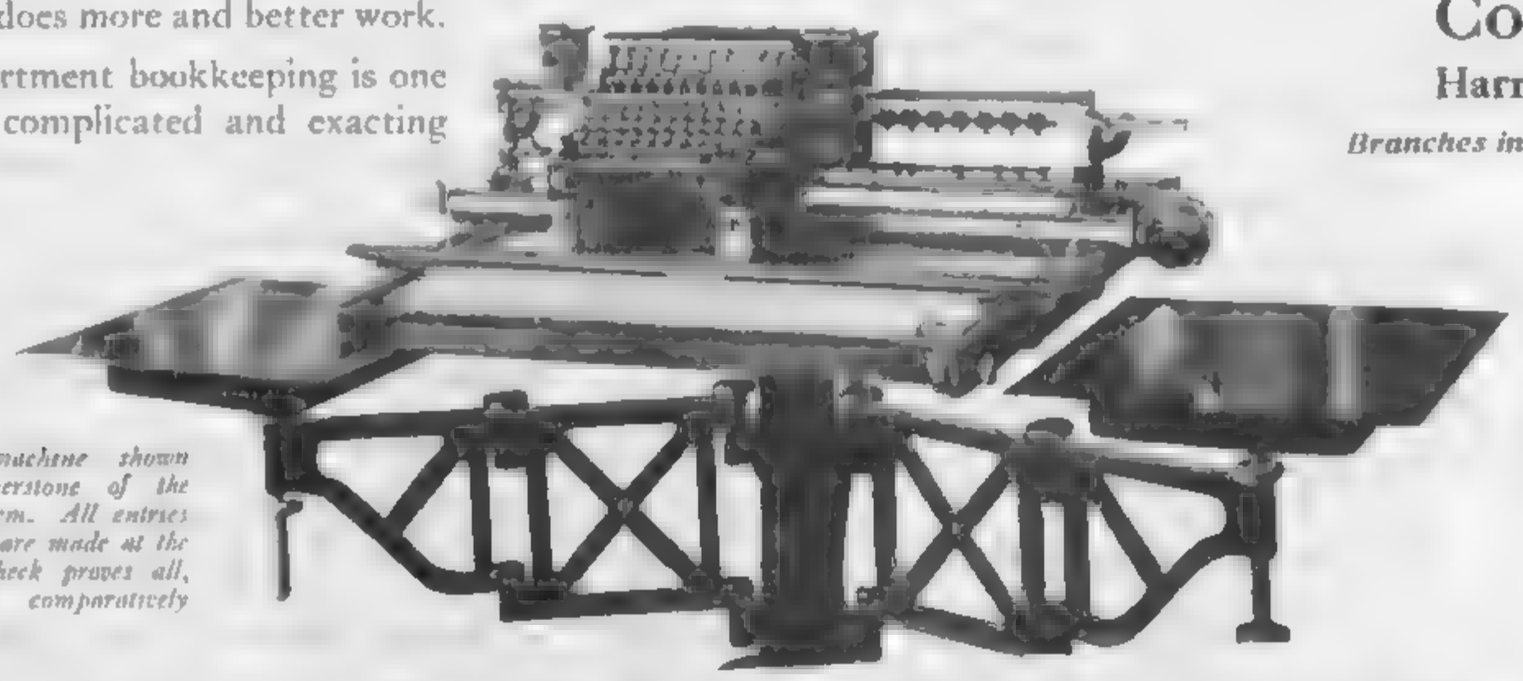

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THE DOOR TO FREEDOM

(Continued from Page 4)

light of wind-tossed lilacs in their steadfast eyes, with untainted cheeks aflame to the free air of heaven alone, with lips molded to noble murmurings and brows placid before established ways, with the lilt of clean blood in all their swift goings and comings, and possessed of the enduring glow of the deep and hidden heart.

He drew a full breath and at its escape it proved a rending sigh. Not with such had been his many contacts, but with the unanchored women who go their unaccompanied ways in ships, women to whom honor is so heavy a bit of furniture that it's easier left behind.

Blurt dragged his mind from distant hours among some of which it would fain have lingered, as though he too were at least touched by the curse upon those who go down the road of many tastings, their eyes fixed on high visionings, their feet deep and deeper in the slough! Of what avail was reminiscence? What need had he for pale hands that drew him back when he had the skipper's gnarled finger to point him forward? If the little thing he needed was a mere woman he would find her.

In midafternoon he landed, dumped his baggage at a vast hotel, passed its peacock alleys in quick review, and hastened out into the open and cleaner air. He followed the throng along Forty-second Street and turned up the Avenue. Never before had he felt so vibrant with stored energies, so clear of eye and purpose, so humble before the fairest handiworks of God as exemplified by certain of his countrywomen, so wide-eyed and indignant before certain others, who with powder and paint had tried to go the Almighty one better.

He stared; not rudely, for variety assailed him from every angle of vision. No sooner had his gaze gripped a passing face than another slipped into demanding view, seizing his attention for an equally brief tenure. Here and there grave eyes or a serene brow or a tender mouth quirked entrancingly, as though in the midst of turmoil it could dream apart, held forth a promise of the secret door, seen only to be snatched away.

He felt the deceptive nearness to the passing throng which fools every newcomer until the sudden evaporation of illusion plunges him into a loneliness poignant beyond the solitudes of the wilderness; only with Blurt the seeming communion with the hearts about him lasted longer, because some men and many women let their eyes dwell frankly upon him, held not by any outlandishness in his costume, but by the clean aura which clings for a time to him who is given up by the sea fresh from distant scenes, far places and the eternally broad horizon of one to whom the world is as a marble in the palm of his hand.

Such being the case, disillusionment and the realization that he was a stranger in the strangest of all lands, totally alone even though amid his own, came to Mr. Blurt with an added shock; day turned to night, the solid land of his forefathers to a billowing ocean in restless movement. To escape its tossing, incessantly slipping waves he climbed the steps of a church and turned on the slight eminence to regain a lost perspective. Here they were, women of all types—orchids hothoused in limousines, many maids out with dogs and a few with children, shoppers intent and shoppers idle, striking garment workers whose jaws worked on, hurrying midinettes and loitering manikins, ladies fat and ladies thin; but once in a while, following her starry eyes like a pliant arrow, with easy poise, light step and individual surge, a goddess passed. So breathlessly near to the cave man in him; so immeasurably bechasmed from his immediate purpose by eons of convention and the cop on the corner!

"Dod blast it all!" groaned Mr. Blurt to himself. "Rivers of soul floating by, and here I am dying of thirst!" He realized with sudden depression that every man is damned to the limited circle of his individual acquaintance like a squirrel in a cage, doomed to look through bars at the tantalizing mirage of a wider, freer world. Only another illusion, for all these beings, even the goddess, must know the same imprisonment.

That was what made it so annoying; they were just as thirsty as he was, and yet, though they might sense the clear cool spring of emotions still untainted within him and ready to burst forth at the faintest touch, they dared not drink.

It was indeed a black world, but across its gloom now struck a diverting ray. Mr. Blurt perceived approaching an extraordinary apparition, a figure six feet four in its shabby footwear, cloaked in the rusty clouds of a vast Inverness cape and hatted with floppy black felt. It was not these casual adjuncts, however, that caught the observer's eye and breath, but such a fluffy silken mane of hair and beard as gave the impression of Asiatic and European Russia peacefully out for a walk together through a startled world. At first sight one would have said that the sensation produced was beyond heightening by any incident of feature; consequently Mr. Blurt's delight may be imagined but not measured at perceiving behind the outrageous ambush a finely chiseled, half-frightened face, peeping out as incongruously as might some shy thing of the forest suddenly confronted with a burst of Broadway lights.

"Gee!" murmured Mr. Blurt with a calculating side glance at the cop on the corner, "you could wring its neck and it would never squeak!" He advanced on the Gila monster.

"Pardon me," he asked, "are you an artist?"

A spasm of terror shot through the man's pale eyes, his small mouth opened nervously and he answered, "No," in a voice that was like the rumble of a deeply buried subway train.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Blurt, writhing with satisfaction at this completion of all possible contradictions. "Excuse me," he added hurriedly, "I—I didn't think you were." He paused, contemplating the advisability of asking permission to accompany the giant in his walk, but decided not to bother; besides, he had already heard him say "No."

"We are going the same way," he declared, and fell in step.

For a moment they walked in silence, but not in willing acquiescence on the part of the giant. His shy eyes glanced fearfully this way and that, his hands, bare of gloves, clasped and unclasped themselves nervously. Midway of the block, striking an oasis of comparative solitude, he stopped.

"Which way are you going?" he rumbled.

"I know why you asked that," said Mr. Blurt with his most reassuring smile. "Whichever way I'm going, you think you'll go the other. Forget it; we're going together."

"No," said the tower of weakness, shaking his head in spasmodic denial.

"You said that before," remarked Mr. Blurt. "Now, just to persuade you that I'm your genuine friend in adversity and no con man, I'm going to take you to a tailor, a hatmaker and a shoe shop and have you refitted throughout, but in the same fugue. Why should I do this? Because the mere sight of you saved me from a pool of depression that it would have taken a sea lead to fathom. I'm willing to blow a hundred, two hundred, on you as a card of introduction."

"I'd rather have a quarter."

"You would!" said Mr. Blurt, laughing into the unsmiling eyes of the stranger and grasping his elbow in a firm and guiding grip. "All right, you shall have that too."

There was no question of ready-to-wears for the giant; he had to be measured for every item of apparel. It took two hours to complete the outfitting to Mr. Blurt's satisfaction, but even that period of time was not sufficient to elicit from the beneficiary his home address; everything was paid for and left to be held until called for.

Throughout the operation the stranger gave the impression not so much of one in a trance as of a fallen Spanish-mossed monarch of the forest caught and carried on the placid bosom of a wide flood. Where the strong waters carried him, there he went, heavily quiescent, never actively consenting. The same mood saw him delivered at a small window table in Cherry's.

Mr. Blurt joyed in the way the mere presence of the mighty beard and cloud of flossy hair had smothered remonstrance on the part of the guardians of precedence, floating himself and his companion to the much-coveted location. He realized that alone the stranger would never have penetrated even to the lobby, but that with a watchful and insistent pilot fish before it that beard could go anywhere, moving through a vacuum of temporary paralyzation induced by awe.

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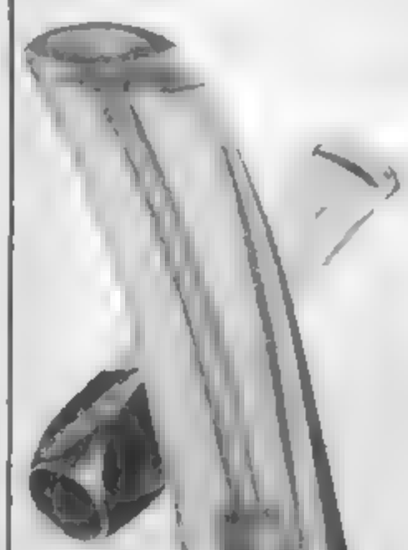

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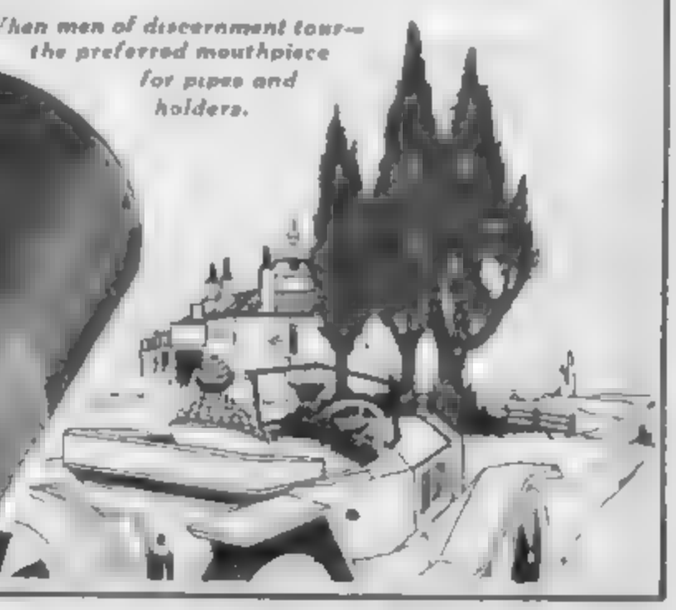

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He was not, however, entirely happy. Rudely staring eyes from neighboring tables disturbed him not at all, but he was oppressed by a sense of failure in his efforts to crack the apparently paper shell of his captive's personality. He felt that he was no nearer the intimate soul, if there was one, behind the sea of hair than when first he had discovered the peeping face that now defied him.

"Sutey," he remarked, using a nickname that came to his mind automatically by nebulous deduction from the word "hirsute," "where do you live? I don't mean street and number; I mean, what are you? What do you do? If you think, what do you think about?"

A vindictive gleam shone in the giant's eyes as though here, at last, he had found a means of thwarting his triumphant persecutor; he would answer none of those questions, he need only keep his mouth shut.

Mr. Blurt thought for a moment and then called hopefully for a wine card.

"Speaking of cocktails," he remarked, "what about a Jacque Rose, slightly feminine, pink-eyed and sweet?" He glanced up shrewdly and immediately tried again. "Kiss of Dawn—that's a pick-me-up; Clover Club, a form of breakfast egg food; Martini, half and half straddled by ice water; Bronx, a suburb of true booze; Perfection, a lot of muck round one drop of blessed absinth."

The stranger's thin nostrils suddenly quivered.

"Ah, friend," continued Mr. Blurt, "how stupid I have been!" He ordered absinth and its immemorial fixings.

From that moment set in a thaw as of springtime. Food came, carefully chosen as to quality and generous in quantity; libations in orderly procession followed the initial draught. Glancing nervously to right and left Sutey unbent himself and spoke, though in a whisper.

"I don't live anywhere," he said. "I'll never wear those new things you bought for me. I'm a model."

At the first of these three assertions Mr. Blurt nodded and murmured he had feared so; at the second he shrugged his eyebrows; at the third he frowned in sudden concentration. Visions of models paraded before his inner view; not mountainous men in lowering clouds of hair, but women—dainty women, women with and lacking missions, painted and unpainted, earnest and frivolous, all beautiful without, some within, character parts every one, as is all humanity once it can be divided down to the integral and put under the microscope of individual contact.

Mr. Blurt was conscious of a great illumination, still blurred in its outlines, but blindingly bright. If artists could get models for mere physical depiction at so much an hour, only the degree of cash divided him from employing goddesses to a nobler end. He gazed thoughtfully at Sutey and decided he could not let the source of his inspiration go.

"If you are indeed a model by profession," he said solemnly, "what's your rate by the month?"

"By the month?" whispered Sutey dubiously. A crafty light dawned slowly in his pale eyes. "One hundred dollars."

"Make it two," said Mr. Blurt promptly. "I may need you night or day."

"What for?" asked the model, thin lips working tremulously before this last of a long onslaught of matters demanding solution from his cringing indecision.

Mr. Blurt fingered a wineglass and brought back his gaze from idling.

"Sutey," he said, "there's a wonder about you and any day of great gloom or joy I may need it. The moment may come when I'll want you by, when I'll give you a thousand dollars to lie down and let me roll in your beard."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the giant, and at the rumble of his laugh rafters trembled, forks paused halfway to open mouths and hearts stood still. Oblivious of the ominous cessation of commotion Blurt reached out a hand as though in haste to seal friendship and the bargain before the echo and its impulse died.

"Let us go," he said hurriedly. "I'm sure they won't allow you to laugh in here again."

II

MR. BLURT lost no time in discovering the fact that Sutey, the giant, was a classified directory of every studio location in town. He knew them all; from the palatial cave dwellings in the Fifties, where wealthy dilettantes and many others with good sense and much money joy in the noble space of a single mighty room surrounded by the necessary cubby-holes, down to the humblest renovated third-floor back in Hobohemia, he knew them all.

"What do you want to paint?" he asked over the cozy breakfast table and a milky glass of absinth in Blurt's private sitting room.

"Paint?" repeated Blurt, looking at the questioner a little blankly. "Oh, yes." He lit a cigar in frowning deliberation and settled back into a deep chair.

"Sutey," he continued, "in spite of the fact that I consider you scarcely human we're going to have a long frank talk. Now, what's your real name?"

"Sutey," replied the giant. "Alexander Sutey; S-u-t-e-y."

Blurt stared at him in puzzled amazement. "Are you joking?" he asked.

"I never joke," replied Mr. Sutey.

Blurt's eyes grew rounder and rounder. "Didn't it occur to you," he asked finally, "that there was something strange in my happening casually on your by no means ordinary name?" His face suddenly hardened. "Don't you lie to me, don't dare lie to me, you old turkey cock in the bushes!"

"I'm not curious and I never lie," replied Mr. Sutey calmly, carefully steering a last spoonful of egg through the hairy cloud before his face. In Blurt's accustomed presence he had already lost his habitual air of cringing fear and substituted for it one of elemental apathy.

"Well, I'll be damned!" commented Mr. Blurt after a long pause of consideration. He pushed a cigar across the table, drew thoughtfully on his own for a silent moment and then went on. "Leaving miracles of telepathy aside for the present," he said, "let's return to the matter in hand. I am not and have no intention of becoming a painter; not with pigments at least. I am, however, the possessor of a new idea."

A faint look of sneering incredulity dawned in Mr. Sutey's eyes at the last statement, but, unheeding, Mr. Blurt continued. "I take it that an artist often dreams a certain woman into a picture and then advertises, searches and otherwise looks for the model that will fit his requirements?"

Mr. Sutey nodded in reluctant assent.

"Well," said Mr. Blurt, "I'm out for more than flesh, a lot more. I've dreamed a woman into the picture of life. She must be straight, inside and out; level-eyed, deep-bosomed, broad in outlook as she is constrained in license; she must be nurtured, not accidental, a woman bred to that unconscious nobility which recognizes the eternal verities of honor, steadfastness and charity, not as things you read about and forget, but as the living sources of the resurgent illusion of man's happiness. Sounds funny that—something like a cross between tinkling cymbals and a bass drum—but I'm thinking of the only possible happiness as a sort of continuing resurrection. We all die, Sutey, a thousand times; that isn't what matters. It's the revivifying force that is in or round us that counts."

During this exposition Mr. Sutey's small mouth and pale eyes had taken the form of round holes of wonder. As soon as there was a pause he exploded.

"You're demented! Where have you been since you grew up? Ha! You asked me where I lived. Where do you live? Listen to Sutey. Women!"

He made a gesture with one hand that implied an endless lengthening of the small apartment.

"Women," he continued, "are like clocks on a wall, every kind of clock, but all clocks. Some go 'tick, tick, tick,' and some go 'tuck, tuck, tuck,' but they've all got the same faces, the same numerals and the same wheels inside. But cheap or dear, it's the hand that turns the key that makes them go. Tick, tick tick; tuck, tuck, tuck! Pah!"

Mr. Blurt drew a deep breath and let it out undisguisedly as a sigh. "There's a lot in what you say," he acknowledged, "and I'm not going to argue with you about it. You admit that some are better than others and I'll surrender perfection straight away and say that I'll be content with the very best at present on the market. The thing is to find it."

To this disarming concession Sutey replied with a dissatisfied grunt as though, having been trapped into an admission that

(Continued on Page 144)

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BETTER PAPER — Warren's STANDARD — BETTER PRINTING

Printing Papers

(Continued from Page 142)

anything at all existed, he might be called upon to prove it. Mr. Blurt relieved him of his fears.

"This is my new idea," he proceeded. "Just as an artist establishes himself for the entertainment of fleshly models on a profit-sharing basis I intend to open a studio for the ostensible depiction of character. I shall announce myself as a novelist and advertise for models in character. You don't have to say whether you think the scheme will work or not; all you have to do is to get me the best of all locations for the purpose, absolutely regardless of cost."

During the moments that followed, Mr. Blurt for the first time beheld Sutey in the act of thinking. His eyes closed like those of a somnolent yet watchful cat, his mouth pursed to the size of a pencil, and through the narrowed orifice his faint breath stirred flossy beard and hair to and fro in the semblance of the movement of a gray and foggy sea. No sight could have been more ridiculous; no ensuing judgment on the feminine matter in hand more impartial.

"The island of Manhattan," finally declared the oracle, "is like a sirloin steak; cut it either way and you'll strike crust, fat, gristle, meat, blood and bone. Take Forty-eighth Street from the East River, a block to a step."

He closed his eyes tightly. "First comes a scow, the smell of garbage, livery stables and manure; next, houses without bathrooms and people without baths; Second Avenue to Third, the lingerie of the rich streaming from the balconies of the poor; then respectability hiding her face for shame in dirty petticoats; then the hole in the ground with San Francisco at the other end; then apartments at a thousand dollars a month; then hats, gowns and *objets d'art* at a little less; then the Avenue, God and Mammon hobnobbing, diamonds in the shadow of a church; then doctors, bachelors, a little Rialto, a long shadow, beyond it the North River and as we were."

"Good," exclaimed Blurt. "That's good, Sutey. I can see the steak and I can see the city—bone, brisket and bleeding flesh."

"Cut it the other way," continued the oracle, unmoved by praise as he would have been by condemnation, "and you add just one thing, the habitations of the crowds. Do you think the crowd in New York is all one?"

He opened his pale eyes and waved his beard from side to side. "No, sir. It's divided by hours and bounded by streets. At four o'clock in the afternoon Times Square is suburban, rural; when the lights come out, it's Broadway. Sixth Avenue in the afternoon is theatrical, at night it's a boarding-house alley. The faces on Forty-second Street going east are pinched, hurried and hard up until they get across from the library, and then something happens to 'em; they fade into the Fifth Avenue look. Once you turn that corner uptown you've got a new world. Everything else in the city can be ticketed, tucked into compartments, measured in terms of Yid, Dago or Dutch, urban or suburban, but Fifth Avenue has the attributes of an essence. It's New York, an amalgam of near-gold, heavy and sticky with alloy, but you can pan it and find color."

His bleary eyes actually attained to a look of fixed and distant vision. He sat erect, laid his hands on the table before him; his long wagging beard just brushed their knuckles. "Along that wall," he rumbled, "there's every grade of clock that God ever made. Women! Can't you hear their heels? Tick! tick! tuck! tuck! Catch the Avenue night or morning when all the traffic is buzzing one way and you'll see strange shapes; colored wenches, charwomen, janitors and nervous people who are forever dropping their keys. Half an hour later in the morning, half an hour earlier at night, there's the dead hum of the working swarm into and out of the hive. But at four o'clock of a November afternoon — tick, tick; tuck, tuck — there's women, all women, every woman, clicking their lives away."

"Yes, Sutey," said Blurt quite earnestly. "That's where I saw them, and once in a while a goddess."

"Goddess!" grunted Sutey and sneered. "Well, if that's where you saw them, then it's no place for the studio."

"Why?" asked Blurt.

"Because," declared the seer, "the kind of woman you think you want may make up her mind to go to hell if it's far enough off, but she'd never mix it casually with her shopping."

Blurt drummed on the arm of his chair in impatient interruption. "That's one of the wisest things ever said," he remarked after a pause. "I don't believe you had brains enough to say it; it must be that you have a keen scent like a dog."

He watched Sutey's face closely to see if it would betray offense, but it did not. The man continued absolutely unmoved. "The woman you want, you want because she's the most difficult to get. A stray dog will win her smile; a strange man, never. Her eyes are far-flung above the heads of the throng; they marry a little cloud beating it across the city sky. The smell of hyacinths bursting from a florist's door will make her clutch her breast, because there's something there that leaps to mate with fragrance. Her lips, her eyes, her hair, her glowing cheeks say 'tuck, tuck'; never 'tick, tick'; she can't giggle."

"Poet!" exclaimed Blurt. "Sutey, you've drawn her picture with a master brush. Catch her alive and I'll give you a thousand—ten thousand."

"Nine times out of ten," continued Mr. Sutey apathetically, "she loves a scoundrel and that which is within her dies young; for such women, Mr. Blurt, are mostly wrecked on their own reflection."

The two sat in silence for several minutes, not actively thinking, but held in that absolute suspension, seldom felt, never quite defined, which grips the heart of man when bruised between the contact of what is against what might be. But Mr. Blurt's nature, however, was not one to wilt under reverie without a struggle.

"Well," he said, "where are we to have the studio?"

"In East Twentieth," replied Sutey promptly.

Blurt drew a wad of banknotes from his pocket. "Go down and get the first floor up. If there are any tenants buy their leases."

"The whole floor!" exclaimed Mr. Sutey, showing mild surprise for the first time; then the vision of himself condemned to a definite course of action overwhelmed him. "I couldn't," he stammered. "Couldn't do it."

Blurt stared at him. "I believe you," he said finally. "Sutey, you are the personification of the supernal negative, the mean between two hemispheres, the passive equilibrium between the north and south poles. Anyhow, you can walk along and keep the wind off me."

Within six hours Mr. Alexander Sutey was the lessee of the entire floor in question; in twenty-four more, contracts had been signed for refitting and interior decoration; in two weeks, thanks to Mr. Blurt's instant pocketbook, the job was completed down to the last desk, veiled light, Persian runner, box couch, pot, pan and candlestick; and the extraordinary studio was declared ready to operate.

Never before had the mind of man conceived just such a conglomeration of effect; indeed so violent were the collisions between the different rooms that rather than spend the rest of his life explaining what and why he wanted, Mr. Blurt had been forced to employ a separate firm of decorators for each and every compartment.

For the benefit of those who failed to grasp the lurid descriptions which lately appeared in the metropolitan press it may be stated briefly that Mr. Blurt's studio had seven main divisions—a long hall which one entered directly from the single flight of stairs, and six concreted atmospheres, all opening upon it through doors that were solidly paneled as well as heavily curtained.

These atmospheres in the order of their appearance on the stage were as follows: Business office, lounge, formal drawing-room, boudoir, bedroom and kitchen. Each had been fitted and decorated by the best specialized talent in all Manhattan to handle its individual needs, and the result was an incongruous collection of exquisitely lapidated jewels, perfection the predominating note.

With the exception of the man who, before the decorators arrived, installed the six periscopes in the walls of the six rooms, each to command a complete outlook on the long hall, no single person aside from Mr. Blurt and his apathetic satellite had seen the premises in their entirety. The hall alone, however, was sufficient to rouse curiosity in the most dormant. It was paneled in rosewood, richly carpeted in a tint to match, and lighted by twelve hooded lamps, half of which veiled the outlets of the periscopes. Along the outer side, unbroken by doors, stood twenty chairs numbered by pale bronze plates inlaid on the wainscoting above and almost unnoticeable.

So That Was It; the Girl Had Got Her Walking Papers

"Well, Sutey," said Mr. Blurt, casting a last glance back along this part of his domain, "we're about set. What do you think of it?"

The giant was chewing gum; his silken beard waved softly on his breast like the plume of a thousand-dollar goldfish, stirred by vague tremors. He fixed his pale shifting eyes for a single moment on Mr. Blurt's glowing face and asked cryptically, "Have you ever been in jail?"

Mr. Blurt laughed boyishly and slapped his companion on the back. "You've taken the wrong turning," he remarked. "This is the road to heaven. Run along now and soak up some absinth; when you're mellow come round to the hotel and let what's human in you judge my advertisement."

Alone in his room Mr. Blurt sat down to pen the call of a lonely male to his hidden mate. He had thought that this part of the job would be easy, but gradually, after many twistings and turnings, false starts and nervous perambulations, he realized that the things nearest to a man's heart are hardest said. All messages are misread, all contacts variously measured; he knew that. But all he asked was the power to bury a single potent seed amid the fluff he was determined to set afloat through the smudged medium of the city's morning papers.

At the end of an hour he grew desperate: every line he had written reeked of the cheap personalities of the agony columns. Dod blast it all! Had every sincere straightforward term in the lexicon of man's most noble desires been tainted and distorted to salacious or vapid uses? He strode up and down the room in a consuming rage and finally stopped to snap up the shade and lay his tormented and fevered brow against the coolness of a window glass.

The action brought his eyes level with an uncurtained casement across the narrow street. Within it and in profile was seated the severest, trimmest, most businesslike typist he had ever seen. The line of her face was that of a cameo cut in unmelting ice, her brown hair was carried back in a tight unrelieved sweep to a loose roll at the nape of her neck, she was dressed in sheer silk poplin of butternut brown, and at her wrists and neck were fitted cuffs and collar of coarse but indubitably clean lace. She was efficiency carried to some power far beyond the reach of his mathematics.

"Gee!" groaned Mr. Blurt. "She'd write this thing while an automat was serving the soup!"

His eyes watched wistfully her flying fingers and then studied all that was visible of her person. Some instinct told him that he was in no danger of being caught staring; the girl was of the kind whose gaze does not easily wander. Suddenly, however, she did a surprising thing: gripped her desk with both hands and dropped her forehead straight down into the keyboard.

Mr. Blurt was astounded and surrendering to an old impulse of the big-game hunter to look at every little thing within the range of vision to explain the abnormal, he soon discovered something to grip his attention in the firm name chastely lettered across the uncurtained plate glass: Mill, Miller & Millikin. Where had he seen that name before, since never but this once had he bothered to look from his side window? It wasn't a name one would forget. Hardly!

He dived for the wastepaper basket, dug out a discarded paper and turned its leaves rapidly until he came to the financial section. There was the name, heading a column. A single glance was sufficient to tell him that the news item contained one long cry of mismanagement and disaster. So that was it; the girl had got her walking papers.

There is no more spontaneously generous type of man on earth than that of the successful contractor. There is something about the life that roughens fists and softens hearts. Never had Blurt's old boss, Mike O'Callohan, whose motto was "Shift your cud thrice before you speak," appeared so completely ridiculous as in his haste to respond to a touch, to answer an unquestioned hard-luck story with cash and plenty of it for the special need. Once he had caught Blurt all but laughing at him and instead of flying into a rage had made this confession, "Lad, wid me it's either cough up the money or knock them down; bedad, I'll have no wan sayin' they seen me cry."

This self-same impulse which had once seemed ludicrous now seized upon Mr. Blurt to the exclusion of all other thought. With astounding rapidity of action he snatched the wrapping paper from his laundry, just arrived, bound his shaving brush with an elastic, dipped it into the inkwell and printed in two-inch letters the following message:

"JOB WAITING FOR YOU AT BLANK BUILDING, E. 20; FIFTY WEEKLY IF YOU KNOW YOUR WORK. SEE MR. BLURT."

He glanced across and saw that the girl still sat with bowed head, only now her fingers were pressed to her eyes. He knew that she was not crying, for there was no movement of her shoulders, but somehow that fact of quick deduction only made his own eyes smart the more. With two pins he fastened his placard of hope in place, flat against the windowpane, drew the curtain and calmly jabbed a peephole through

(Continued on Page 147)

KANTLEEK

A Rexall PRODUCT

It *Can't* Leak Because it's Made in One Piece

—that's why we guarantee satisfaction or your money back

WHY do we say this hot water bag *can't* leak? Because it is molded into one piece, without seams—binding—patches—splices. Even the socket into which the stopper screws, is molded into the rubber of the bag.

Only live Para rubber, scientifically treated, is deemed worthy of the Kantleek line—rubber that is soft and pliable, that will not harden and crack—that *feels* the quality we put into it.

But we go further. We *guarantee* every Kantleek against leakage for *two years*. And any Rexall Store in this country will replace any bag that leaks within that time, regardless of where bag was purchased. Never before have you been offered such *universal* protection. Never before has your satisfaction been so safeguarded.

Keep a Kantleek in your home—you may need it any moment. Go to the nearest Rexall Store and see them—carry one home with you.

The 8000 Rexall Stores

throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain are the only stores where Kantleek Rubber goods may be bought. They have been given exclusive sale because they are linked together into one great National Service-giving organization. Rexall Stores are the leading drug stores in their localities.

The Kantleek Rubber Goods line includes Syringes, Ice Caps, Face Bottles, Bulb Syringes, Breast Pumps, etc. Prices 40c. to $4 75

The plug with the Green Jacket

How breakproof mica is built into leakproof construction

Very thin sheets of tough, fibrous East India Ruby Mica are wound laterally around a conical electrode—very tightly—to make a core.

This core of mica is then fitted into a bushing that is tapered exactly to fit the core. In fact the core is *forced* in so tightly that the mica wrappings are compressed until even greatest pressures cannot penetrate them.

The bushing is screwed into the plug base and every explosion tightens the core in the bushing, just that much more.

Use the *correct* type of Splitdorf Plug in your engine and it should seldom, if ever, need cleaning. If it does, just unscrew the bushing from the plug base, clean the points and the end of the mica core, and screw together again, tightly.

No core fitting is necessary—no fear of screwing together too tightly and breaking the core—for it is breakproof, as well as leakproof.

SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL CO., Newark, N. J.

SPLITDORF SPARK PLUGS

TRADE SPLITDORF MARK

Manufacturers of AERO, DIXIE and SUMTER Magnetos, Oscillating Magnetos and Impulse Starters

(Continued from Page 144)

it with the point of a pencil. It never occurred to him to wave or throw a shoe to attract the girl's attention; he knew that in every game worth playing Fate must have its share.

For fifteen long minutes he watched, and then was rewarded, but with a tantalizing deliberation which almost drove him mad. The girl rose, laid her finished work to one side, covered the machine, took a last look into each drawer of her desk, disappeared, returned simply hatted and cloaked, glanced round vaguely, came straight to the window to take a half-wilted flower from a glass of water on the sill, and then—looked up and out.

He could see her straight body grow rigid, her eyes wide. He waited for a moment and then with finger and thumb jerked the placard so that it fell slithering to the floor. The door opened behind him and he turned to face Sutey.

The giant's shifting glance fell on the rudely printed sign; he canted his head sideways and studied it wonderingly. Gradually a supercilious sneer expressive beyond any hitherto attained twisted his lips. "Job waiting for you," he read in a vain attempt at a simper, "at fifty weekly if you know your work. See Mr. Blurt." He raised his skimmed-blue eyes and stared at his employer in scorn and commiseration.

"Two hours," he rumbled, "and you wanted me to soak up my humanity with absinth to pass judgment on that!"

Blurt stared at him nonplused for a moment, and then burst into a loud guffaw. "That's not my ad, fat head. It's—it's "

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Sutey.

Mr. Blurt's face, which had actually reached the verge of embarrassment, suddenly cleared. "Oh, nothing, nothing at all. Just a little psychological experiment to prove you were a liar when you said you were a stranger to curiosity."

He kicked the placard aside and began to gather up hurriedly the many slips of paper containing his false starts toward an advertisement which should strike exactly the right note of appeal.

Sutey leaned shamelessly over his shoulder and read aloud such of the efforts as he could glimpse. "Ladies Only!" began one; then came others: "Are *you* the Woman?" "A new idea and high pay: Character models wanted." "In the life of each of us is a novel; sell yours now for cash." "Somewhere she is to-day, the One Woman; are you she?"

With every vapid word the sneer on Mr. Sutey's face deepened until it threatened to become a fixture for life. "The one on the floor," he said finally, "is the best of the lot. I can't understand how I thought it was so rotten."

Mr. Blurt said nothing; he dropped the scribblings into the wastebasket and passed a hand slowly through his crisp hair. "I thought it would be easy," he murmured.

"Easy!" repeated Sutey. "Why, ever since the printing press was invented men have been trying to write those come-on ads, and what does the world do? It takes one look and arrests them. You ought to be arrested now and shot. Intentions! Pah! Look what you did. That's what counts." He pointed a gnarled and trembling forefinger at the basket.

"Well," said Mr. Blurt with hanging head, "what are we going to do about it?"

"We might live in the studio," replied Sutey gloomily. "That would save something."

"Live in the studio!" cried Mr. Blurt. "Look here, you old haystack, do you think I'm going to give up? Never! I'm going to find that woman if I have to go to jail a dozen times. By the way, you don't look to me as if you had had any absinth."

"No," said Sutey.

"I thought so," said Mr. Blurt. "Why not?"

"You forgot to give me the money."

"Money!" exclaimed Blurt. "Why, your ragged pockets are full of money."

"I know," said Sutey meekly. "But I didn't feel like taking absinth on my own account. It was too early."

Mr. Blurt rang for a waiter. In half an hour Sutey's personality had undergone a complete metamorphosis; he sat erect in chair, laid his finger tips on the edge of the table, closed his eyes and signaled his companion to write from his dictation. When the rapid screed was finished Blurt read it over three times, each with growing confidence and unspoken admiration.

"You see?" said Sutey. "No mention of money, no sickening personalities, no cold facts. Your own words too. It's a nuance, a message between the lines to those only who can read it. I'm hungry now."

The next morning, bulging with suppressed excitement, Mr. Blurt accompanied by his very sulky associate proceeded at the early hour of eight to the studio. On the way he bought the six metropolitan sheets to which his advertisement had been supplied, but he curbed his impatience and opened none of them until he was comfortably ensconced behind the broad mahogany desk in his luxuriously appointed business office. He had barely ascertained that the call had appeared according to contract as to space and without a single misprint when Sutey announced a first visitor.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Blurt, looking hastily at his watch. "It's only half past eight." He was seized suddenly by such a wave of stage fright as eclipsed his most vivid recollection of buck fever. "What—what shall I say to her?"

"Say to her?" repeated Sutey. "How do I know? If you're afraid I'll just tell her to get out."

"You tell her to get out?" queried Blurt unbelievingly. "You haven't the nerve."

"I'll show you," said Mr. Sutey, and turned with such alacrity that Mr. Blurt was not one instant too soon in divining the extraordinary fact that Sutey was one of the weak type that cringes before men, but steps unhesitatingly on women.

"Here!" he cried. "Just one minute."

He remembered the inspiration of the periscopes, which at the time it had occurred to him he had recognized as nothing less than a brain wave. Protected by the thick wall, unseen, he glanced into the hall and beheld the typist of yesterday, tapping her foot, biting her under lip, glancing at the stairway and showing several other signs of imminent departure.

Blurt leaped back to his desk. "Show her in," he commanded.

The girl entered. Her eyes flew from one familiar fixture to another, and from each seemed to gather a grain of reassurance. Last of all, her cold gaze settled on Mr. Blurt and inspected his countenance, highly colored at the moment, feature by feature, line by line.

"You are Mr. Blurt?" she asked in clear-cut impersonal tones.

Blurt rose and bowed. "Wo-won't you sit down, please?"

He turned a chair at the side of his desk toward her and after a noticeable pause she seated herself on its edge, folded her hands in her lap and waited. Blurt frowned as he endeavored by concentration to transport himself back in spirit to the days when he had taken comfortable pride in his ability to dictate to a stenographer over each shoulder at one and the same time. Had he blushed then? No. Now he felt like a schoolboy, and looked it.

"What is your name, please?" he finally murmured.

"Phyllis Joy Livingston," said the girl promptly. "What exactly is the work you require, please? But—never mind answering. I don't think I wish to stay."

She started to rise, but Blurt stopped her with an imploring gesture. "In the name of mercy," he cried, "don't go! Can't you see I'm worried enough already without you taking me for some kind of a slimy spider?"

His indignation was too genuine to admit of misconstruction; however, the girl's face did not soften.

"I'm tired of working for worried people," she stated, but settled back in her chair as though relieved from tension.

Her words had an extraordinary effect on Blurt. "Do you know," he said, his face breaking suddenly into the most friendly and disarming smile Miss Livingston had ever witnessed, "I'm tired of worrying, and, by codfish, I've quit! I'm not a bit surprised, Miss Livingston, at your finding this place a bit of a shock. Did it look like a trap to you?"

"Yes," repied the girl.

"I'm sorry it looks that way," said Blurt, tipping back in his swivel chair to a precarious angle and twice saving himself from a fall by hooking the tip of his toe under a half-open drawer. "Because"—he smiled again—"that's what it is."

"A trap for what?" asked the girl, fastening her eyes on his frank visage as though before leaving and for her personal satisfaction she would like to solve the connection between such a countenance and a stacked deck.

"For the one woman," said Blurt gravely. "I wonder," he continued, "if you realize what a humanizing asset you have in your profession. It takes you out of a fixed small orbit, bumps you up against life and gives you a chance for actual contacts. I had a profession too, but it threw me only against men, men in the rough and by the gross. Now I've chucked it. I'm out looking for the one woman, and I'm going to find her. This place," he concluded, waving his hand toward the depths of the building, "is just a laboratory for microscopic examination."

"And you think she'll come here, your one woman?" asked Miss Livingston, a suspicion of pity in her tone and faint commiseration for the overgrown boy before her in her unwinking eyes.

"Sure," he answered, "by the dozen. Haven't you seen our ad?"

"No," said the girl.

Blurt touched a button and Sutey presently appeared. "Miss Livingston, this is my associate, Mr. Alexander Sutey. Take Miss Livingston's hat and coat, Sutey. She is our stenographer."

Miss Livingston did not move; she stared at Mr. Blurt and he stared back, his jaw as set as the keystone of an arch. With sudden decision the girl rose, slipped from her cloak, took off her hat, and handed the discarded articles of apparel to the waiting Sutey. She stood revealed in the self-same neat brown silk poplin uniform of yesterday, but a single glance proclaimed the coarse lace cuffs and collar to be as fresh as the dawn of a new day.

"I must know my exact duties," she demanded unsmilingly.

"Your first duty," said Mr. Blurt, handing her a folded morning paper, "is to read that and tell me what you think of it."

Miss Livingston read the indicated advertisement once slowly, once hastily and finally once wildly, her extraordinarily well-controlled features doing valiant battle to retain an outer semblance of composure. The ad was as follows:

"Heroines Please Read

"We require a woman, young, fair to look upon and fearless, to serve as character model for a masterpiece in fiction. In the words of our client, 'she must be straight inside and out; nurtured, not accidental; bred to recognition of the eternal verities of honor, steadfastness and charity as the living sources of man's resurgent illusion of happiness.' We take it our client means a woman who knows it doesn't matter that we all die a thousand times, for it's the revivifying force within or round us that counts. Applications for appointments should be made in person to

"Messrs. Harold, Tring & Blurt,
"Blank Building,
"East 20th Street."

Miss Livingston finally dropped the paper in her lap and from there it slipped to the floor. Her face had gone through a gamut of varying expressions, vacuous misunderstanding, puzzlement, wonder, interest, comprehension. Now it became set in its habitual mask, but her eyes, playing truant for once, wandered to the window and out and beyond as though in pursuit of a fleeing vision.

"Well?" asked Mr. Blurt.

The girl's eyes abandoned the chase and returned to his face. She looked it over searchingly. "It's a clever bit of writing," she said finally.

"Got it, did you?" said Mr. Blurt, seesawing in his chair with satisfaction.

"Yes, I did," replied Miss Livingston, and added, "after three readings. Everybody will read it, few will conceive that it could be genuine."

"That's the beauty of it," exclaimed Blurt. "Those are the ones I want to give the once over. D'you think they'll come?"

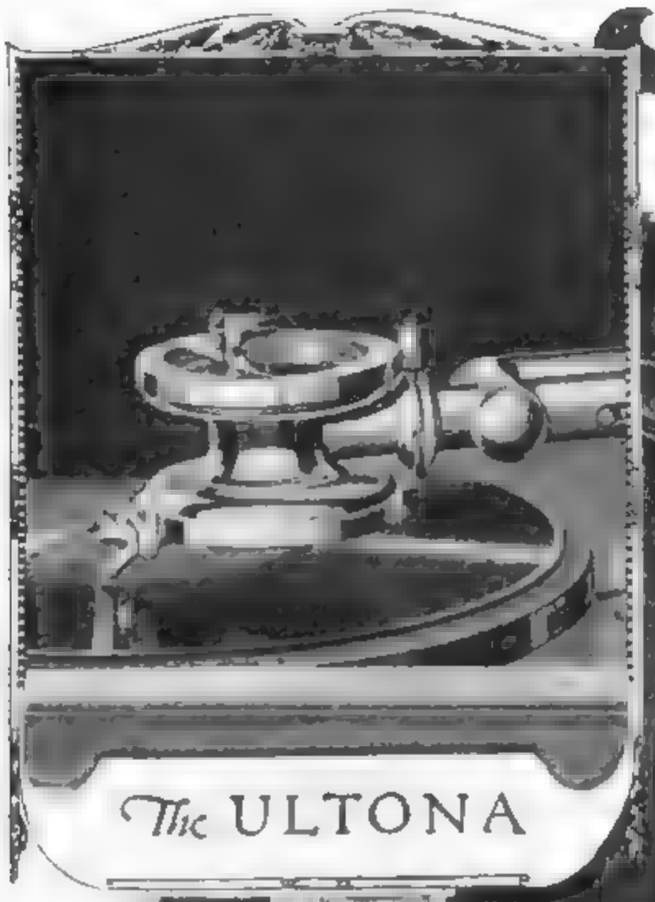
"No," said the girl, but at sight of the sudden fall of his enthusiasm an impulse of emotion seemed actually to reach her. She laid her folded hands on the desk, leaned forward. A mothering gleam flickered into her eyes and out again as though repulsed by their long-accustomed impassivity. "Mr. Blurt," she said calmly and steadily, "I advise you to beat it out of here as I am going to do, and lock up behind you."

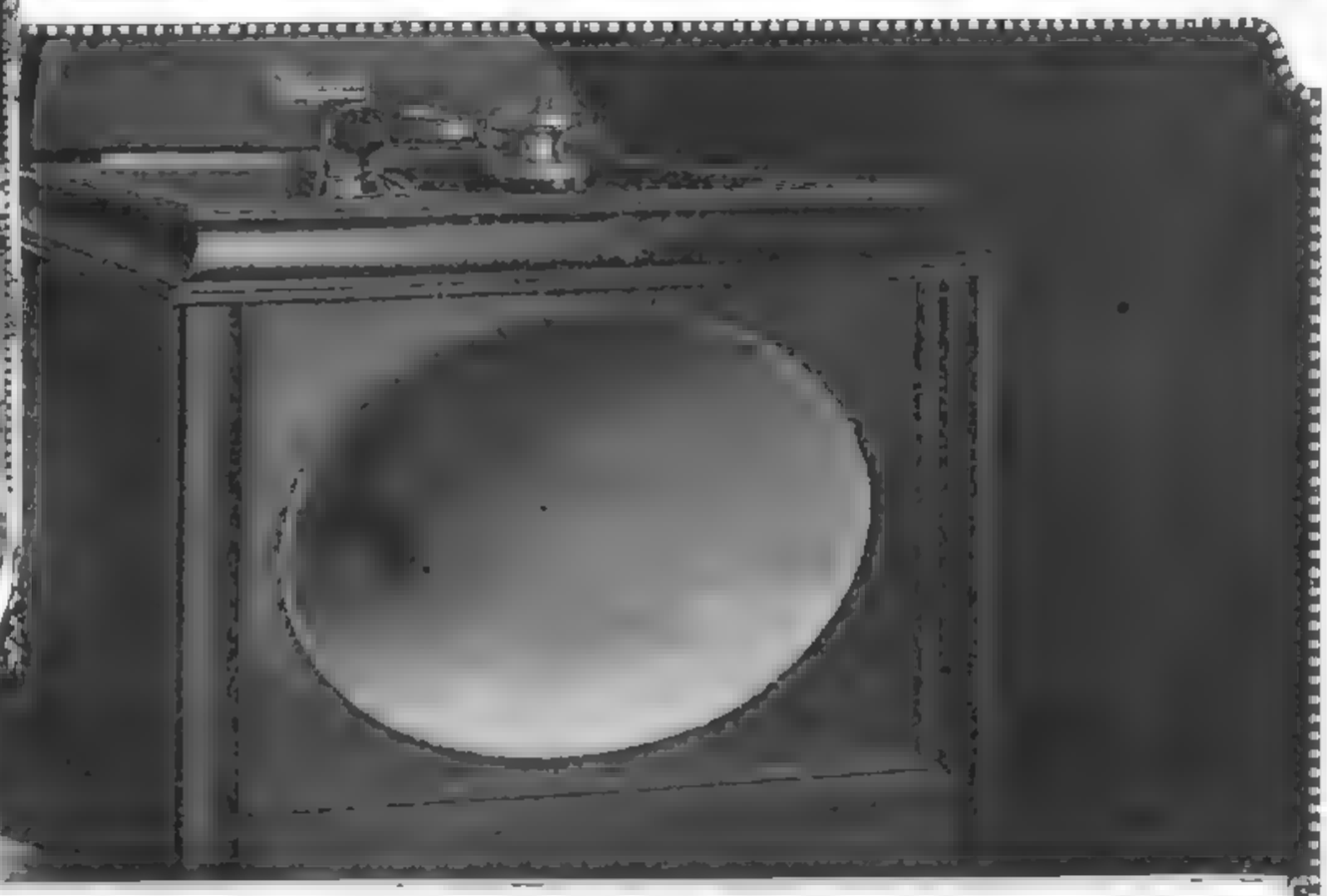
Sutey opened the office door unceremoniously. "Three waiting," he announced.

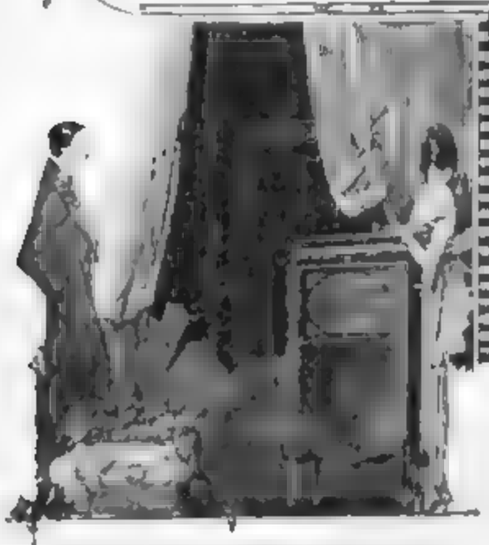
(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Brunswick

ALL PHONOGRAPHS IN ONE







Music Lovers Choose the BRUNSWICK

MUSIC lovers choose the Brunswick Phonograph to play their favorite records, for it plays all records at their best.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction makes this possible. It consists of two outstanding, exclusive features—the Brunswick Ultona and the Brunswick Tone Amplifier.

The Ultona

The Ultona is a scientific creation which enables one to play all records with faithful regard for the requirements of each make. It is not in any sense a combination contrivance, but involves a fundamental principle of sound reproduction.

Nor is the Ultona a complex mechanism. By a slight turn of the hand it is adapted to any make record, instantly supplying the correct position on the record, the proper needle and diaphragm and the precise pressure or weight necessary to play that particular record.

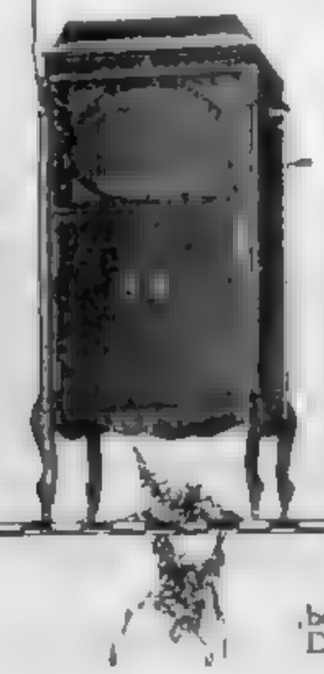
The Tone Amplifier

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is another improvement of fundamental importance. As the name implies, it *amplifies* the tone, making it richer, sweeter, truer.

This vibrant tone chamber, constructed entirely of moulded hollywood, free from metal, provides the requisite resiliency that unfolds and projects true tone. Like a fine violin or the sounding board of a piano, it complies with the approved laws of acoustics.

Hear The Brunswick Before You Buy

One hearing of this remarkable instrument is enough to convince the most critical music lover that here is the final type phonograph.



THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY

General Offices: 623–633 So. Wabash Ave., CHICAGO

Branch Houses in Principal Cities of United States, Mexico and Canada

Canadian Distributors: Musical Merchandise Sales Co., 819 Yonge St., Toronto

Ask your dealer for a free copy of **"What to Look For in Buying a Phonograph."** You will want this interesting, instructive booklet before you buy because it is authentic. It was written by Henry Purmort Eames, LL. B., Concert Pianist and Lecturer, Director Pianoforte Dept., Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 21)

Bladensburg the scene, and the refusal of Cilley to recognize James Watson Webb the occasion.

I once had an intimate account of this duel with all the cruel incidents from Henry A. Wise, a party to it, and a blood-curdling narrative it made. They fought with rifles at thirty paces, and Cilley fell on the third fire. It did much to discredit dueling in the South.

The story, however, that Graves was so much affected that thereafter he could never sleep in a darkened chamber had no foundation whatever, a fact which I learned from my associate in the old Louisville Journal and later in The Courier-Journal, Mr. Isham Henderson, who was a brother-in-law of Mr. Graves, his sister, Mrs. Graves, being still alive.

The duello died at length. There was never sufficient reason for its being. It was both a vanity and a fad. In Hopkinson Smith's Col. Carter, of Carteraville, its real character is hit off to the life.

III

WHEN very early, rather too early, I found myself in the saddle, Bennett and Greeley and Raymond, in New York, and Medill and Story, in Chicago, were yet alive and conspicuous figures in the newspaper life of the time. John Bigelow, who had retired from the New York Evening Post, was gone as Minister to France. Halstead was coming on, but, except as a correspondent, Whitelaw Reid had not arrived. The like was true of Joe McCullough, who, in the same character, divided the newspaper reading attention of the country with George Alfred Townsend and Donn Piatt. Joseph Medill was withdrawing from the Chicago Tribune in favor of Horace White, presently to return and die in harness—a man of sterling intellect and character—and Wilbur F. Story, his local rival, was beginning to show signs of the mental malady that, developed into monomania, ultimately ended his life in gloom and despair, wrecking one of the finest newspaper properties outside of New York. William R. Nelson, who was to establish a really great newspaper in Kansas City, was still a citizen of Ft. Wayne.

James Gordon Bennett, the elder, seemed then to me and has always seemed the real founder of the modern newspaper as a vehicle of popular information, and in point of apprehension at least James Gordon Bennett, the younger, did not fall behind his father. What was and might have been regarded and dismissed as a trivial slander drove him out of New York and made him the greater part of his life a resident of Paris, where I was wont to meet and forgather with him.

The New York Herald under father and son attained enormous prosperity, prestige and real power. It suffered chiefly from what they call in Ireland absentee landlordism. Its proprietor, for he never described himself as its editor, was a man of exquisite sensibilities—professionally a despot, of course—whom Nature created for a good citizen, a good husband and the head of a happy domestic fabric. He should have married the woman of his choice, for he was deeply in love with her and never ceased to love her, forty years later leaving her in his will a handsome legacy.

Crossing the ocean with the "Commodore," as he was called by his familiars, not long after he had taken up his residence abroad, naturally we fell now and again into shop talk.

"What would you do," he once said, "if you owned the Herald?"

"Why," I answered, "I would stay in New York and edit it." And then I proceeded: "But you mean to ask me what I think you ought to do with it?"

"Yes," he replied, "that is about the size of it."

"Well, commodore," I answered, "if I were you, when we get in I would send for John Cockrell and make him managing editor, and for John Young, and put him in charge of the editorial page, and then I would go and lose myself in the wilds of Africa."

He adopted the first two of these suggestions. John A. Cockrell was still under contract with Joseph Pulitzer and could not accept for a year or more. He finally did accept and died in the Bennett service. John Russell Young took the editorial page and was making it hum when a most unaccountable thing happened. I was amazed at receiving an invitation to a dinner he had tendered and was about to give the quondam Virginian and just elected New York justice, Roger A. Pryor.

"Is Young gone mad," I said to myself, "or can he have forgotten that the one man of all the world whom the house of Bennett can never forget or forgive is Roger A. Pryor?"

The Bennett-Pryor quarrel had been a *cause célèbre* when John Young was night editor of the Philadelphia Press and I was one of its Washington correspondents. Nothing so virulent had ever passed between an editor and a congressman.

The dinner was duly given. But it ended John's connection with the Herald and his friendly relations with the owner of the Herald. The incident might be cited as among The Curiosities of Journalism, if ever a book with that title is written. John's break was so bad that I never had the heart to ask him how he could have perpetrated it.

IV

JOHN WEISS FORNEY was among the most conspicuous men of his time. He was likewise one of the handsomest. By nature and training a journalist he played an active, not to say an equivocal part in public life—at the outset a Democratic and then a Republican leader.

Born in the little town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, it was his mischance to have attached himself early in life to the fortunes of Mr. Buchanan, whom he long served with fidelity and effect. But when Mr. Buchanan came to the Presidency, Forney, who aspired first to a place in the cabinet, which was denied him, and then to a seat in the Senate, for which he was beaten—through flagrant bribery, the story ran—was left out in the cold. Thereafter he became something of a political adventurer.

The days of the newspaper organ approached their end. Forney's occupation, like Othello's, was gone, for he was nothing if not an organ grinder. Facile with pen and tongue he seemed a born courtier—a veritable Dalgetty, whose loyal devotion to his knight at arms deserved better recognition than the cold and wary Pennsylvania chieftain was willing to give. It is only fair to say that Forney's character furnished reasonable excuse for this neglect and apparent ingratitude.

The row between them, however, was party splitting. As the friend and backer of Douglas, and later along a brilliant journalistic soldier of fortune, Forney did as much as any other man to lay the Democratic party low.

I can speak of him with a certain familiarity and authority, for I was one of his boys. I admired him greatly and loved him dearly. Most of the young newspaper men about Philadelphia and Washington did so. He was an all-round modern journalist of the first class. Both as a newspaper writer and creator and manager he stood upon the front line, rating with Bennett and Greeley and Raymond. He first entertained and then cultivated the thirst for office, which proved the undoing of Greeley and Raymond; and it proved his undoing. He had a passion for politics. He would shine in public life.

If he could not play first fiddle he would take any other instrument. Thus failing of a senatorship, he was glad to get the secretaryship of the Senate, having been clerk of the House.

He was bound to be in the orchestra. In those days newspaper independence was little known. Mr. Greeley was willing to play bottle holder to Mr. Seward, Mr. Prentice to Mr. Clay. James Gordon Bennett, the elder, and later his son, James Gordon Bennett, the younger, challenged this kind of servility. The Herald stood at the outset of its career manfully in the face of unspeakable obloquy against it. The public understood it and rose to it. The time came when the elder Bennett was to attain official as well as popular recognition. Mr. Lincoln offered him the French mission and Mr. Bennett declined it. He was rich and famous, and to another it might have seemed a kind of crowning glory. To him it seemed only a coming down—a badge of servitude—a lowering of the flag of independent journalism under which, and under which alone, he had fought all his life.

Charles A. Dana was not far behind the Bennetts in his independence. He well

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knew what parties and politicians are. The most scholarly and accomplished of American journalists, he made the Sun shine for all, and during the years of his active management a most prosperous property. It happened that while I was penny-a-lining in New York I took a piece of space work—not very common in those days—to the Tribune, of which Mr. Dana was then managing editor, and received a few dollars for it. Ten years later meeting Mr. Dana at dinner I recalled the circumstance, and thenceforward we became the best of friends. Twice indeed we had runabouts together in foreign lands. His house in town, and the island home called Dorsoris, which he had made for himself, might not inaptly be described as very shrines of hospitality and art, the master of the house a virtuoso in music and painting no less than in letters. One might meet under his roof the most diverse people, but always interesting and agreeable people. Perhaps at times he carried his aversions a little too far. But he had reasons for them and, a man of robust temperament and habit, it was not in him to sit down under an injury or fancied injury. I never knew a more efficient journalist. What he did not know about a newspaper was not worth knowing.

■

IN MY day journalism has made great strides. It has become a recognized profession. Schools of special training are springing up here and there. Several of the universities have each its college of journalism. The tendency to discredit these, which was general and pronounced at the start, lowers its tone and grows less confident.

Assuredly there is room for special training toward the making of an editor. Too often the newspaper subaltern obtaining promotion through aptitudes peculiarly his own has failed to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge of his art. He has been too busy seeking scoops and doing stunts to concern himself about perspectives, principles, causes and effects, probable impressions and consequences; or even to master the technical details which make such a difference in the preparation of matter intended for publication and popular perusal. The school of journalism may not be always able to give him the needful instruction. But it can set him in the right direction and better prepare him to think and act for himself.

The making of an editor is a complex affair. Poets and painters are said to be born. Editors and orators are made. Many essential elements enter into the editorial fabrication; need to be concentrated upon and embodied by a single individual; and even with these environment is left to supply the opportunity and give the final touch.

Aptitude as the first ingredient goes without saying of every line of human endeavor. We have the authority of the adage for the belief that it is not possible to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Yet have I known some unpromising tyros to mature into very capable workmen.

The modern newspaper as we know it may be fairly said to have been the invention of James Gordon Bennett, the elder. Before him there were journals, not newspapers. When he died he had developed the news scheme in kind though not in the degree that we see so elaborate and resplendent in New York and others of the leading centers of population. Mr. Bennett had led a vagrant and varied life when he started the Herald. He had been many things by turns, including a writer of verses and stories, but nothing very successful.

At length he struck a central idea—a really great original idea—the idea of printing the news of the day, comprising the history of yesterday fully and fairly, without fear or favor. He was followed by Greeley and Raymond—making a curious and very dissimilar triumvirate—and at longer range by Prentice and Forney, by Bowles and Dana, Story, Medill and Halstead. All were marked men; Greeley a writer and propagandist; Raymond a writer, declaimer and politician; Prentice a wit and partisan; Dana a scholar and an organizer; Bowles a man both of letters and affairs. The others were men of all work, writing and fighting their way to the front, but possessing the nose for news, using the Bennett formula and rescript as the basis of their serious efforts, and never losing sight of it. Forney had been a printer. Medill and Story were caught young by the lure of printers' ink. Bowles was born and reared in the office of the Springfield Republican, founded by his father, and Halstead, a cross betwixt a pack horse and a race horse, was broken to harness before he was out of his teens.

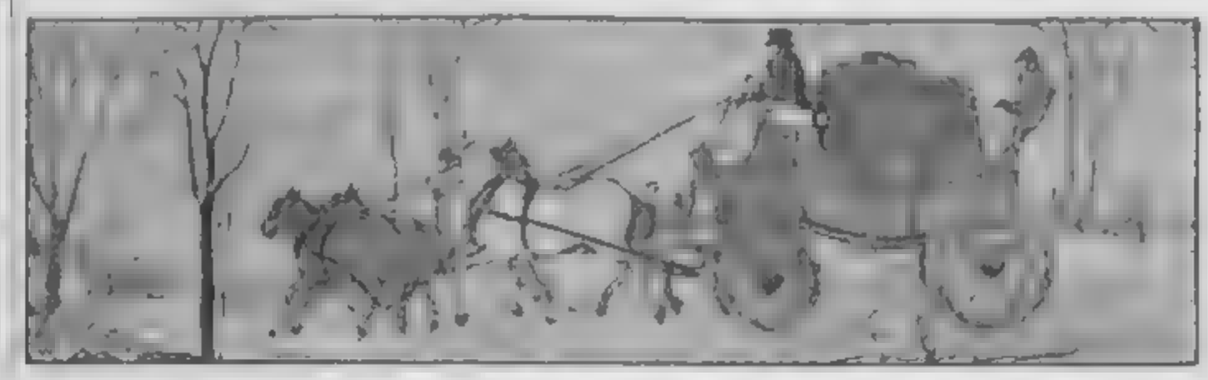
Assuming journalism equally with medicine and law to be a profession, it is the only one of the three in which versatility is not a disadvantage. Specialism at the bar or by the bedside leads to perfection and attains results. The great doctor is the great surgeon or the great prescriptionist—he cannot be great in both—and the great lawyer is rarely great, if ever, as counselor and advocate.

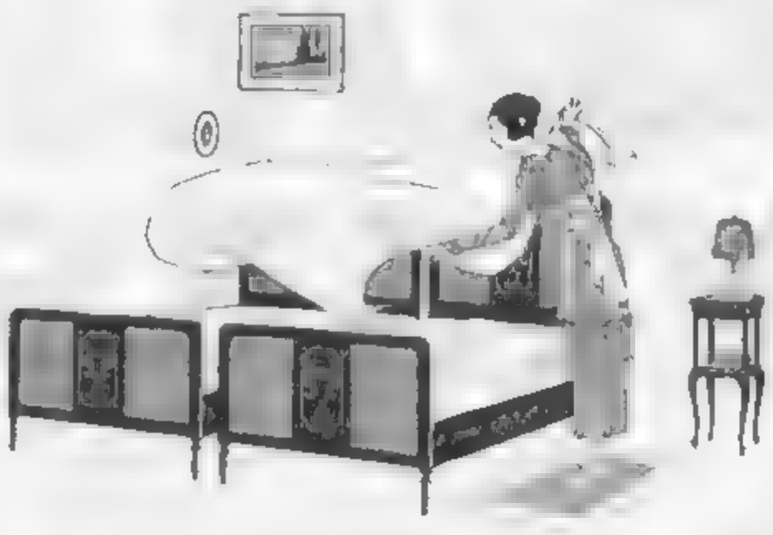
The great editor is by no means the great writer, but he ought to be able to write and must be a judge of writing. The newspaper office is a little kingdom. The able editor needs to know and does know every range of it between the editorial room, the composing room and the pressroom. He must hold well in hand everybody and every function, having risen, as it were, step by step from the ground floor to the roof. He should be level-headed yet impressionable; sympathetic yet self-possessed; able quickly to sift, detect and discriminate; of varied knowledge, experience and interest; the cackle of the adjacent barnyard the noise of the world to his eager mind and pliant ear. Nothing too small for him to tackle, nothing too great, he should keep to the middle of the road and well in rear of the moving columns; loving his art—for such it is—for art's sake; getting his sufficiency, along with its independence, in the public approval and patronage, seeking never anything further for himself. Disinterestedness being the soul of successful journalism, unselfish devotion to every noble purpose in public and private life, he should say to preferment as to bribery, "Get behind me, Satan."

Whitelaw Reid, to take a ready and conspicuous example, was a great journalist; but rather early in life he abandoned journalism for office and became a figure in politics and diplomacy so that, as in the case of Franklin, whose example and footsteps in the main he followed, he will be remembered rather as the ambassador than as the editor.

More and more must these requirements be fulfilled by the aspiring journalist. As the world passes from the rule of force—force of prowess, force of habit, force of convention—to the rule of numbers, the daily journal is destined, if it survives as a power, to become the teacher—the very Bible of the people. The people are already beginning to distinguish between the wholesome and the meretricious in their newspapers. Newspaper owners likewise are beginning to realize the value of character. Instances might be cited where the public discerning some sinister but unseen power behind its press has slowly yet surely withdrawn its confidence and support. However impersonal it pretends to be, with whatever of mystery it affects to envelop itself, this public insists upon some visible presence. In many states the law requires it. Thus personal journalism cannot be escaped and whether the one-man power emanates from the counting room or the editorial room, as they are called, it must be clear and answerable, responsive to the common weal, and, above all, trustworthy.

Editor's Note—This is the twenty-ninth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The final article will appear in an early issue.





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It is the figure 8 movement which makes the 1900 Cataract Washer the perfect washing machine. By means of this magic motion, the hot sudsy water swirls through the clothes in a figure 8 movement—*four times* as often as in the ordinary washer!

No Parts to Rub

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A 1900 Cataract Washer saves time, money, work, and clothes. You can wash everything in it—from soft, dainty blouses to table linen and blankets. This means that you save laundry bills. And you have the comforting knowledge that your clothes are not being washed in the same water with other people's. No acids are needed either.

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We have washing machines in many styles and prices, electric and hand power. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us. We will send interesting literature on the modern way to cleanse your clothes, also the name of the 1900 dealer nearest you who will be glad to put a 1900 Cataract Washer in your home for a trial. Send the coupon today.

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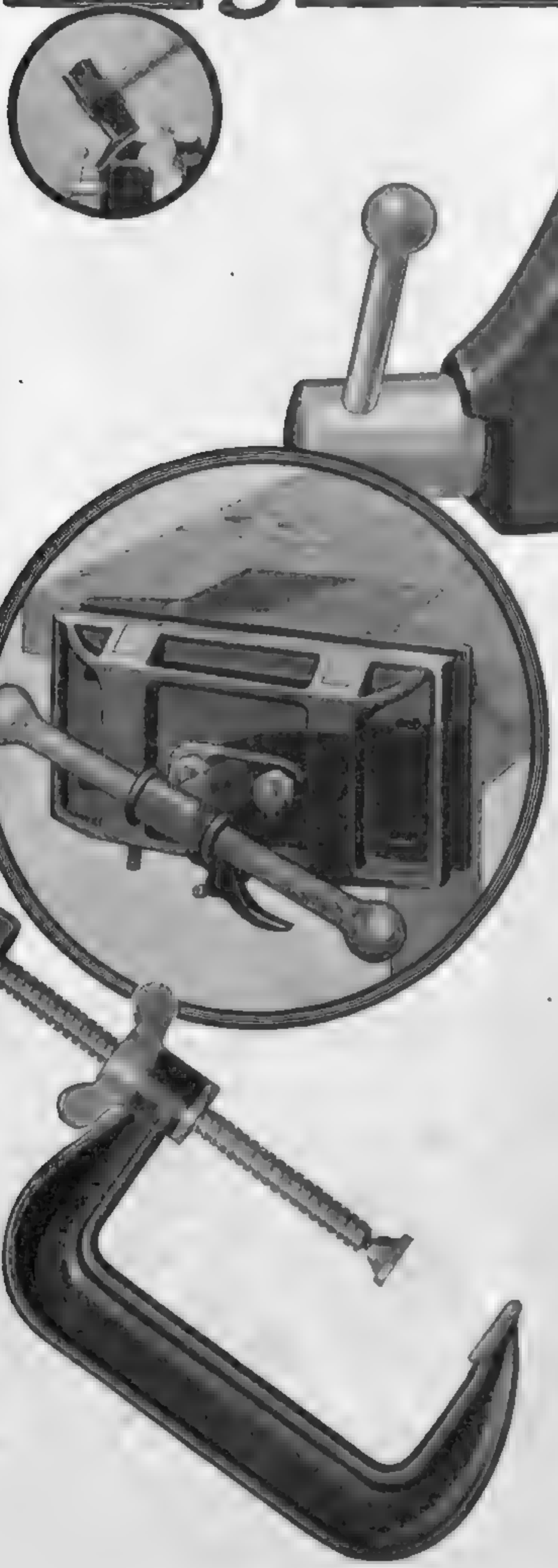

WHILE many of the finer wood working crafts use the Columbian Quick Acting Universal Vise (which, by the way, is the only quick acting vise of this type that is made), automobile body makers, pattern makers and some others require vises decidedly different.

However, there is a Columbian Sledge-Tested Vise of proper type for every wood working craft—the most complete line of wood working vises made in America.

The new Columbian Non-Crawling Clamp embodies a new principle in clamps. *It will not crawl.* In all other clamps pressure is applied by rotating the screw. In the Columbian Clamp the screw rotates only until the screw end is in contact with the work. Then the workman holds the knurled knob stationary with one hand and gives the wing nut a quarter-turn with the other. This applies straight downward pressure on the screw. The Columbian Clamp sets and releases quickly yet holds more tightly than any other clamp. Ask your dealer or write for illustrated circular and price list.

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ABOUT PLAY WRITING

(Continued from Page 5)

practical mechanics of the stage and of play acting, precisely as you would learn to take down and reassemble an automobile or an aëroplane if you purposed to qualify as a master motorist or an ace of the air.

And in making this suggested study of stage mechanics let the embryonic dramatist bestow minute and ceaseless attention upon the great and generally neglected subject of stage lighting. That may at first glance seem to be rather the field of the producer than of the play writer, but it is not. Light, properly understood and utilized, is the main modern medium of poetry in the theater—poetry truly of the universal kind, which is apprehensible alike by the cultured scholar in the private box and the poor untutored newsboy or shopgirl in the top balcony. Therefore if the dramatist understands the possibilities of the use of light and works with them ever in mind he will, I maintain, write better, stronger, more practical and more effective plays.

For the adequately educated dramatist of to-day—still more, of to-morrow—electricity, the miracle maker of science, renders possible effects and achievements on the stage that our predecessors never even dreamed of; and I speak directly out of personal experience when I advise writers for the stage to study its possibilities. Electric light was, I believe, first used for theatrical purposes to illumine a cyclorama, in Paris, in 1857. That was light cast by an arc lamp, then still a device primitive in form though invented more than fifty years before. The first recorded attempt to use electric light on the stage was made at the California Theater, in my birthplace, the ever-beloved city of old San Francisco. That was in 1879, week of February 21 to 28. I was there in person present and witnessed the various experiments made, which were on the whole a failure. In 1882 the Savoy Theater, London, was lighted throughout, stage and auditorium, by electricity; and to-day such lighting is substantially universal. The limit of its possibilities is unknown. I have zealously studied the scientic art of electric lighting ever since 1879; since 1902—when I opened my first theater—I have maintained and operated, the year round, an electric-lighting experimental workshop—in which, if I may say so, some of the best of appliances for stage lighting have been invented and developed. And I give it now as my deliberate opinion that, wonderful as are the effects which have been gained already, they are almost as nothing compared with those which the future—the near future—will see. With the mystic aid of electricity all the aspects of Nature will be imitated in the theater of the future so perfectly as to create the absolute effect of reality, while aspects of the preternatural will be not merely suggested but so portrayed as to seem more weird yet more vivid than even imagination can picture them!

Illusion's Perfect Triumphs

With the full development and perfect control of this relatively new art will "illusion's perfect triumphs come," and the whole stage scene of the future will be one exquisite light picture, so that painted scenery, as it is known to-day, will, I venture to prophesy, become a curiosity of memory. To illustrate: Many years ago we used to indicate a snowstorm in the theater by letting fall from the flies tiny bits of white paper. My Du Barry—poor dear; I've never got over my weakness for the little French milliner!—drawn on the tumbril, passed to the guillotine through a flurry of snow—feathery, moist, clinging, swirling in the chill air—that seemed as real and palpable as the audience's seats. That effect was vivid in my mind as I wrote the scene—and it was created entirely by light. It was beautiful, yes; and I don't try to conceal my pride in it. But it was trivial to what has been done since—and nothing to what will be done soon.

In Shakspere's time a change of board placards indicated the change of scene in, for example, Macbeth, from A Heath Near Forres to The Palace of King Duncan. To-day we represent that change, acceptably at best, by lowering a painted drop—generally to the accompaniment of a noisy bustle of stage hands shifting set pieces, furniture and props. To-morrow we shall achieve that change—and all other changes—silently, instantly and to the perfection of dramatic effect by the use of lights alone. But this subject of stage lighting is inexhaustible, and though it is the immediate jewel of my soul I must not permit myself to dilate further on it here.

Let us return to our play writing. The inexperienced play writer—even after familiarizing himself as recommended with stage mechanism—having conceived a play will usually confront a considerable problem in undertaking to deliver himself of it. He will most readily solve that problem by shaping for himself on paper a clear exact plan of his work. And to my mind—though not all doctors of dramatics will be found to agree with me—the writing of a play is most conveniently to be divided and arranged under five heads, which I place thus:

The idea.

The story—which is to be carefully tested by the requirements of reasonable probability.

The construction—which comprehends the crux of the problem.

The characters—which will be found to originate naturally out of the story, if the fabric be dramatic and not narrative.

The dialogue—which should, and if the story is dramatic will, originate naturally out of the action as it proceeds.

The Framework of the Play

I would here pause a moment to pay my respects to the so frequently extolled unities of time, place and action. After I had written some successful plays and had been in consequence told how bad they were I used to distress myself extremely about the three unities—until I learned better. I do not remember to have read or heard of but one play in which all the unities were perfectly observed. That is a composition described by the poet Byron, written by one Hibernicus, and entitled Turgesius, the Dane. Turgesius is chained by the legs to a pillar during the whole time of the piece and in that helpless position is addressed by King Malachi until at last, unable to endure the rain of words, he stabs himself beneath the fifth rib, and so brings the discourse to a close. Plays on the model of Turgesius would no doubt be wonderfully popular with the exigent audience of the modern theater!

For practical purposes the ancient dictum regarding the drama, "It must present complete unity," should be disregarded, forgotten—an opinion in which I was recently made happy by finding myself to be supported by the Great Sage of Criticism. Doctor Johnson on this subject pithily remarks: "To the unities of time and place Shakspere has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the dramatist than ever they gave pleasure to the auditor." To which I say, "They have, indeed!" Let the play writer look well to the internal unity of his dramatic action—and time and place may be pretty freely left to look to themselves.

The first step in the actual writing of a play should be the making of a clear concise scenario of the projected work—which usually can be done within the limit of one thousand or at most fifteen hundred words; it is seldom wise to permit the scenario for any reason to extend much beyond the latter limitation.

Having perfected the scenario the author can perceive the necessary number and sequence of acts and scenes. Here should be noted a *sine qua non* for utility in the modern theater: The play must be susceptible of representation within a total period—that is, including all intermissions, from the rise of the first curtain to the fall of the last one—of not more than three and one quarter hours; and not more than three hours would be much better. It is no use arguing and discussing this point, as many young beginners do who come to me; it is, practically speaking, impossible to induce the public to sit through a play that requires much more than three hours for its complete performance. This may or may not indicate nineteen different kinds of crass bad taste and lack of artistic feeling on the part of the public—but it is the fact,

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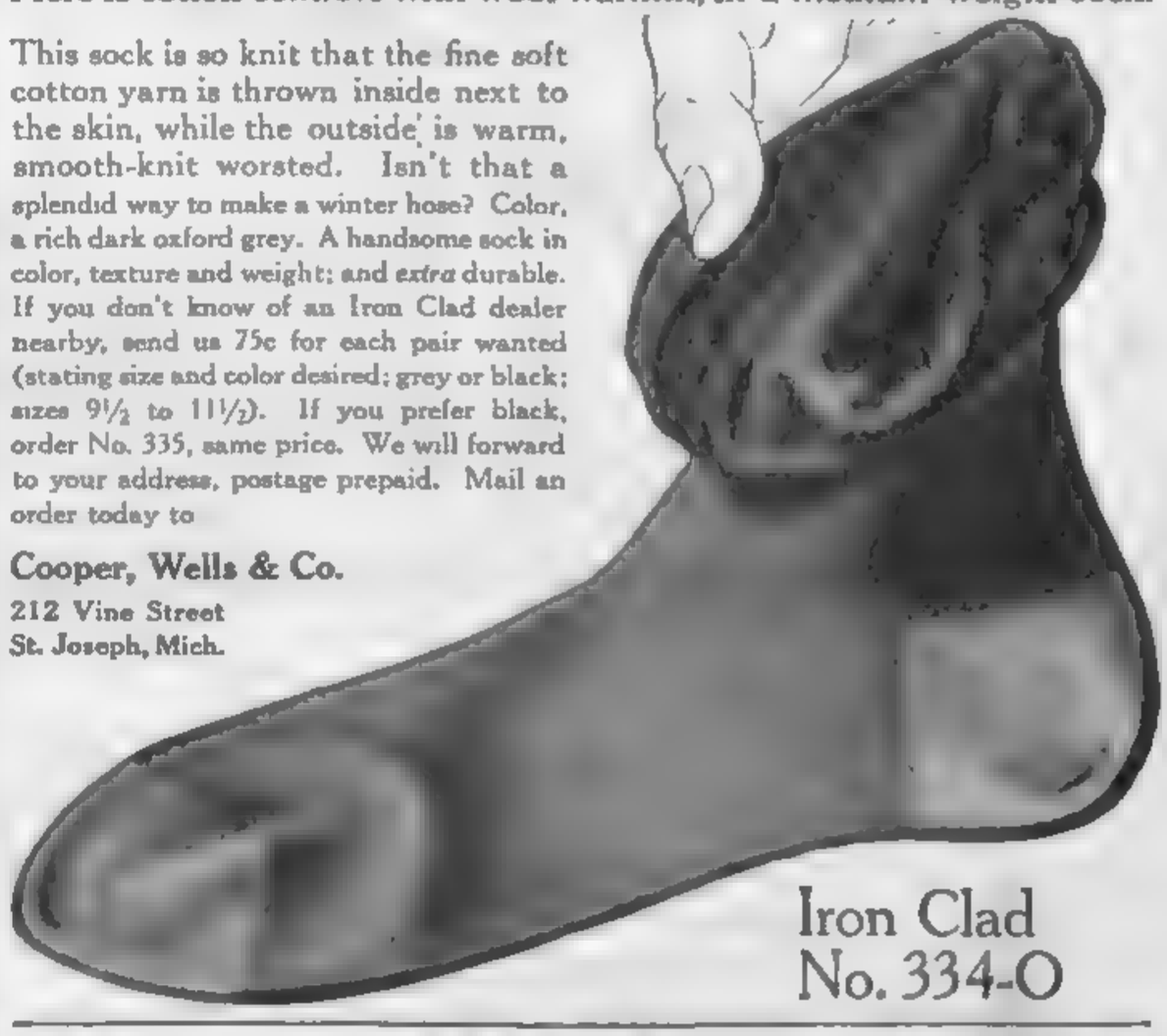

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Save the time and money in shaving that every barber does. A barber shaves hundreds to your one, but—you shave over three hundred times a year.

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If your dealer hasn't GENCO Razors, we will supply you

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Largest Exclusive Manufacturers of High-Grade Razors in the World

Note how Genco Razors meet the strop. That slight bulge just behind the edge has two purposes: it insures a perfect edge from the strop; it lends backbone to the edge.

and as such, however annoying, it must be recognized and accepted. I say "must" because the true dramatist writes, or at least rewrites, for the stage of his own time. To all who will hear me I say: Let posterity go hang, as far as your play writing is concerned! Write, write, for the living present! Posterity will do you no good—nor need you, with the highest ideals, trouble yourself further about posterity than to do your best to cheer and encourage and so help and improve the men and women of your own time by your portrayal and interpretation of human life and experience. It may have pleased and comforted old Ben Jonson to have Francis Beaumont write to him

Thou hast squar'd thy rules by what is good
And art three ages, yet, from understood!

But I'll bet a cooky that plays written in the present which are three ages yet from being understood will never get themselves produced—or read, either, for that matter.

The idea round which your play is to be built having been clearly set before your own mind the story by which it is to be illustrated and communicated to the perceptions of others is to be invented and arranged and, that story is to be told from first to last in action. Now, so to tell your story requires that incidents and events must visibly occur, and occur as consequences resulting from definite, clearly revealed causes. Your dramatic skeleton must be perfectly articulated in every joint or it cannot properly move. That vitally requires construction—and, be your native dramatic faculty and technical training what they may, it will tax them hard to avoid making faults and flaws in this essential requisite to success. You can go forward and back and pick up loose ends; you can carry along first one thread of narrative, then another; you can expatiate and explain and readjust, in a novel—but you cannot do so in a play; if you do it ceases to be a play.

It has been perfectly said by the greatest critic of the drama that "For the purposes of a dramatic author human life is to be viewed as a river which, for the greater part, flows underground, only at intervals breaking forth into the light. Every character has a background. Every condition of individualism and of circumstance is consequent on a long line of antecedent facts. The dramatic instinct perceives the points of contact, the moments of upheaval, will conflict, action—and a true dramatist shows human beings and human life as Fate shows them."

Models for Technical Study

This life river of which your play is a revealed segment, or succession of segments, has its source far off—years ago. Different characters turn into it incidents and events until at last at the proper moment—impelled by you—it breaks forth into the light, a confluent, propulsive, dramatic stream. To create this effect not an incident must be shown that is not contributory to the main stream; not a character must be shown that is not implicated; not a word must be spoken that is not relevant—while all essential antecedent facts and postures of circumstance must be directly revealed to the auditors; and this must be done without causing the dramatic characters either to inform each other of matters which it does not concern them to know or concerning which they must in the nature of things already be fully conversant. Though a few fine plays have been rapidly written—that old-time success, The Game of Speculation, in which Charles Mathews gave his famous personation of Sir Affable Hawk, for example, is said to have been completed within eleven hours—it is unusual, and I have known true dramatists, of a high order and finely trained, to work for two years to create the effect specified, and yet fail to do so.

There is no better way—there is no other way so good—by which to discover, comprehend and cultivate the technic of construction than to dissect out the constructive fabrics created by masters, remote or recent, of the art of play writing. For this purpose I would specially recommend to the student for analytical perusal—among the works of the old dramatists—Marlowe's Doctor Faustus and King Edward II; from the works of Shakspere the first act—which dramatically is much the best—of Hamlet, and the whole of Othello, Romeo and Juliet, and Macbeth—though the fourth act of the latter is badly messed up and may well be—as it is—styled by the commentators "corrupt." I would also have him examine with care Jonson's Volpone, or the Fox and Webster's Duchess of Malfi. I recently heard the study of Dryden recommended, but Dryden is insignificant as a dramatist and only interesting and important as a poet. As a master of words he is marvelous—but study of his works as plays is study thrown away. Of later dramatists I would specify the diligent perusal of Vanbrugh's The Relapse; Congreve's The Way of the World; Farquhar's The Inconstant; Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer—which is the perfection of farce; and Sheridan's School for Scandal and The Rivals—particularly the latter, because of its remarkable double quality, with Captain Absolute the connecting link between two groups of characters. Then let him take in order The Long Strike—for the telegraph scene; The Colleen Bawn and Con, the Shaughraun, of Dion Boucicault; School and Caste, by Robertson; The Silver King and The Middleman—in which the second act is absolute perfection—by Jones; The Cardinal, by Parker; Alabama and The Witching Hour, by Thomas; The Easiest Way, by Eugene Walter; and the first act of The Gamblers, by Charles Klein. Should the neophyte of dramatic authorship deem this really short course of technical study onerous—let him quit at once and direct his energies into other channels; play writing is not for him. The student with a genuine dramatic bent will find the analysis of them a delight.

Writing Against Time

Let me here enter a plea in confession and avoidance: I would not be understood to imply that the scheme of study and practice in play writing of which I have tried to formulate an outline is the one I have always followed. It is not. It is in general terms the scheme which experience has taught me it would always have been best to follow and which I am satisfied can be kindly commended to beginners. I wish with all my heart somebody had commended it to me when I was beginning. But I had to learn play writing by unassisted study—which by fortunate accident began with the works of Shakspere and by an entirely empirical method.

Whatever may be the estimate of my rank as a dramatist I think I may without hesitation name myself as a natural one. I began without suggestion, advice or instruction, to write plays when I was less than ten years old. Before I was more than twelve I had written one, on the assassination of Lincoln, entitled The Roll of the Drum, which eventually was played in many Western towns; and since then and prior to 1882 I have adapted, altered and rewritten—often in their entirety—something more than two hundred plays, most of which were old but many of which were new, though in such form that they could not be used. Since 1882 I have written about thirty major plays in collaboration with other authors—not counting much work which it has been my privilege to do on many pieces with which my name is not usually associated. And likewise in that time I have independently written about twenty other plays—of which I am sole author. In the old days it was compulsory with me to know how to write plays—that was my job—and through many a stretch of weeks I had to have a new one ready for every Monday night. As I look back at those far-off times it seems like looking—indeed, it is—into another world. I remember that on one barnstorming tour in the smallest mountain towns and camps, when I was acting, among other parts, Hamlet and Robert Macaire, I was also working on six plays at once, including my drama of Sylvia's Lovers, on which, years afterward, I based the first play of mine that made an unqualified and enduring success in New York—May Blossom.

And when at home, in San Francisco, I led an even busier life, for I worked all day directing rehearsals and getting up scenery, then ran the stage and often played a small part or two at night—and rewrote and made plays in between times. And, by the way, I did not get $750 a week for my labors. Still—I learned my business. But this is a digression.

One of the questions most frequently asked me relative to the writing of plays is as to what field gives the best opportunities to the dramatist. That is rather a hard question and one that would be answered differently by many experienced judges.

(Continued on Page 157)

Building And Standardizing Trucks To Fit Every Transportation Requirement

By George A. Kissel

Adaptable Units

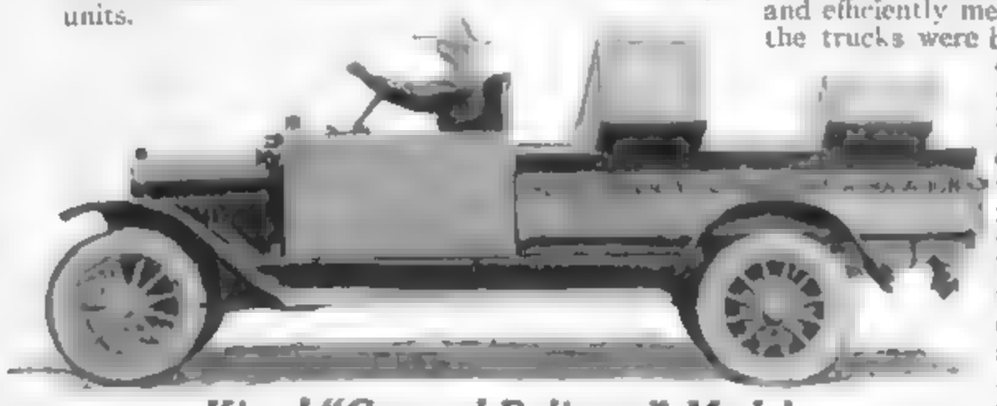
Experience has proven that a motor truck to be operated economically and efficiently must first, fit the purpose for which it is to be used, and second, employ fleet units of the same make.

A misfit truck means not only high upkeep, but an investment that will prove a liability, because either too much ability will be expected or too little service will be realized. In the first instance, the overload will produce premature depreciation and big repair expense; in the second instance, you will be paying for excess capacity not utilized.

The Results of Buying Adaptable Units

By purchasing truck units of the proper size and capacity for your transportation requirements, the following advantages will result—

1—Lowest cost per ton mile.
2—Low gasoline and oil consumption.
3—Minimum wear on tires.
4—Maximum power at minimum expense.
5—Most efficient operation of all fixed or moving units.
6—Minimized wear and depreciation.
7—Big saving in time and labor.
8—Elimination of breaks or overstrain.
9—Lowest service expense.
10—Small capital invested for parts stock.



Kissel "General Delivery" Model

Standardized Units

The fact that the Kissel Motor Car Company builds five different sized trucks, from the "General Delivery" with a chassis capacity including body of 2,250 lbs. to the "Goliath" with a chassis capacity including body of 11,800 lbs., insures a truck for every purpose, a size for every business, and is one of the reasons **why fleet owners are standardizing their equipment with Kissel Trucks**—they can choose a different sized Kissel model for each fleet unit to fit different requirements.

In other words—it is just as necessary to **standardize on the proper sized model** as it is to standardize on one make. Therefore, fleet owners realize that different sized models of the same make is the height of fleet efficiency and economy.

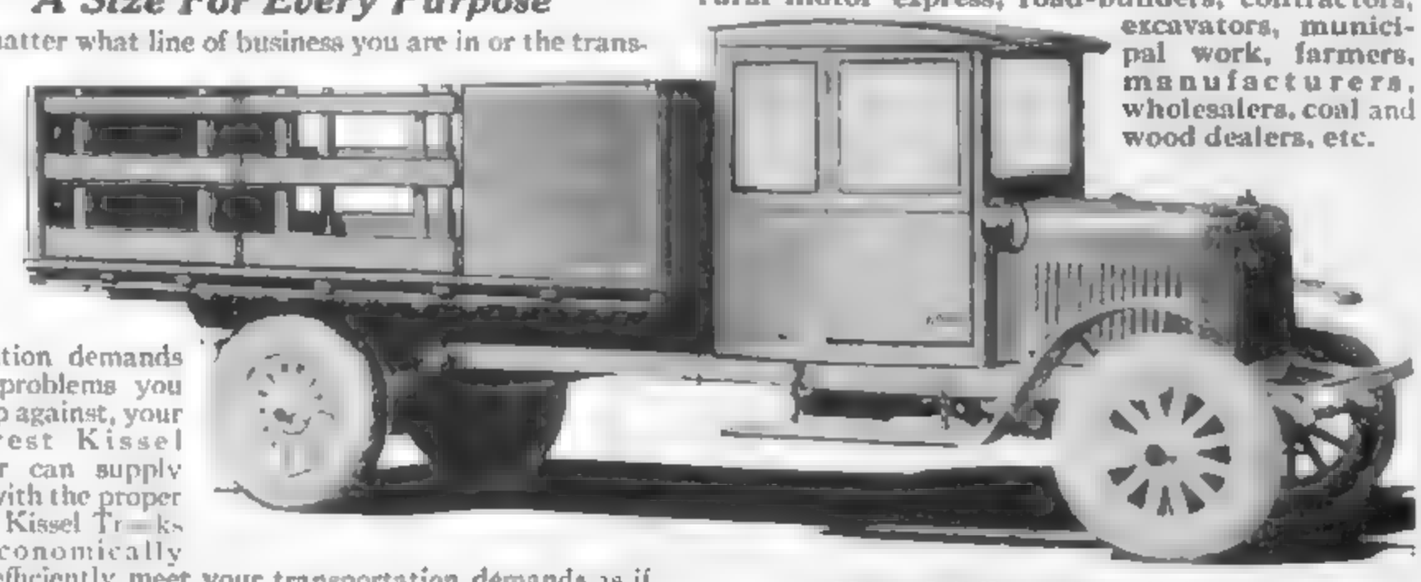
The Results of Standardizing Units

By owning a fleet of trucks of the same make the following advantages result—

1—A yearly labor and time saving of from 10% to 40%.
2—Lower upkeep and repair expense.
3—Insures accurate check on gasoline, oil, tires and depreciation.
4—Interchangeability of parts reduces parts investment.
5—Eliminates delays in adjustments and repairs.
6—Increases driver's efficiency.
7—The ALL-YEAR Cab insures keeping trucks in operation the year around.
8—Through standardization of parts the Kissel-built motor and other units are oversized on the smaller models and fully equal to all service required of the larger models.

A Size For Every Purpose

No matter what line of business you are in or the transportation demands and problems you are up against, your nearest Kissel dealer can supply you with the proper sized Kissel Trucks to economically and efficiently meet your transportation demands as if the trucks were built to your own specifications.



Kissel "Freighter" Model

"Freighter" model (capacity 5,200 lbs. including body)—the masterpiece of the 2-ton field that comes nearer in performance and ability to the 2-ton U. S. Type A Army truck than any other 2-ton truck on the market. The ideal truck for **transportation** and **express** companies, **rural motor express, road-builders, contractors, excavators, municipal work, farmers, manufacturers, wholesalers, coal** and **wood dealers, etc.**

"General Delivery" model (capacity 2,250 lbs. including body)—for **retailers** and **merchants** who want a quick delivery truck for speedy work in city and suburban districts—for **manufacturers** and wholesalers who want a light truck as auxiliary to their heavier models—for **farmers** who want a reliable light delivery truck equipped with a good loading space and ability to carry loads at a good rate of speed.

"General Utility" model (capacity 4,000 lbs. including body) designed and built for delivery service of **retail lumber, furniture, hardware, soft drinks, department** and similar stores, and in the delivery of **freight, farm products, dairy** and **milk products.** Adaptable for **passenger** and **depot buses, drayage** and **transfer** systems. It has nearly the speed of the lighter model with a capacity and loading space large enough for ordinary purposes.

Kissel "General Utility" Model

"Heavy Duty" model (capacity 8,600 lbs. including body)—for **contractors, road builders, express** and **moving companies** that specialize on heavy haulage work. Its capacity and loading space are particularly suitable for work in connection with hauling of lumber, stone, brick, machinery, gravel, cement; for street sprinkling, flushing and oiling.

"Goliath" model (capacity 11,800 lbs. including body). A brute for heavy work, a giant in power and strength when tons of dead weight are to be transported and delivered over short or long distances, over all kinds of roads and up different grades—a truck strong and capable for any emergency or the heaviest load.

Uninterrupted Transportation This Winter

Owners in every business—retail, wholesale, manufacture, industrial, etc., realizing the great dependence they must place on motor trucks this winter are investing in **Kissel Trucks** equipped with the **ALL-YEAR Cab that—**

1—Protects drivers in wet and stormy weather.
2—Removes the necessity of layups on account of rain or snow storms.
3—Discourages speeding to get under cover—diminishes possibilities of accidents and excessive wear and tear.
4—Increases the efficiency of the drivers by improving driving conditions.
5—Insures competent handling and care of trucks by attracting high class operators.
6—Keeps trucks in operation the year around regardless of weather.

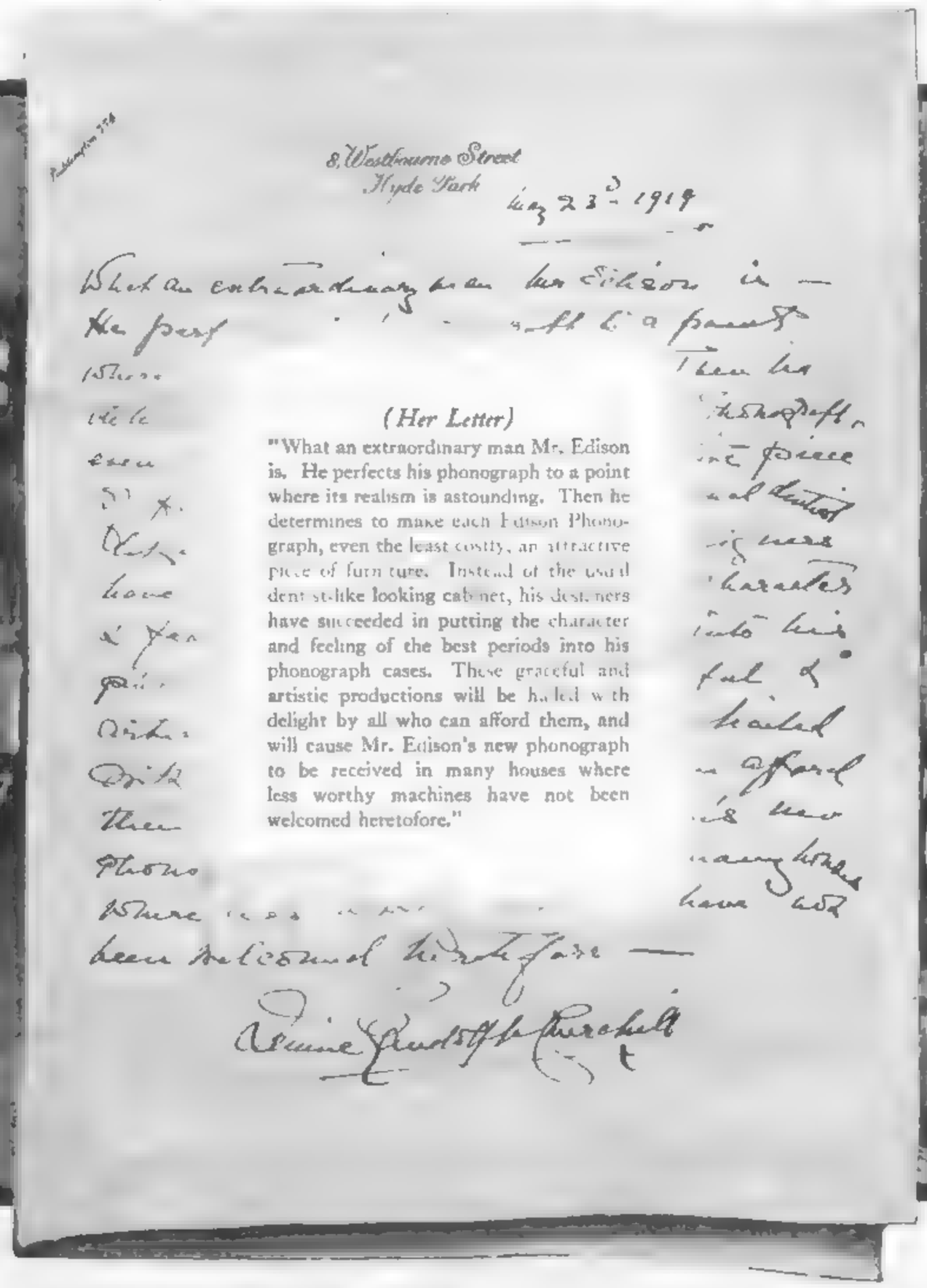
In winter it is entirely enclosed, giving a warm, dry, comfortable housing. In summer the windshield, side, door and rear windows are quickly removed.

See your nearest Kissel dealer for catalogue, specifications and prices or write to Kissel Motor Car Co., Hartford, Wis., U. S. A.

Kissel "Heavy Duty" Model

A Letter from Lady Randolph Churchill

This interior shows the Chippendale Cabinet. There are sixteen other Edison Period Phonographs



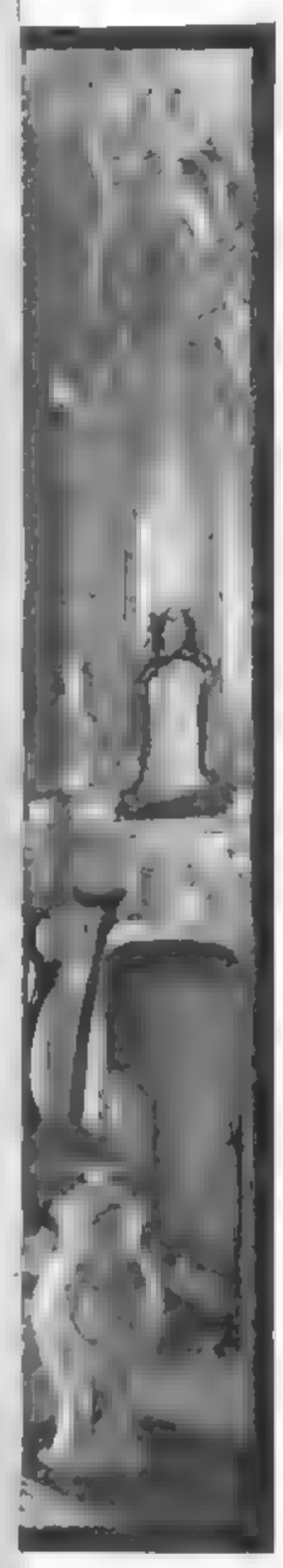
8, Westbourne Street
Hyde Park

May 23rd 1919

(Her Letter)

"What an extraordinary man Mr. Edison is. He perfects his phonograph to a point where its realism is astounding. Then he determines to make each Edison Phonograph, even the least costly, an attractive piece of furniture. Instead of the usual dentist-like looking cabinet, his designers have succeeded in putting the character and feeling of the best periods into his phonograph cases. These graceful and artistic productions will be hailed with delight by all who can afford them, and will cause Mr. Edison's new phonograph to be received in many houses where less worthy machines have not been welcomed heretofore."

Jennie Randolph Churchill



Lady Randolph Churchill

Lady Randolph Churchill is the mother of Winston Churchill, Secretary for War in the British Government, and the sister-in-law of the Duke of Marlborough.

THIS letter comes from the best furnished house in all England. Its writer is England's greatest authority on furniture. Praise from Lady Randolph Churchill is the Old World's stamp of approval on Mr. Edison's adaptations of Europe's richest furniture treasures.

A reading of her letter, however, shows that Lady Churchill has been led by her furniture-knowledge into a misconception. So artistically conceived, so exquisitely made are these Edison Period Cabinets that she has drawn the very natural conclusion that they can be afforded by only the fortunate few. This is absolutely contrary to the fact. Mr. Edison has placed authentic period cabinets within the reach of every one. He has required that a period cabinet be developed for each New Edison—even the lowest-priced models.

These wonderful instruments in their beautiful cases are pictured and described in our new book, "Edison and Music." Write for it. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

The New Edison, as a musical instrument, is also distinctive from all other phonographs. There is absolutely no difference between the voice of a singer and the RE-CREATION thereof by the New Edison.

(Continued from Page 154)

For my part, I give my voice for the field of domestic life. I concur in general with Hazlitt in his doctrine that "Poetry and the stage do not agree well together"—not, at least, the poetry of words and our modern stage. Prose form and the experiences variously incident to domestic life will, I maintain, in competent hands, yield the best—that is, the most suggestive, helpful, effective dramas.

There is a cant phrase that bobs up every little while which declares that "All life is the material of dramatic art." I emphatically dissent. There is, first, the consideration of what it is proper to show on the stage. Honest opinions may and do widely differ on that point. Nevertheless there are some things concerning the impropriety of which on the stage there is not and cannot be any divergence of rational and decent opinion. Then again, the crossing of flies in the air or the cobbling of old shoes in a shop, and millions of other similar things are a part of all life—and assuredly are not material for dramatic art, because they are not in themselves either interesting or dramatic.

We hear much about Nature as the source of our dramas—and, questionless, the purpose of play writing, as of play acting, is "to hold the mirror up to Nature," in selected aspects. But let us constantly remember, as the Great Cham of Literature so sensibly remarked, that "mere obvious Nature may be exhibited with very little power of mind." Everyday life is brimful of tremendous actual dramas; we feel them, hear them, see them round us all the time. But very, very seldom are those dramas of actuality available for stage use. Why? Because generally they extend through long stretches of time and are inextricably tangled together with innumerable insignificant incidents. It is only an authentic dramatist of the highest order—and such only occasionally—who can seize upon such natural dramas, perceive the springs of their movement, the vital aspects of their conflictive yet confluent characters and events and epitomizing and translating them into terms of the theater, arrange them in a picture of action and, as it were, express out of them the essential living elements of a stage drama.

When Grass Was Green

No dramatist, moreover, who confined himself to his own first-hand knowledge of Nature would have material for more than one play—and he would be precious hard put to it to provide enough for even one. We must all go to the great store of various experience garnered up for us since first man became a recording animal. And this brings us to the subject of plagiarism—a subject every modern play writer should investigate and understand, and to me a peculiarly sore one, because I have been, I think, more often and more acrimoniously accused of that despicable offense than any other dramatist of my time. *Par parenthèse*, I would say that I have always sought trial of such charges and that in every instance where it has been possible for me to bring my aspersers into court I have disproved their slanderous accusations against my ability as a play writer and my integrity as a man. In only one instance in all my experience—the allegations against me *in re* The Case of Becky—was the trial court's decision in my favor carried to appeal; in that instance the Court of Appeals affirmed the finding of the lower court.

But to be publicly vilified as a dramatic thief every time I successfully produce a play is irritating to the temper—and it is not soothing to recollect that I have been forced to spend many thousands of dollars to protect myself and my associates. It is a fact which ought to be judicially recognized in justice to all play writers that the bringing of accusations of plagiarism in connection with notably successful plays is to-day a regular business and that, as things are at present, an honest reputable manager has often, without possibility of redress, to choose between paying blackmail and spending large sums of money as well as precious time and energy in proving that he is not a thief.

What is plagiarism? The poet Campbell many years ago satirically inscribed in the autograph album of an admiring lady the statement that there "is nothing original nowadays, excepting sin." That substantially appears to have been a popular doctrine from the time when Koheleth wrote Ecclesiastes down to the present day. "Virtue," as remarked by the Bard, "cannot live out of the teeth of emulation," and the teeth of emulation appear to defamation and falsehood, and detraction is so extreme in the present day that it is only necessary to write a success in order to be sure of being called a thief! Doctor Johnson ridicules the absurd statement that the important sentence in Shakspere, "Go before, I follow," is a translation of "*I præ sequar*." But I actually had to go into court and spend a large sum of money because in my play of Sweet Kitty Bellairs the color of grass is mentioned as green!

Plagiarism is primarily and essentially the appropriation in art of ideas, inventions, thoughts and language which are original with another; artistic theft. But no writer who draws—as all good writers must draw—from the great common stock of fiction and recorded fact is therefore justly to be held or designated a plagiarist; nor is he, unless in utilizing his materials he achieves success. Nobody ever claims your bad plays or your failures; at least nobody has ever claimed mine. I wish they would!

What is Plagiarism and What is Not

All of us, great and small, who are original dramatists and writers, go to real life, as far as it is accessible to us, for our materials. But how little of life would be accessible if we each of us depended exclusively on his own personal experiences! Therefore of necessity we have recourse to scores or hundreds or even thousands of printed sources of information and pictures of human life. In doing so there is no taint of plagiarism—as long as we keep to matters of fact. If, for example, you find in a newspaper, magazine or other source the recorded actual words and deeds of a person in real life and use them in your play, that is not plagiarism. But to take the imagined words, the invented situations, original with another author, that would be plagiarism.

To illustrate: The murder of King Duncan, in Macbeth, is based directly on a passage in Holinshed's Chronicle History of Scotland, describing the assassination of King Duff, an actual monarch who ruled over Scotland for six years—961-67—by one of his followers, named Donwald, who was instigated by his wife. Prince Hal's seizure of the crown of England, in King Henry IV., when mistakenly he supposes the king, his father, is dead, is based on another passage in Holinshed. The finest of Volumnia's speeches, in Coriolanus, is taken by Shakspere from North's translation of Plutarch's Lives. But those are instances not of plagiarism but of rightful use of veritable events and language.

Per contra, Daniel Webster's famous allusion to the British Empire, "A power... whose morning drumbeat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England," is essentially a plagiarism, being a paraphrase of an invented commentary by another writer, namely, James Howell, who, February 1, 1623, wrote from Madrid to Viscount Colchester a letter in which occur these words: "The sun shines all the four and twenty hours of the natural day upon some part of his" the King of Spain's "countries." And Tennyson's famous line, "The path of duty was the way to glory" (Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, 1852) is likewise substantially a plagiarism from Lord Macaulay, who, 1831, wrote of Hampden that he "found glory only because glory lay in the plain path of duty."

As to plagiarism of theme—as Sir Walter Scott observed: "Originality consists in the mode of treating a subject more than in the subject itself," and plagiarism of theme is almost impossible. All the subjects of the world are open to all the writers of the world, and old subjects will always be rewelcomed on the stage if they be but treated in new and dramatic ways.

The consideration of timeliness—of which, also, we hear much—is obviously a commercial one and will seldom, I think, sway a genuine play writer in selecting a theme. Support for the contrary opinion might be supplied by citing, for example, the course of Dion Boucicault—especially in such plays as Formosa, The Flying Scud and The Jilt—but I believe that the timeliness of many successful plays is incidental. That is, instead of the dramatist's deliberately looking about to find a subject fitted to the time some subject of innate dramatic

What Polish Does for Good Shoes

REGULAR polishing does more for shoes than simply keeping them neat. Polish is also necessary to replenish the tanning preservatives of leather lost in wearing. Use only the best dressings—such as the Crossett Shoe Dealer will be glad to recommend.

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Wear in a shoe is hidden. Hence the necessity of a brand that means something to you when selecting a shoe. The name CROSSETT on your shoes is a definite guarantee of full value and longer wear.

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The CROSSETT Shoe
"MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY"

Dad Never Had a Coaster Like This—

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AND dad looks on, as keenly interested as any of the young folks, watching the ball-bearing wheel spin 'round and 'round as if it would ***never*** stop. And all the time dad's wishing he could be a boy again. You bet he'd have a Janesville Coaster with ball-bearing, auto-type wheels and nickel-plated dust caps. With this real "speed-wagon" he'd beat all the boys in the block.

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Never before has a coaster wagon been built like this. Has more speed, gives the boys more fun. Keeps them out in the open, builds strong, nimble bodies and quick-acting minds. And for work, no other wagon is in it. Runs so easily it makes play of hauling heavy loads of groceries, coal, wood, ice, milk cans, etc.

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A power car that provides healthful, fascinating fun for the youngsters. They never tire of it. Operates by shifting the weight from one foot to the other on the tilting board.

Speeds up to 10 or 12 miles an hour. Simple, strong, durable.

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Built Extra Strong at Every Point

Spokes are tenoned in the rims. Has heavy steel tires set with hydraulic pressure and securely riveted. Axles are ½" cold rolled steel. Bolsters are rigidly braced, front and rear. Body is made of selected white ash, close-grained, strong and tough. Wheels and body are given a fine, durable finish.

In every way the Janesville Ball-Bearing Coaster is an exceptional wagon—extra strong and durable, unusually attractive, the Speed-King of Coasters.

Sold at hardware, department and furniture stores everywhere. If your dealer hasn't it he can quickly get it for you.

Dealers—If your jobber does not handle the Janesville line ask us for the name of the jobber in your territory who does.

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quality is forced upon his notice by reason of a special general attention then directed to it; its dramatic possibilities are perceived by him; his natural faculty asserts itself—and he writes a timely play.

The vitality and staying power of a play will always depend upon the degree to which its story and characters are representative types of experience and humanity, rather than of eccentric and passing aspects of local and contemporaneous life—and necessarily there seldom will be much that is representative in a theme which is selected because it happens to be a prominent one of the passing hour. It was acutely recognized by Saint Augustine that "we see ourselves upon the stage; we become a secret and unperceived actor in the piece, and there is acted before us our own special passion." Therein lies an invaluable hint to the dramatist: Let him constantly remember that the more vividly and wholly representative a drama is the more certain we are to recognize our various selves in it when we see it acted on the stage—and the more vital and useful it will be.

I earnestly counsel all writers of drama to avoid as a capital crime the effort to make the dialogue of their plays literary in quality. The drama is the most objective of arts—and literature is subjective. The primary purpose in framing dialogue must be to cause it to proceed with apparent inevitability out of the situations of the play, to contribute to its movement and to be strictly appropriate to the characters that speak. This will often compel the use of slang, argot, profanity or technicality of language—which, of course, is diametrically opposed to a pure literary quality of expression. But it is not enough for practical purposes of the stage that the speeches be characteristic; they must be wrought over and over again, until they are not only characteristic of the speakers uttering them but also are expressed in the tersest, clearest, simplest words that would be characteristic.

The Art of Concealing Art

If, for example, one of your characters is a prolix bore you must work—and it will be found hard work—so that he shall cause that effect, yet in fact use the fewest possible words. The problem of the play writer in such a case is analogous to that of the actor who must portray a breathless man—Biondello, for example, in delivering the description of Petruchio's wedding, in The Shrew—who must appear to be breathless but must not be so. Again, if to be in character another of your interlocutors must utter his thoughts in polysyllabic language you must weigh, examine and consider with the nicest care the polysyllables which you cause him to use—always practically remembering that stage dialogue is to be actually spoken, not silently read, and bearing in mind the lingual requirements of words and the lingual abilities of average actors. The supreme felicity of art is to produce the effect of the spontaneous simplicity of Nature; and nothing in art that I know of is so complicated as the process of doing so.

Several of my plays—if I may be permitted a personal allusion—have been by some judges censured upon two main grounds: First, because they are not literary; secondly, because, as alleged, they introduce and depict incidents that are not germane to the central themes.

I demur to censure under the first head not on the ground that the allegation is untrue but on the ground that I maintain as a merit what those judges condemn as a fault. I do not intend or wish to be literary in my plays, and I am gratified to know that I seldom am so. My object is to create and sustain dramatic effect, piling situation on situation with steadily cumulative force until the climax is reached, thus rendering my audiences expectant, tense, excited and emotional and so swaying them as I please.

As to the second complaint which I have cited—I demur to it because it rises from a divergence of opinion concerning the effect of Nature and as to what is or is not germane to a central theme. Under this head I will say only that if the process of technical analysis be applied to my plays it will, I believe, surprise many persons to discover how generally impossible it is to cut out any incident in them, no matter how seemingly trivial or extreme. You can sometimes knock a hole in a house wall without doing serious damage—perhaps, even to advantage; but when you go to tamper with the footing of its foundations or with the sills upon which it is reared you are pretty certain to bring the whole edifice down on top of you.

So, I venture to say, is it with my plays, there are mighty few incidents in any of them—or in those of any competent dramatist—which have not been, as the word goes, "planted" there with deliberate thought and purpose.

The Great American Play

A request often made of me is for my opinion concerning the great American play—which many persons appear to be eagerly intent on writing—and I may well end this dissertation on play writing with some brief comment thereon. I myself once upon a time aspired to write it—and if I should be subjected to the extremes of torture I am not at all sure that a confession of belief that I have done so could not be extracted from me, even now. But not, of course, in any other way!

The great American play—the phrase itself would make a fine title. But what are its requirements? It must be first of all intensely and superlatively dramatic or it cannot be great as a play. Then it must be written by an American, a native-born American, on a representative American theme; its scene must be laid wholly in America and its dialogue must be, throughout, a characteristically Americanized form of the English language.

Many plays start to my mind as I muse on this subject, though I will not venture here and now to maintain the claims of any of them to receive the coveted designation. In passing, I will, however, go so far as to record my conviction that up to the present moment Mr. Eugene Walter has written the best American drama, namely, The Easiest Way; and that Mr. Langdon Mitchell has written the best American comedy, namely, The New York Idea. Mr. Walter's dialogue in its simplicity, terseness and truth is superb; and Mr. Mitchell's is brilliant without effort or any trace of the obvious stagy smartness of, for example, Oscar Wilde.

If the great American play is to be written in this period it will, I think, deal with some aspect of American life now at least a quarter of a century old; very possibly, even more remote. In the infancy of our theater the dramatic fashions came to us as prescribed by Europeans, and our drama reflected and echoed to a great extent the thought and life and drama of Europe. For more than a generation past, though dramatic fashions have continued to cross the ocean to us, Europeans themselves have also been coming to us by the millions, and any picture of American life made as it exists to-day will almost certainly be so tinctured by the thought and feelings of Europeans that in my judgment it can hardly be deemed representatively American.

But in the coming on of time the great conglomerate of American population will interpenetrate and fuse into one all-American and all-powerful people, breaking down sectional barriers and wiping out foreign colonies within our land. That amalgamation has already been well begun in the white heat of our vast war effort, and when it is completed there will be an ampler opportunity than ever before for that great American play. Meantime, of one thing I am absolutely certain—that to-day there is more authentic drama to be found in this country than in any other in all the world.

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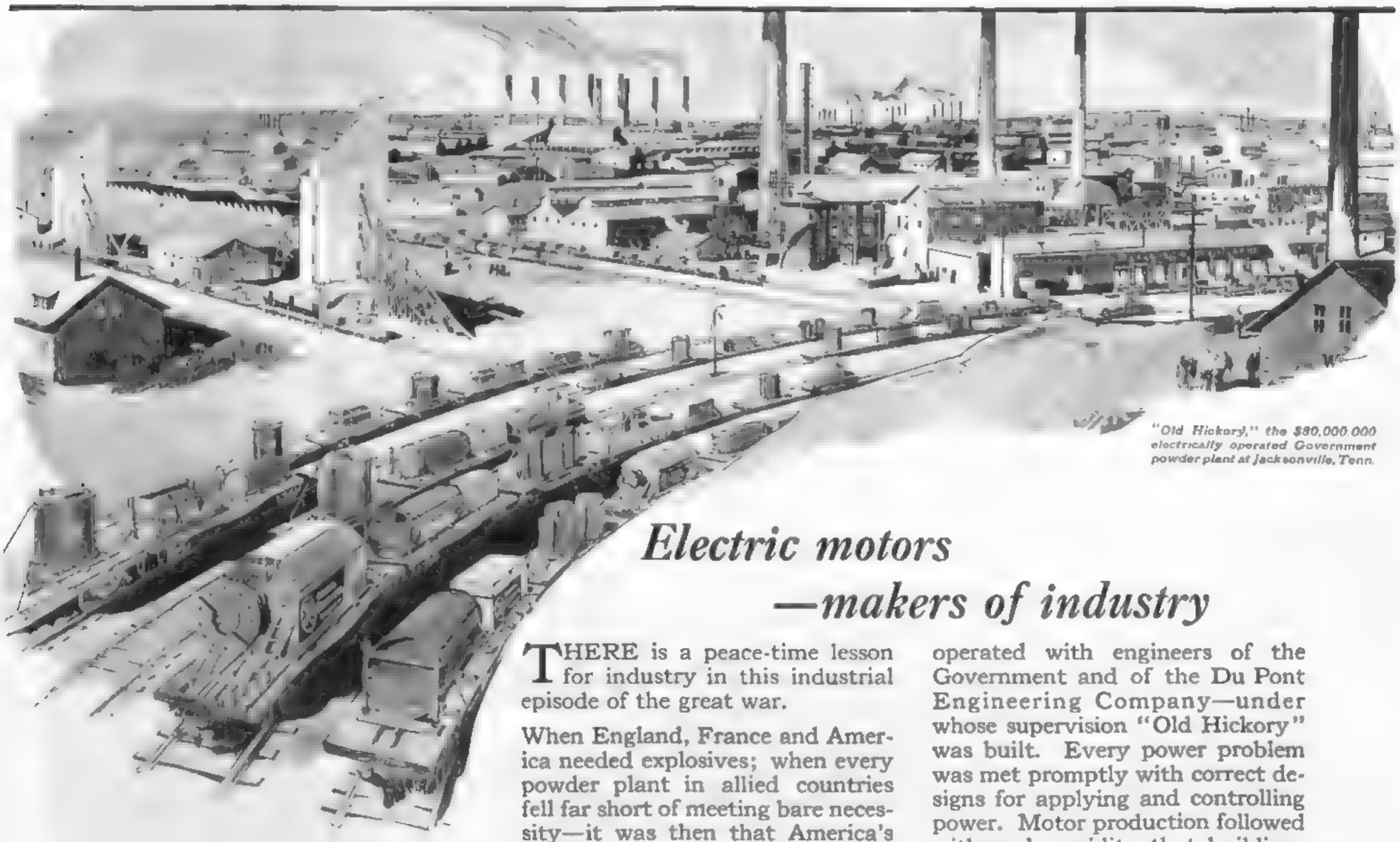

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THE YOUNG IDEA

(Continued from Page 20)

ornate side entrance of the house. A large gentleman of Irish extraction was at the wheel and a small snub-nosed aristocrat of possibly nine enlightened years was scrambling into the seat beside him.

"Now just look at that," Mansfield went on with much bitterness, "after I gave Alex special orders about letting John take my car out!" John, it developed, was his younger brother. "Every single time John goes out in that car he brings it back smashed."

"That your car?" I asked feebly.

"Yes, it was a Christmas present. It's a whizz too. You ought to see her go."

As I sat there listening to him expounding on the various remarkable features of his yuletide gift my first great lesson as a teacher began to soak in, and that lesson consisted of a simple variant of the ancient wheeze that you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink. You can lead the young idea to the burbling or gurgling fount of knowledge and invite him—not as a stern mentor but merely as a comrade—to go on a gentle jag with you; you may even douse him in it, but unless of his own free will he takes to the stuff you may as well save your precious energy.

Many years ago a certain wise teacher said that there were no good teachers, only good pupils. And it is my firmly founded belief that that wise musician could have been the leading light in any Ananias club and with that one clear gleaming spark of crystal truth have saved his eternal soul from any penance for his blackest lies.

Another thing on which I received enlightenment during my years of novitiate as a teacher was the scholarship, or free pupil. In all educational walks of life, when his pocketbook is lean and limp, the brilliant student is always given his opportunity by the benevolently inclined to develop his particular talent—and nowhere else is such benevolence so necessary as in music.

Francis and His Fiddle

It is a self-evident fact that our greatest geniuses, our most glorified talents have come from the humblest, the ugliest, poorest places in life—for it would seem that misery breeds genius—and without the kindly helping hand there could be no development of their gifts. And that tender plant, the musical talent, must have many years of patient care and labor expended upon it to bring it to perfection. But whether because of the skyrocket flight of the chosen few who have been helped to their success or from some obscure reasoning of their own there exists a vast throng of mediocre talent, who too often—emulating the lively Bolshevist—demand that the best instruction be laid at their feet gratis; that the patrons of music pour out their gold on concerts and advertising to place them before the public; or even to feed and clothe them. In accepting all this, theirs is always the attitude of conferring a great favor on their benefactors.

Any plea at all serves this breed very well as a reason for grafting. Johnny has to have his tonsils removed, so could he have a scholarship? Or Agnes has to have her teeth straightened this year; because they've decided to have the house done over or the paternal parent has just bought a one-man top for the flivver. In the short bleak month of February last I had all the above reasons presented to me by would-be pupils as adequate excuse for the cutting of my usual fee in their favor. Mighty was their indignation when they were refused.

Perhaps the most refreshing thing about these musical Mollusca is how easily they get away with it. But then, some people could get away with murder. The most perfect specimen of this class I ever met was a certain young hopeful whom for the want of a better name we shall call Francis.

His mother was endowed with a comfortable but not overwhelming amount of this world's goods and a feverish eye on the main chance. In this instance the main chance proved to be Francis. Some misguided individual gave him a tiny violin on his sixth birthday and in a foolishly generous moment arranged with a certain teacher for a term of lessons. Before that term drew to a close Francis' fond mother had discovered that their unpretentious income—hitherto considered a great disadvantage—could be turned into a veritable bonanza through Francis and his tiny fiddle.

They made of him a typical infant prodigy, velvet-suited and spindle-legged, and dragged him hither and yon to play for this famous musician, that wealthy patron of music, this club and that entertainment; at every place emphasizing by a thousand ingenious methods their willingness to cut their hearts out for the boy and their utter misery at not being able to give him the advantages his marvelous talent deserved.

Believing firmly that it pays to advertise, after the fashion of mothers of musical Mollusca, she started a Francis propaganda. Wherever she might be, with the high or with the low, with the tin-can millionaire or the humble but necessary milkman, she talked of nothing but the triumphs of Francis. Every casual idle word that might reflect glory on Francis and uttered by anyone who might by the wildest stretch of the imagination be called someone was snatched upon by Francis' family and set to music and chanted in unison to any unfortunate audience they could fasten upon.

For a long while the established musicians viewed the whole proceedings with a hearty disgust, but presently, like all other propaganda, Francis began to take effect. There were certain hangers on, the parrots of the musical world, who—ever attracted by a loud noise—began to flock over to him and add their iterated encomiums to the din. In a brilliant burst one of these hailed him as a genius, and after that not even the most forbearing human could have lived round Francis or his family without becoming addicted to homicide.

It was shortly after this that Francis was sent to Europe. The man who did it said he thought that perhaps if the lad had a chance to get away from his family he might outgrow the blight they had put upon him. But his hopes were soon dashed, for Francis' mother went along. They stayed abroad a year or so and when they returned they brought back a hectic scandal on the foreign shopmen and Francis had learned to kiss the wrinkled hands of foolish rich old women, and some not so old, and to cast cow eyes at any member of the younger feminine contingent whose adoration he thought might prove useful to him.

So at twenty he held the record for having been clothed, fed and taught by the bounty of strangers, and the principal thing it had developed in him was a case of the purest, sweetest and most fatuous self-love that anyone ever witnessed. His personal vanity was supreme and the only fly in his honey was the fact that the really big men of his profession would have none of him. He stormed their indifference with every trick of his kind, but since his was not the great, sincere and unselfish gift he made not the slightest impression.

A Hardy Perennial

But regardless of the setback his vanity received by his being ignored by the great in his world, that hardy plant flourished and grew until there came a time when no mere ordinary mortal would have dared offer the slightest criticism of Francis or his virtuosity without first ensconcing himself carefully behind some large and durable piece of furniture and proffering it with flowers.

So Francis continued on his merry way unmolested, prying into every conversation with the story of his latest success at Podunk, where he had held the audience in the hollow of his hand, and emphasizing carefully the real or imagined fury of the tenor, who doubled the bill with him, at the extra encores Francis had been compelled to give.

Unfortunately we have no means of controlling this misguided philanthropy that takes the ordinarily gifted or the not gifted at all and makes highly developed egotists of them, near-musicians who use their art to exploit their petty personal vanity. It is members of this class who by their bizarre exaggerations have done more to black the eye of the musical profession than anything else. Doubtless if we had a great conservatory in this country, as they have in the various European countries, a school under civic or government control conducted on a system perhaps resembling in some ways that of our public schools, whose teachers were masters in their lines, where the ambitious and impecunious student might go and—provided he passed the entrance examinations—be educated gratis

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or for a reasonable fee it would help eliminate the Francis type.

But instead of there being such a school the student in America is dependent to a great extent upon a series of large musical factories—schools is a decided misnomer for these institutions—run entirely from the commercial standpoint. This is always a joyful proceeding from the business viewpoint, but from that of education often leaves something to be desired. These schools draw almost their entire clientèle from ambitious dream-eager souls in those small villages that dot America and are known to a certain blasé fraternity as the tall grass. They hold out as a lure the fact that they give as prizes at their annual contests practically everything from pianos and quarts of medals to a house and lot. They make the most florid statements about the instantaneous success of the pupils who come under their altruistic guidance. But perhaps the astute business men, the active heads of these schools, should not be blamed too severely for keeping their eyes on the monetary main chance and wasting little time being idealists. They know full well that being an idealist is seldom remunerative, and so, like certain theatrical managers of girly-girly shows, they calmly turn the most subtle of the arts into a ballyhoo, on the theory that they are giving the well-known public what it wants.

Fired by the Story of Bessie

They have a few excellent teachers, perhaps even one of international fame, but they pin such a fancy price to their instruction that only the plutocratic few can ever reach them. They give out a number of scholarships, but here their chance to do a service to brilliant talent is nullified by the fact that advertising works both ways, for these scholarships generally are allotted to the Francis type of pupil because he clamors the loudest.

Their prevailing type of teacher, after we have excepted their imported models, is the one that furnishes most of the material for those frenzied articles that appear from time to time in various periodicals about Bessie from Junkville, who took the egg-and-butter money she had hoarded for years and went to the great city to learn to sing. And when she got there her much-advertised teacher piled bricks on her chest and held her nose and then defied her to go ahead and make a sound.

Most of these articles, I have always noticed, have to do with the trials of vocalists instead of instrumentalists; I presume because vocalists—being naturally more gabby—are less averse to publishing the sad tales of their gullibility.

Perhaps after all, though, these music asylums are giving the public what it wants. Of course occasionally a quaintly narrow-minded teacher will profanely deny that there is any excuse for their existence when he has to take one of their finished products, all done up in tin medals and labeled "artist" and has to instill into her the first principles of rhythm and intonation. But then, some people are strangely crude—natural-born kickers. And, take it from the particular school he is yipping about, awful liars too!

Naturally this category does not include the few—all too few—splendid schools headed by sincere conscientious men, often not remarkable musicians themselves but honest at least in trying to do the best for their pupils. There is one in particular—but who ever cared about reading about the peaceful activities of good people!

Since we have no school endowed by the Government where our great talents can go and be educated, our patron of art—whether he be one for reasons of social advancement or purely altruistic motives—in succumbing to his desire to have a little genius in his home, and in relying upon his own judgment in choosing said genius, often lights upon a sorry failure or an embryo Francis. But they are good losers, these patrons, and incorrigibly optimistic. Let one of them, after sinking thousands in educating and advertising his protégé, find he has drawn a musical blank and no one will hear him set up a howl about it. Instead he blandly starts looking about him for a new Paderewski. Or if by chance in his gentle pastime of boosting a career he actually succeeds in putting his protégé at the top and is rewarded by that protégé with a temperamental display of conceit and bumptious ingratitude, he adopts the attitude that the greatness of the gift whose development he has made possible enables him to overlook any faults.

The Stodgy Little Girls

He thinks philosophically that as long as he has plucked his rare flower out of the dump heap of poverty and misery for its flash of vivid color and has found that its poisonous thorns and the stench of its environment still cling to it, it would be the act of a pusillanimous ass on his part to demand of it the fragile graces of the hot-house-reared plant. Not that he ever expresses it that way—far from it. Instead he merely sighs regretfully when his protégé begins to strut and air his little temperament, and says it is too bad that success has given the boy the big head.

When he fails in choosing the talent that will make the ultimate great success his judgment is not to be scoffed at, for musical talent is one of the easiest things to be mistaken in and there are as many kinds and degrees of it as there are seeds in the luscious pomegranate.

There is the nice talent belonging mostly to mild stodgy little girls who grow up and marry important pillars of their community and join clubs; who are always excessively in earnest in worshiping art, and in whose hands—regardless of certain professional sniffs at their type of musical intelligence and their careful chaste playing—lies the making or breaking of the aspirant for public favor. For the career of a concert artist depends largely on advertising and propaganda, and the women are the best propagandists he can have. Let them fail to flutter and fuss about some long, lean, ugly individual endowed with more than his share of cynicism and calculating shrewdness; let them fail to flock round him after a concert and hang on his rare pearls of verbal wisdom, fail to speak of his godlike face—and see how long he would have enough box-office value to buy postage stamps.

It is decidedly the women and not the men who have fostered and been responsible for the really remarkable growth of music in America, for how rare is the American man who will go to opera unless his wife drags him!

Along with the nice talent there is the student talent; the talent—and because of its perseverance it is worthy of that name—which studies all its life, going first to this teacher and then to that teacher; always men and women from thirty to fifty who have never had the courage to rely on themselves.

Then there is the great throng of methodical talent which fills the orchestras. Such talent is indispensable to any musical life, for without the stimulus of the orchestra, music—or rather musical literature—would fast descend into the twaddle-twaddle and the tinkle-tinkle of the fish-worms-at-play type of composition.

There is the half-baked playing talent, often capable of more than it ever accomplishes, which infests the lyceums, Chautauquas and small-time concerts. This often includes students driven to earning a living by stern necessity long before they are equipped, and Fate keeps them at it the rest of their lives.

Of the greatest importance on our list is the malleable imitative talent. From this type come our sensational artists. For if an imitative talent falls into the hands of a master teacher, a master intelligence, there is absolutely nothing that cannot be done with it. There is no pinnacle of success that one with such a talent, the right training and advertising may not achieve. Because of his blind obedience he will succeed where one with a finer intelligence, more originality, a more sensitive gift will fail. True, such an artist or machine seldom lasts more than a decade. As soon as he is entirely away from the influence of his teacher, who has governed his every move, when he is dependent upon himself alone, he nearly always fails.

A typical example of this type was a certain violinist whose name became a household word some dozen years ago. There was nothing that could be done with a violin that he could not do. There was no technical stunt or nuance of tone beyond him. After he had been a number of years away from the man who had taken him as a boy of five and made him into this superhuman artistic machine he began to give performances of which a good conscientious student would have been ashamed, for the imitative talent, sensational as it often is, is never original. It never draws its inspiration from within itself, but is always dependent upon others.

And last we have that rare marvel, the great natural talent that no hardship, poverty or even dissipation can kill and that, like murder or scandal, will out regardless of what forces are brought into play to stifle it. It is the talent that is worthy of that much-abused word "genius," which lately has been applied to every musical upstart whose press agent had the most reckless imagination. No one has ever been able to give a satisfactory definition of genius, yet practically everyone can recognize it. The most sophisticated musician, who is never at loss to explain exactly how the different artists do it, gives up and joins the eager laity when a talent of this stamp appears. The genius does not depend upon technical display—though his digital dexterity is always brilliant—or stunt advertising to make his success. His is always a masterful personality, but his art, though doubtless enhanced by that personality, is not at all dependent upon it. He may be of the highly intellectual type, and again he may not.

Star-Spangled Artists

A brilliant mind does not necessarily mean musical genius. On the contrary some of the brainest men we have in music are deadly dull in their playing. This type of artist is permitted to take all manner of liberties with his art. He can make technical mistakes, play or sing a bit off pitch, and the one or two in the audience who may be cognizant of his shortcomings will mention it—if they mention it at all—to say that they would rather hear him play or sing a little off key than to listen to a season's sensation never miss a note.

The audience that such an artist draws is worthy of comment. It is generally composed of that class of people that none of us would be afraid to meet alone in a dark alley if we were of a nocturnal disposition. They are people who are wholesome, clear-eyed and clean—above all, let us emphasize that last. On the other hand the sensation draws from a very different crowd. They come from the great unwashed, mentally and physically, and the sensitive soul who insists on attending one of these concerts should fortify himself with a spray of disinfectant and a gas mask.

There are a thousand and one degrees of talent between the sharply defined ones I have mentioned, and strangely enough just now the country is being flooded with it in all its different stages. It seems at first glance to the casual onlooker that the larger part of the adolescent population is changing into star-spangled artists overnight. We haven't one Paganini, but a

(Continued on Page 165)

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(Continued from Page 162)

score. It leads us to believe that in the course of time, like the trusty phonograph and the hardy mechanical piano, every family that makes any pretensions at all will have an artist in its midst.

Such a thing would not be at all impossible were it not for one item: The unconscious attitude of Americans toward music or any of the arts as a profession. We have talent, plenty of it, and I don't doubt that at a pinch we could scare up quite an imposing number of latent geniuses, but for the development of that talent we haven't the right atmosphere—heaven save the word! We simply won't take art seriously. As a nation we have an unconscious contempt for musicians. I anticipate the loud chorus of protest and repeat that there is concealed about us as a people a covert sneer at the art as effeminate, sissy, the excuse the shiftless use to get out of taking up a real life's work like farming or something in the mercantile line. Any of us will admit that that is not an attitude that breeds popularity for any enterprise. One cannot expect a live wire of a boy—a regular go-getter—to adopt a profession that lists him among his fellows as a tame cat, a lounge lizard and a mental defective.

So though there is a great wave of talent sweeping the country just now it is not strictly a home product. If we scrutinize it closely we shall find that it bears a foreign label.

Paderewski's suddenly coming to the fore as a diplomat and statesman has done a great and lasting kindness for the musical profession. By his ardent espousing of his country's cause, his work as a fiery patriot, this great musician has put his profession on the plane where it belongs as the work of idealistic but sane and earnest people. Perhaps in time the great public will grow to understand that music is as much the work of a he-man as conducting a feed store or running a bank, for your true artist is never a hysterical freak. He is only a fairly honest everyday man like ourselves, highly skilled along one line but vitally interested in anything and everything from tennis and golf to chemistry, engineering, international politics or aviation. When the public will get away from their hectic idea of him as half god, half devil, will cease to insist on mouthing with gloating delight any choice morsel concerning his alleged eccentricities or bizarre actions that they hasten to excuse on the grounds of his artistic temperament—they will be a deal closer to the real man than they have ever been before; for if they only knew it this much-mooted artistic temperament at its wildest is nothing but plain cussedness and one of the stock tricks of trade used to enthrall the gullible laity by certain artists, near-artists and—others.

Interfering Parents

But to get away from the exalted realm of the great artist who has nothing in the world to do but work like the proverbial dog to keep from tumbling off his lofty and much envied perch, and to return to the young idea—has anyone ever done justice to the subject of parents? I think not. As before many another marvel of Nature, words fail before that.

Personally I have always entertained a great fondness and sympathy for those long-suffering, kind, patient, self-sacrificing, harassed members of the human race who spend their days trying to keep up with the arduous pace set by their high-powered offspring, and their nights worrying about that same pace. This inborn love of parents seems to be the failing of most of us unenlightened mortals. We may disobey them, laugh at their foibles, tear down and trample all their precious traditional gods, scoff at their beliefs, run away and dishonor them and break their hearts, but we are always convinced in our secret souls that there have never been any in the long annals of parenthood who could quite equal our own father and mother. And we wouldn't exchange their dear imperfection for any of the cheap excuses that other people have to put up with for all the gold that one man could count in a lifetime.

Yes, personally I have always been inclined to let parents live. But a number of my colleagues tell me this is a deplorable, an unpardonable weakness on my part.

Now there was one very eminent teacher who always insisted that his idea of heaven was a place where there were no parents. But doubtless if he had published this broadcast he would have been considered extremely narrow in his views. This same teacher also had the eccentric notion that the average parent, far from being a help to his offspring, was more often a positive hindrance to his development, the well-known stone about his neck, in fact.

Regardless of whether or not we feel that this heretical pedagogue should be incarcerated in some cold, dark, dank, highly uncomfortable dungeon to meditate on his sinful attitude toward an ancient and honorable institution, we must admit that when one becomes a parent one's whole attitude toward life changes. The king can do no wrong, and neither can a parent—in his own estimation. Before we were parents we sometimes felt that occasionally we might make a mistake—of course, it was highly improbable, but then it could happen—but when we became parents we knew that we were infallible.

Children cannot help themselves; so parents, who often have never been able to impress anyone before with their importance or authority, inflict all their seething, pent-up notions on dress, religion, education or what not on their unhappy offspring.

They mean well, of course, but when they endeavor to apply these scintillating ideas to music the result is often disastrous. It is one of the most common occurrences in the life of a music teacher to have a complacent parent come up and inform him just what she would like to have her embryo genius study in the way of musical literature. It would never occur to her to go to his English teacher and dictate what course of reading her child should follow; but with music it is different. She had heard such a pretty piece on the phonograph and she felt that Claudia Marie just must have that next. And though I am no Philistine when it comes to music, there are some compositions that for the sake of my reputation for sanity I dare not include in my list of teaching material.

Good Taste and Bad

One pupil in particular kept up this pernicious habit of telling me at every lesson that her mother said she should study such and such a piece until I at last in desperation told her that if her mother knew so well how her musical education should be conducted I advised her most heartily to discontinue her work with me and go entirely under the tutorage of her mother. Oddly enough that particular parent resented my attitude hotly and never got over what she always referred to as my effrontery.

I repeat that I have always flattered myself that I am no Philistine when it comes to music. Barbarous as it is, the jazz of our present day is the entirely legitimate expression of our polyglot race as much as the dance or folk music of other countries, and it is often so skillfully handled from the rhythmic and orchestral standpoint that it evokes admiration for its cleverness from even the most sophisticated devotee of music. As for the trashy songs with the tum-ti-tum accompaniments, let the average pupil trace their melodies back to the masters from which they are stolen and compare the cheap imitation with the glorious original and they will have about as much use for the kiss-me-quick variety of song as they have for the crayon scrawl of a five-year-old when placed alongside the warm, living, colorful painting of an artist. Good taste in anything, whether music or clothes, narrows down after all to a simple matter of education.

Among the other promising types we have always with us is the pupil who views music with a large and lofty condescension.

There was one—one of those human mistakes with a full wabbly mouth, crammed abnormally with teeth that were held in apparently by the unsightly braces that covered them—who always played a couple of yards off key and who always insisted that so long as he had no intention of doing music as a profession it did not matter how much off key he played.

Then there was the scion of an outrageously wealthy family who displeased his parents mightily by taking eagerly to music. He hadn't been an especially serious student at first, but he became interested in the student orchestra that came together once a week in my studio and had the time of their young lives doing unspeakable things to the standard classics, getting on flippantly familiar terms with stately symphonies and dignified overtures. After two or three sessions with that orchestra he took to music like a street urchin to ice

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cream and worked for the sheer joy of the thing—which after all is the only kind of work that counts

He began to putter round putting on musical stunts for the shows that his crowd were always getting up for charity. He even composed a comic opera, all the material lifted bodily out of the classics, but as that is the origin of most of the comic operas that could not be held against him. It wasn't half bad. It would have passed in a crowd anywhere if some kindly individual had given it a shove. But all this activity of his got to be too much for his mother. She came down to see me one day and informed me that her son was discontinuing his work with me; that his family had no desire for him to enter the musical profession; that she was sure that the associations would prove far from beneficial. I felt when she had left as though I had spent my time teaching the lad porch climbing instead of what I had always considered a quite honorable profession.

All of us have had some experience at one time or another with the freak musician who rides that dear old war horse, Temperament, to death; who howls and drips, sways and wiggles as if he were in the throes of some new and horrible pain; who plays to a perpetual audience. We all of us realize, too, if we give the matter due reflection that in his feverish youth that musician was somebody's pupil. There ought to be a law against cruelties to music teachers.

This menace generally comes from a small town, not always but nearly always, and has been in the habit of playing with overwhelming success for the Ladies' Aid Society or the Tuesday Evening Shakspere Club. In a misguided moment an embryo scribe on the Daily Recorder, who has a corner on all the available adjectives, writes a lot of blurb about that gifted young artist, Miss Lucinda Violet Jones, who electrified the audience last evening by her soul-awakening rendition of that marvelous masterpiece of Massenet's, the Meditation from Thaïs.

The Elimination of Lucinda

Well, I had a pupil like that once. Whatever crime I may have committed in some former incarnation was certainly atoned for by the sufferings I underwent at the hands of that girl. Lucinda Violet had a face like a horse, quantities of fuzzy hair cut with a Buster-Brown effect, an ingrowing disposition like a wildcat and a passion for all the isms and so-called broad philosophies of the time. She was addicted to rouge and the lip stick, and from the ghastly hue of untinted portions of her face at times I judged that she took her morning dip in the flour barrel. She resided in an arts club, one of those strange places that foster every thing known to man with the exception of art.

One day apparently out of thin air she descended upon me. I asked her to play something. She did. I remember that it was that lovely old relic, the Mendelssohn Concerto. There was an air of absolute triumph about her when she finished. I could see plainly that I was expected to burst into tears of rapture. I didn't. Often I am very remiss about doing what is expected of me. But I was mild. I have witnesses that I was even gentle. In fact seeing a storm threatening I resorted to some rather tall prevaricating for the sake of peace.

But it seems that as a diplomat I left much to be desired, for late that evening the inmates of the arts club were indulging in some artistic spinach and egg or some other soulful concoction when they were brought to their feet by a piercing scream and a thud of the well-known dull variety in the front hall. Rushing out they found Lucinda Violet Jones flat on her face on the floor beating the imitation Bokhara with her fists and shrieking to heaven that I was the worst brute that ever lived—that I did not understand her sensitive nature—did not appreciate her soul, that—but what's the use?

As soon as it was possible, I have been given to understand, they took her up to her room and applied restoratives. My subsequent work with her became simply a series of one tantrum after another. I did everything in my power short of poison, to get rid of her; and if the laws of our state had not been so stringent about such things I probably should have had recourse to that. At last I succeeded, for there is only one thing to do when a pupil of that type strays into one's class, and that is to eliminate him as quickly and painlessly as possible. He cannot be taught; in fact he scorns instruction and he only spreads frenzy among his fellows.

Since I entered on my merry career as a purveyor of musical knowledge I have learned much, and the process has been exceedingly painful, about the nobility of the art of instructing the young idea. But nevertheless I stick at it year after year. It has a horrible fascination for me, just as golf has for some people. Then, too, I have the satisfaction of knowing, even in my wildest moments, that for every untamed specimen of this same young idea that passes through my hands there are a thousand duplicates in the different classes of the teachers throughout the country.

Artists of the Future

For some time past there has gone up a long and horrible wail threatening to deafen us about the lack of appreciation by Americans of American music and artists. We don't appreciate some of them and it would reflect little credit on our intelligence if we did. We are not a necessarily sentimental race and why should we applaud a fifth-rate artist just because he is an American. Indiscriminate long-winded praise is not the foundation on which the great art of any nation is built. And I have never noticed that the great artists among the Americans have ever gone begging for appreciation either in this country or abroad.

True, the number of highly successful American artists is very small, due in part perhaps to that attitude mentioned before of unconscious contempt in which the average citizen holds music as a profession; partly because as a nation we live too well. There is no stinging lash of misery and hunger to make of the drudgery of art a refuge, a blessed privilege. Then the trend of the nation is more toward the strenuous than the artistic. There is our natural nervousness and exasperation at having to build tediously and slowly—the way the great musical career must be built. And last but not least there is our mania for the artist who comes to us with the European label. There are dozens of reasons why the great American artists are in the minority on our concert stages.

We have the talent, the genius, but as yet we have not the workshop or the tools with which that talent, that genius, can achieve the marvelous perfection that similiar talent and genius have already accomplished in other countries.

But given the workshop and the tools, given serious encouragement and consideration, there is no reason why the young American should not far outdistance his European brother. Teach him music as he is taught to read, not so that as soon as he can play a scale he is expected to be an artist, any more than as soon as he can read a book he is expected to blossom out immediately into an Edgar Allan Poe or a Mark Twain. But rather teach him music so he may hear and be able to understand great music and great artists, just as he has been taught to read in order that he mignt receive solace and enjoyment from books.

When we have come to such a breadth of musical understanding, then out of that mass of musical dilettanti, as out of the great throng of readers have come our writers, will come our great American musicians. Not a forced and feverish product, foreign trained and stupidly unrepresentative of our glowing vitality, but the real American artist. And just between you and me, there will not be any who can equal him.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Miss Miller.

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PROFITS AND RISKS

(Continued from Page 9)

"Suppose we discuss an office building and the various efforts that go to its erection," said a manufacturer recently in defending the profits of the employing class. "The one who does perhaps the most wearing work in connection with such a building is the architect. He is anxious to give the owner the largest possible usable space with the best light; to have all its equipment suitable and to have the building finished on time.

"The ones who also carry a great burden are the general and subcontractors, who aim, each in his place, to fill properly his allotted task, to have his work go forward as it should. Then if the contractor has estimated on the work there is the added care lest he lose money, as has so often happened by his having to pay more in wages and for material than he had expected or because other expenses have come in on which he did not count.

"When the plans have been drawn and the contracts let, along come the workmen. It may be the mason. The kind of brick he is to use, the thickness, length and height of walls are planned for him; even the brick and mortar are brought to him. So with the other workmen—their work is planned for them. They have no mental strain or care; when their work is done they cease thinking of it till they come to it again; whereas the architect and builder carry the care and strain of that building often far into the night and into the holidays till the building is completed."

"That is all very well," says the objector with socialistic leanings. "But how about the passive investor, who does nothing? I can understand how the farmer or small retailer is entitled to profits. He works with his hands and head both. He devotes his time to the business. I can understand how the architect, the builder or even how the owner-manager of a small factory is entitled to profit. He unites responsibility and power. He is most concerned in the outcome and his own work largely determines that outcome. But how about the absentee owner?"

A Typical Instance

No one denies that the village blacksmith who works from morning to night at his forge is entitled to such profit as he can earn. He makes repairs as the demand for them comes along. A forge, a little coal, a few tools and his good right arm are what he relies upon. If he can earn enough to pay for his tools, steel and coal and have a living left over it is the combined result of his labor, capital and managerial ability.

After a time the blacksmith hires a couple of helpers. His business grows. He rents another shop, borrows money from the bank to pay for new materials so that he can open a garage. This grows so big that he begins to manufacture automobiles. He no longer works at the forge.

The former blacksmith now spends most of his time meeting customers, making new designs, hiring and directing workmen, buying materials and keeping accounts. After a while he is obliged to turn these duties over to others. He employs salesmen, engineers, foremen, superintendents, accountants, even chemists and a general manager and vice president.

Is it now true that the former blacksmith does no work? Is he no longer a laborer because he wears a white collar, is well dressed all the time, does no work with his hands and only mental work indoors? The hod carrier outside is a laborer all right; so is the artisan who runs the machine inside; so is the designer who works all day on new machines for the artisan to operate.

But how about the former blacksmith, who accepts or rejects the designer's plans, who decides how many new buildings to erect, who decides how and when to borrow money, who decides how many men to employ, who tries to keep all his men employed continuously, who attempts to make a market for his goods in South America, who is threatened with ruinous competition by a rival, who must decide how great credit to extend to customers, and who is puzzled whether to spend money in advertising a new product?

It is pretty hard to prove that this man is not entitled to a profit. If his only inducement to assume the risk of a great complicated undertaking is four per cent interest why should he disturb himself at all to manage such a difficult affair? Why not sell out to others and buy government bonds?

But suppose he sells out and takes common stock. Perhaps he is entitled to a much smaller profit, but he has not yet gotten rid of the risk. Nor does he wholly rid himself of it if he takes preferred stock or even bonds.

As the former blacksmith gets farther and farther away from the business he is entitled perhaps to less and less profit. Suppose an outsider who has never had anything to do with the business at all buys some stock. No doubt his claim upon profits is even smaller ethically. All right, let us get down to nothing. Let us compel the investor to pay interest instead of receiving it, merely to be allowed to keep what he has saved. We shall kill the saving instinct and live from hand to mouth.

Unfortunately for such restrictions business enterprise is not the function exclusively of what might be called active capitalist-managers. The active and passive capitalists differ not so much absolutely as in degree. Call the passive capitalists parasites and kept classes if it gives you any satisfaction; but don't forget that the investor cannot be freed from risk.

Don't forget the very fact that passive capitalists—outside investors, so to speak—can become interested in a corporation without actually assuming managerial responsibility is what has made a great part of our business undertakings possible. Without this scattering of risks and losses industry would not exist on its present scale. The investor at large has reduced the initial terrors of business enterprise.

How many billions of dollars are investors pouring into railroad stocks just now, and how many billions into oil stocks? No law has yet been invented that can compel people to save money and put it into investments which they do not regard as having at least a chance of profit. If John D. Rockefeller's fortune, regrettable perhaps in many other ways, has been a stimulus, an inducement for the investment of other people's money in countless oil wells and refineries which are destined to furnish the world with power and light—then who can say that even Rockefeller's fortune was wholly bad?

But are not the profits that go to investors merely taken from the working classes, a form of tribute seized by parasites who prey upon the real workers?

The Fisherman Capitalist

Without the capital that investors have saved, either from their wages or their profits, the world would be a habitation for only miserable brutes. Labor and capital are like the engine and the train. Each needs the other. There would be no jobs without capital and no capital without jobs. The steamer would lie in the harbor until it rotted if there were no seamen, and the seamen would never go to sea if there were no steamer. Labor cannot produce without capital; nor capital without labor.

All industry needs the two elements—the man and the tool, the cobbler and the bench, the plowman and the plow. Unfortunately people think too often of capital as another name for money, as a corpulent gentleman dressed in dollar marks. Capital has a falsely financial sound. It is mostly apparatus—things in ten thousand different forms. For every factory worker in this country there is something like three thousand dollars of plant and machinery.

Capital is not merely Wall Street and dollar marks. Every sane man knows that it runs way down as well as way up the scale. The neediest fisherman who has a string of trout for sale is for the moment a capitalist.

But capital is more than complementary to labor. The fisherman is not only out of a job if the capitalist fails to supply the boat. More than that, the owner of the boat probably guarantees his helper a fixed wage even if no fish are caught that day. Capital, through its representative, the employer, guarantees a fixed wage to the masses of workers. Perhaps it is too small a wage. Perhaps the owners get the lion's share. Perhaps they do not guarantee wages for long enough at a time.

But the fact remains that our whole system of industry is based upon stipulated wages for which capital holds itself responsible. The masses of the people are ill fitted

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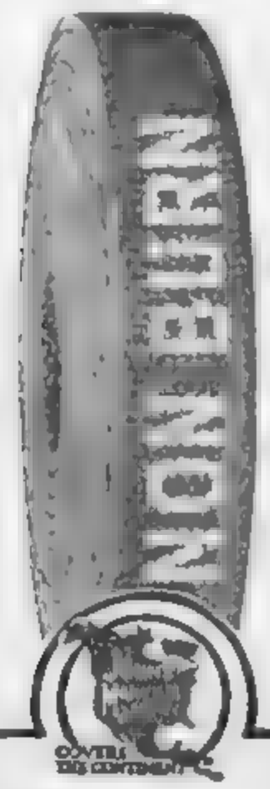

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AUTOMOTIVE EQUIPMENT

to take the chances, risks and losses of industry. People in the main want as high and regular wages as possible, not occasional windfalls with intervals of total loss.

How many motormen and conductors on the nearly bankrupt railway systems in New York City would be willing at the present moment to assume the risks the stockholders face?

Just as investors naturally divide themselves into two groups, stockholders and bondholders that is, those willing and those unwilling to assume considerable risks, so do the workers split up. Though most workers are unfitted to assume business responsibilities and could not make the start even if they desired to, there are always many who have the choice of working for themselves or someone else. If they work for another they give up the chance of profits and losses for a certainty; small and temporary it may be, but a certainty none the less.

But just as bonds are no good unless there is stock to guarantee them, so wages are not certain unless there are stockholders represented by an employer to guarantee them. Though there is no such thing as a perfectly safe investment, yet what are commonly called safe investments are always in the form of contracts by which one party assumes and guarantees the other against the risk.

In the same way the employer assumes to pay the laborer. The laborer gets something definite instead of taking chances. The goods which the laborer produces may not be sold for a long time, but the employer advances part of the present value of the future sale. The wage is a form of credit to the worker. The employer pays wages much as a bank discounts a promissory note.

Profits Not Standardized

Wages are more or less standardized in unprofitable as well as profitable concerns. But there is nothing standardized about profits. They are what is left after wages, the cost of materials, interest on bonds and other similar charges are paid.

Now and then the laborer loses his wages and the bondholder his four per cent interest through failure, but under the law not until the stockholder-employer has lost his entire investment. Losses always strike the profit taker first and cannot reach the worker or the mere bondholder until after he has suffered. What is more natural, then, than for the risk and profit takers to demand more than bondholders and laborers?

But perhaps the profit takers get too large a share in the combined product of capital and labor. Unfortunately no one really knows how much each contributes to that product. Robinson Crusoe provided the canoe and a net, and his man Friday provided the muscle. Ten fish were caught, but how many should have gone to Crusoe and how many to Friday no Solomon has ever lived wise enough to tell us.

If we had absolutely frictionless competition, if employer and employee could move and shift with the same rapidity, if each exactly equaled the other in bargaining power, then each might get his exact contribution to the product. If we had Utopia there would be no excess profits or wages.

Profits seem to have fared the better in the past. Wages may fare better in the future. If labor goes too far and smashes up industry it will learn its lesson, just as some employers are learning theirs now. But profits and wages are not to be completely done away with and panacea substitutes adopted overnight.

A prominent labor leader had been telling me about the evils of profiteering and profits when he suddenly stopped and smilingly interjected: "Don't think, however, that we expect to do away immediately with a system that took hundreds of years to build up."

Before the whole profits system is thrown overboard, why not try to purge it of its alloy? I do not like the color of the wall paper in my bathroom or the shape of the front stairs, so I burn down the house and live for several years in rain and storm without a shelter.

For there is no reason why men should be deprived of the spur of profits just because there are excrescences. Are we sure that Mister Multimillionaire needed quite such a large reward for his organizing genius to function? Perhaps the gains that great improvements often bring are more than is needed to stimulate enterprise.

But why worry over the mere size of profits until after we have made sure there are none due to adulteration and unwarranted substitution of products, intimidation and terrorism of competitors, undue legislative favors, fraud, extortion, unfair privileges, monopoly, overcapitalization and stock watering? The dubious and tainted profits are the ones to look out for and get rid of first.

The boasted enterprise of our captains of industry has too often meant nothing but loss and ruin to other men. Far too much energy has been spent in defeating rival firms, deceiving a credulous public and exploiting a natural resource or tropical region that would have been better left alone for another generation.

It is easy to see why the great steel maker and the inventor and manufacturer of a low-priced automobile should receive large rewards. By their energy, initiative, daring, steadfastness and foresight they increased enormously the production of these goods. They were benefactors of mankind, stimulating construction and transportation. Perhaps they lowered prices, thus sharing their profits with the public.

But would that justify a group of financiers and promoters in taking one of these wonderful pioneer establishments as the nucleus for a fabulously overcapitalized combination?

An old well-known concern was recently in the market. The owners wished to retire. At first their price was $2,000,000, but before the deal had been completed the price had risen to $10,000,000. The public will probably be asked to buy stock in a concern with at least that much capitalization and probably more, and it will be the business of the new managers to earn profits on the new and unwarranted capitalization just because a few financiers and promoters insist on being greedy.

I do not intend to discuss the trust question; but it is difficult to see just how anyone can justify profits on watered stock or the vicious Wall Street industry of overcapitalizing everything in sight.

The truth is that there are risks and risks in industry. The degree of risk varies enormously, and capitalist-employers are far too inclined to pull the wool over the eyes of the public as to the extent of the risk in any particular business. Each case must be judged on its own merits.

The Shifting of Risk

A man who is trying to market aëroplanes among shopgirls may—in due course of time—be engaged in a highly useful work, but the first chap that tries it will be assuming enough risk to warrant the biggest of profits. Is a monopoly taking any such risk or entitled to any such profits?

There are far too many cases where mere imitators as well as innovators and initiators reap large profits. Luck plays such a part in business that we are all doubtful at times of the advantage of certain instances of profits.

But it is a long step to take to condemn profits as a whole because of these exceptions. Nor need we do away with their stimulus just because public opinion no longer favors what has been called "capitalistic sabotage." One of the worst strikes this country ever went through was caused by a well-known corporation's reducing its wages without also cutting the salaries of officers, the rents of the cottages which were leased to the workers or the dividends on its common stock.

Where the capitalist tries in this way to shift all or most of the risk to the laborer, and especially where it is a monopoly which does the shifting, profits are about as much justified as highway robbery.

There is something curiously brutal and insolently brazen in the way that not a few great corporations have thrown much of the burden of production upon the consumers and the wage earners and yet have claimed large profits on the ground of the risks assumed. Even where the employer is disposed to be more than just, labor takes no little risk in industry, though many discussions of the subject of profits consistently ignore this point.

The employer-capitalist rarely has all his eggs in one basket. His business may fail, but usually he has some reserve. In the old days in England before the rise of labor unions it was said that if laborers struck they would actually starve before the employer was compelled through declining income to discharge his butler.

(Continued on Page 173)

Conklin's
Crescent-Filler
Fountain Pen
"Right-to the Point"
This Crescent Filler identifies the CONKLIN
No. 41C
$4.75
The PIONEER
The fact that the CONKLIN is the original Self-Filler—that it blazed the trail 21 years ago—is of secondary importance.
The vital fact is that the CONKLIN is still pioneering—it still leads in every feature—simplicity, strength, "write-ability," cleanliness, long-life, and through-and-through goodness of material and workmanship. Standardized in every part and fitted with hair-line precision, it is tested and inspected to the N-th degree.
In racing terms, the CONKLIN is still several laps ahead of the field. Its famous little Crescent Filler is still the simplest, strongest and most durable of all filling devices; its gold pen is still the smoothest writer; its ink feed is today the most uniform and dependable. And it is absolutely non-leakable.
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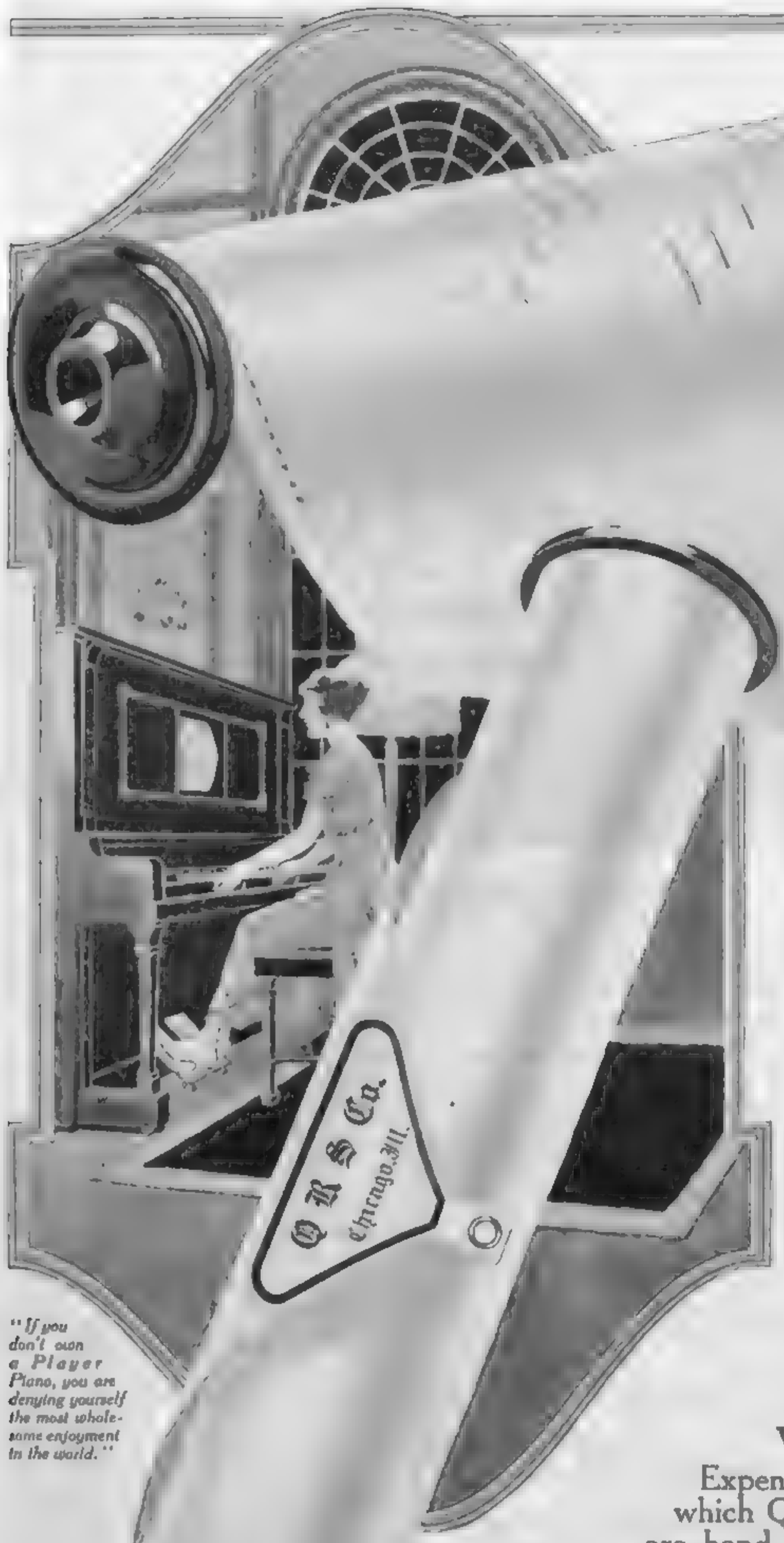

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The large fees we pay these pianists—the extra cost of making perfect reproductions—all these things are spread over so great a volume of business that you only pay a few pennies more for Q·R·S Player Rolls than ordinary kinds cost. And money can't make or buy a better player roll than Q·R·S.

All the best music dealers sell genuine Q·R·S Player Rolls and will gladly furnish Catalogues and Q·R·S Monthly Bulletins

THE Q·R·S COMPANY, Executive Offices, 26 E. Jackson Boulevard, CHICAGO, ILL.

(Continued from Page 170)

A labor leader told me that his union had won a great victory in its new agreement because a clause has been inserted providing that the employer could not introduce any new machinery which displaced skilled workers without first finding other jobs as remunerative and no more laborious for the men who were thrown out. I remarked that such an agreement was pretty hard on the employer.

"Not nearly so hard as it is on the man who is thrown out of a job," was the reply flashed out almost before I stopped speaking.

Laborers have a human perishable service to offer, work. It is their all, their entire working capital. But the employer-capitalist usually puts only possessions, not himself, upon the market. He who hires out himself is certainly at a disadvantage as compared with him who hires out a commodity. Though capital has its own death rate and is subject to innumerable risks and losses it is certainly less fragile than human life. More than that, the capitalist definitely plans and very often succeeds in compensating himself for bad years by the reserves and surpluses of good years.

A certain cotton mill paid dividends this last year of thirty-five per cent, put seventy per cent—of its capitalization—into depreciation, had one hundred and forty per cent—of its capitalization—at the end of the year in finished goods for sale, and paid out in wages sixty-nine per cent. I do not know what losses have been sustained in previous years by the stockholders, but if they did have any losses they were mostly in a position to wait for a good year, and they have had it. But the employees could not have waited in that way. They would have starved.

The Lack of Steady Jobs

These facts simply mean that the laborer must be freed from as many risks as possible if the capitalist-employer is entitled to profits on the ground that he assumes the risks. Progress is being made steadily in this direction, and it cannot be said that profits are disappearing as a result.

A recent agreement in one of the branches of the clothing industry in New York City provides that the employer shall have full power of discharge over all employees of two weeks' or less standing, but that his power shall be subject to increasing review and inquiry by committees in cases where employees have been working for him for four months, six months and other longer intervals.

The employers argued long and hard for full power of discharge in all cases. They were willing to grant any demands as to wages and hours, but said that they might as well quit business if any of the freedom of discharge was taken from them. But in return for their finally giving in on this point they secured an agreement against strikes which ought to add enormously to the steadiness and profitableness of their business.

The curse of the laboring classes has been not so much low wages and long hours as lack of continuous and steady employment, the likelihood of sudden discharge through no fault of the worker.

If the laboring man is to get only a fixed, stipulated wage and if the capitalist-employer assumes to take the risks and all the residual profits as payment therefor, why should the laborer take the continual risk of being thrown out just because the employer does not happen to be making so large profits at the moment as he would like?

The logic of this question, which labor is asking with ever-growing insistence, seems inescapable. It is made all the more ugly because when employers reduce their forces they not only throw risks of doubtful justice upon the employee but also cut down the production of goods. But profits are to be justified only because and when they actually stimulate production.

The problem is to steady production and employment, remove the risks from the back of labor and still leave profits enough to carry on industry.

Certainly the answer is not to be found by merely seizing all profits and dividing up all the wealth and income among the entire people. This might be all right if it were not like reaching for the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. Entirely abolish the business enterpriser, the capitalist-employer, and his profits will probably vanish with him. It has been tried in Russia with anything but satisfactory results.

For though Rockefeller's fortune is swollen, yet he has put most of it back into industry for upkeep, extensions, improvements and the like. He has not spent it upon himself.

If it were divided up among millions of men, would they reinvest as much of it in the oil business as he has done?

H. H. Rogers made a fortune in oil and built a great railroad through the coal fields of the South. It was an immediate failure as far as dividends were concerned, and he lost heavily. Suppose his oil fortune had been divided up among millions of laborers. Would they have invested in a new railroad which was fairly certain to be unprofitable for some time? Yet that railroad opened up a new country and enriched the state incalculably.

Profits and fortunes are not put in a vault or hoarded or in the main spent on luxury and private gratification. It is true that some of the rich spend enough on themselves to make a very painful impression. A world is far from perfect in which one man has more than enough and another insufficient. But we are up against a hard fact, a logical stone wall.

The larger the fortune the smaller is the ratio of expenditure to income. Despite his country houses Mr. Rockefeller undoubtedly spends a smaller proportion of his fortune upon himself than even the poorest laborer. Such is indeed a foregone conclusion, a mathematical certainty. Most of his fortune must be invested in industry. Thus the large fortune, the enormous profits act as a brake upon ruinous national expenditure.

Fortunes are like water, which gathered in lakes or hollows can be saved for further use. But if the water falls upon the ground in innumerable raindrops it is rapidly absorbed and drained away.

"If we were once to break the dam which holds these gathered waters, can we be sure of the result?" asks an Englishman, Cyril E. Robinson, in his brilliant book, New Fallacies of Midas. "No doubt temporary relief would be felt in the parched and sterile places; maybe the immediate harvest would be the richest ever known. But who can say whether in the uncertain future the scattered waters could ever be regathered or the broken dam rebuilt?"

If the total income of this country and England were distributed evenly among the people by some socialistic scheme the yearly addition per family according to the most radical estimate would not exceed one thousand dollars, and according to the majority of reliable estimates it would be only a few hundred dollars. If only the very large incomes were seized upon, and the farmers, small tradesmen, professional men, skilled mechanics and the like allowed to keep what they already have, the addition to the general family income would be a disappointingly small fraction.

The Stress of Work

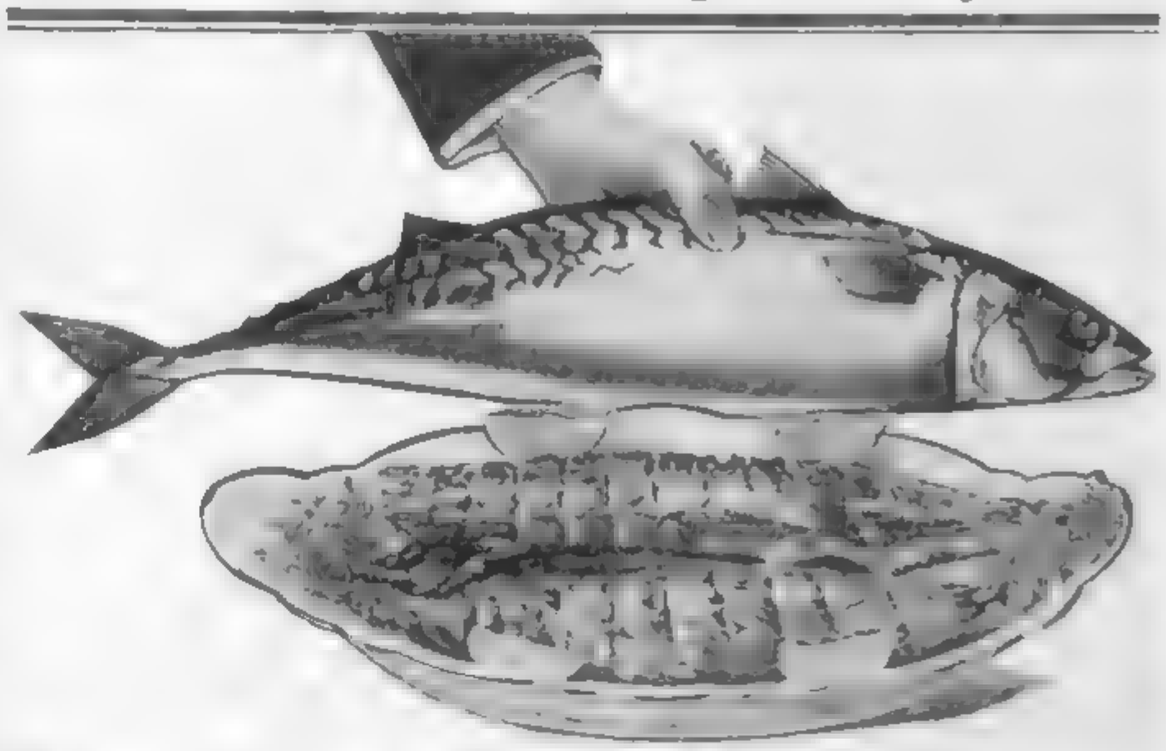
Of course even a few hundred dollars a year added to the poor man's income would make him more comfortable, but unless he learned to save, unless he could learn to adopt the deliberate financial patience and far-sighted calculations of the capitalist, the distribution would prove only a temporary palliative and the world would soon go to pot.

"The most sweeping social changes would not avail to help us much," says Mr. Robinson. "For the redistribution of the good things of life would be useless unless the good things continue to flow in from field and factory. And if the flow is to continue, so must work also. The truth is that as long as human needs and appetites increase, the stress of work cannot be diminished. For a fact more permanent than private property, more universal than the selfishness of the rich is the inability of human nature to be content with what it has. Mankind is as insatiable as the broken cistern which the Danaïds were forever filling but which was never full.

"We are like children who demand jam when served with bread and butter; and then when given what they ask, immediately call out for cake. Half a century ago we learned to ride on wheels; but no sooner had we done so than we sought some automatic method of propulsion; so we have passed from one invention to another, until what was once considered a miracle of speed now seems a snail's pace. Last of all, having tired of such dull terrestrial motions,

Salt Mackerel

Direct from the fishing boats to you



The Best *Fish* Meal *Ever!*

Try this fat, juicy mackerel AT MY EXPENSE

Folks, here's a real treat from Gloucester. A pail of fat, newly-packed mackerel especially selected for their color and flavor. You will surely relish these temptingly-good fish. These Davis' mackerel are yours to try, on request. Send no money—I'll forward the fish on approval and take all the risk myself.

Frank E. Davis. President

It Takes a Fisherman to Pick Out Good Fish

For generations back my people were fish-folks—the early settlers of Gloucester. I used to go to sea in my father's vessel after the mackerel. Little did I think then that what I learned about fish was ever going to be of real value to my friends or to me in a business way. If I hadn't learned what I did at sea the "Davis Folks" all over America would not write me as they do today: "Mr. Davis, we cannot get mackerel anywhere like yours." I've built up business with 100,000 homes. It's a joy to do business with home folks and to hold their confidence and good-will.

Our Own Home Kind

In those fishing days, father naturally picked out the best mackerel to take home for winter. We picked out the plump ones. I came to know them at a glance. The meat when broiled is very tender and juicy. I sent friends some of my fish. And what they said about them made me realize how hard it is for people away from the seashore to get the *right kind* of fish. The secret is picking 'em out. The kind of mackerel father taught me to select for our winter's supply are the kind I will send to you. We clean and trim them of heads and tails and send full net weight of clear fish. Whenever you want a good fish meal just take a fish from the pail, freshen it, and it is ready for cooking.

Fall Mackerel—Fat and Tender

Fall mackerel are the best eating fish. They're fat in the Fall, like a Turkey fattened for Thanksgiving. Most of the fish your dealer can buy are caught during the spring and summer when they are spawning and are, therefore, dry and tasteless. I have all I can do to supply my home customers without selling dealers. You can trade with me just as you do with your home grocer or butcher. And everything I send, delivered right to your door, by express or parcel post, is sent subject to your complete satisfaction or you do not pay for it. Is there any squarer way to do business than that? For 34 years this has been my steadfast policy.

Send No Cash—Try the Mackerel First

I want you to know before you pay that my fish will please you. If there is any possibility of a risk, I want it to be at my expense. Mail the coupon today and I'll ship at once a pail of my mackerel containing 10 lbs. net weight of the clear fish, each fish weighing from 1¼ lbs. to 1½ lbs. (packed as we send them the fish keep perfectly in your home for weeks), all charges prepaid, east of Kansas, so that your family will have a real Gloucester treat Sunday morning. Then, if my mackerel are not better than any you have ever tasted, send back the rest at my expense. If you are pleased with them, and I'm sure you will be, send me $4.90. At the same time ask for descriptive list of Davis' fish. Sold only direct—never to dealers. Mail the coupon now, with your business card, letterhead or reference.

Right from the fishing boats to you.

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Yes, your mackerel are worth trying, anyhow. Please send me, all charges prepaid, a pail containing ten pounds net weight of Davis' mackerel from 1¼ to 1½ lbs. each. If after trying a fish I don't care for them, I'll return the rest at your expense and not owe you anything. Otherwise I'll send you $4.90 in 10 days.

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THE wonderful texture of Patrick cloth shows plainly in this illustration—a photograph—that you may see the deep loft of this famous cloth.
Patrick garments are built for style as well as warmth and are carefully finished throughout, matching in every respect the fine quality of the wool.
Wherever you find a Patrick label—whether on Greatcoat, Mackinaw, Sweater, Blanket, Robe, Cap or Stocking—it means that the garment is made from the thick long-fibre wool of "sheep that thrive in the snow."
Get our two books: The Patrick Catalog showing styles for men, women and boys also the Patrick-Duluth colors true to life; also, "Bigger Than Weather," by Elbert Hubbard. Both are free.
Ask your dealer for Patrick products. If he does not carry them let us direct you to one who does.
Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mills
No. 4 Ave. A Duluth, Minn.
Pure Northern Wool from Sheep that thrive in the Snow

we have taken to ourselves wings and aspire to navigate the skies.

"By patient industry and forethought the business of wheel-making might become mere child's play and every man might own his cycle; but if the moment that this has been achieved man discovers a need for aëroplanes and motor cars as well he is imposing upon himself a fresh and still more arduous task. His energy and enterprise we cannot but admire, but if he grumbles at the trouble of producing them we must tell him that he has only himself to blame."

In the long run, whether we like it or not, productive efficiency must prove the supreme test, the supreme virtue. Let the workingman drive as good a bargain as he can in his immediate self-interest and then pitch in, and in his more remote interest bend every effort to make the business a success.

"But," say the reformers, "why should he be interested in making profits for other people?" And if you reply that the worker agrees to a fixed wage in his own interest and because he cannot afford to take the risks of enterprise, the reply is that wages are bound to be degrading as long as the worker has no voice in control. It is unnatural, we are told, that any man should work without the zest of having a real share in the outcome of his work.

It is only too true that the work of the masses is often monotonous, a drudgery which is death to the spirit and weariness to the flesh. To a considerable extent great factories have killed the creative impulse and the spirit of workmanship and craftsmanship. The worker must perform a narrow prescribed round of duties, often for stockholders whom he never sees.

He is given a job to do and is rarely consulted as to how it should be done. Nothing is more certain than that a system which runs counter to the grain of human nature, in which workers are merely profitable tools in the employer's hands, must be modified.

But alas, history is strewn with the wrecks of attempts to do away with the capitalist-employer and his profit. The attempt, it is true, has worked apparently in England with consumers' coöperation. The immediate needs of the members are supplied and well supplied. But almost everyone doubts whether coöperation of this kind could be applied to a wider range of industry—to the building of bridges or Atlantic liners.

In the Groove of Routine

Even these British coöperative societies have not wholly solved the question of profits, because there is more or less conflict between the employees of the societies and the members over the division of profits. In other words the problem of profits has only been carried back a stage, from employee to producer and consumer.

Aside from these British—consumers'—coöperative societies most experiments in abolishing the capitalist-employer have failed because efficiency, mobility and adaptability in business come from a singleness of aim. The management of many men on a plane of complete equality means uncertain and indecisive management. It is too slow, unwieldy and mechanical.

Any sort of collectivist or socialistic scheme of industry is bound to fall into a groove of routine and follow rather than create demand. It will not take a chance, for there is no motive for doing so. Unlike the private enterpriser eager for new profits the socialist official will not lead and educate the public by forging audaciously ahead with new devices and experiments and so giving the impetus that is needed for progress.

Besides, how can the man who is working to the utmost of his physical capacity in mining coal or tending a beastly machine be justly held responsible for the losses on the purchase of raw materials, the sale of goods and the fluctuation of prices? For over these he cannot possibly have any control. A man drudging at manual labor cannot do the highest type of mental work.

"Simple enough," reply those who are pushing the nationalization of the coal mines in England and the Plumb plan for the railroads in this country. "If there are losses they will be met from the national treasury, and if there are profits they will be divided among the workers."

These plans do not propose to confiscate capital *à la* Bolshevism, but they do propose to cut the bowels out of the profits system. Capital will simply be retired, bought out, pensioned off at a moderate rate of interest. That is, the present investment will be bought out and when more capital is needed for extensions and improvements it will be taken out of the profits, if there are any. But if there should be a panic or a crop shortage and money were needed at a time when there are no profits it would come from taxes. Instead of dividends' being reduced the taxpayers would meet the deficit.

This article is not written in any sense as a criticism of the Plumb plan or of any other nationalization or coöperative management scheme. But the hard fact remains that the Plumb plan does propose to make the public pay all the losses rather than let the capitalist-employer profit and loss maker stand them, as under the present system.

Perhaps if the employees take over the railroads there will never be any loss. Railroads are pretty well standardized and settled. They are not so risky, if efficiently managed and allowed sufficient rates, as many other industries. But even with this allowance the reformers themselves see the possibility of loss and provide that the public shall meet it. Has the public met all railroad losses in the past? Ask some of the present stockholders.

An Extraordinary Proposal

It is a question whether the American people are ready to experiment with this new idea even with railroads, much less with coal, steel, oil and the like. Swollen profits for the few will be done away with, but after all are they as bad as the likelihood of deficits and bankruptcy for the many?

A different sort of effort to get rid of profits is contained in the recent extraordinary report of a committee in the British building trades. To prevent unemployment it is proposed that every employer shall pay a small sum into a fund to take care of unavoidable unemployment. All earnings of the employers above expenses are to go into a fund out of which a moderate rate of interest is to be paid on the capital invested, loans are to be made to employers to extend their business, and losses of employers due to causes other than bad management are to be made good to them.

That private initiative and enterprise shall be retained it is proposed to pay to all employers out of the fund salaries based on their demonstrated ability in addition to interest on their investment. That all the capital, labor and managerial ability may be kept regularly employed it is proposed that a central committee attempt to regularize the demand for building by accelerating new enterprises at the approach of slack periods and by urging postponement at times of congestion. The committee will undertake road making, afforestation, the preparation of sites for housing schemes, and the destruction of unsanitary areas for improvements.

This scheme may be impractical, utterly visionary and in a sense socialistic, but at least it aims at the right target, the increase of production.

It does away with profits by name, but attempts to keep their serviceable elements. It recognizes that the average man has not yet been raised to a high-enough plane of business training, education and ability to get along without the service of the capitalist-employer.

As was said at the beginning of this article there is nothing sacred about profits. Besides, if they really do stimulate ability and initiative the more widely they can be distributed the better. But the risks and losses that go with profits cannot be thrown upon the masses of the workers. To make the state bear the burden is merely a bit of socialistic camouflage, a sort of pulling yourself up by the bootstraps.

Underneath his apparent discontent the workingman knows well enough that the capitalist can manage industry better than he, especially the larger policies.

Probably he will be willing to leave the direction in capital's hands if capital will allow him a due share of responsibility and trust.

And if both labor and capital really go to work at the problem they can probably find some way by which labor can share more largely in the profits without depriving capital of the reward which it must receive for the risks that it alone can take. That at least is the ideal.

The Connecting Link between Power and Production

MAXIMUM production can only be attained through uninterrupted transmission of power from line-shafts to machines. Belts *will* break. Because no method today equals the "Clipper" for speedy repairs, "Clipper" belt hooks are the connecting links between power and production. "Clipper" hooks make possible practically continuous operation of machines during working hours in the workshops of the world.

The Clipper Belt Lacer
Laces a Belt in Three Minutes

Out of date methods take from ten minutes to half an hour. The "Clipper" makes a durable joint—one that is smooth on both sides, is as flexible as the belt itself, is safe and pulls right. The American Museum of Safety gave the "Clipper" the only gold medal ever awarded for metal lacing.

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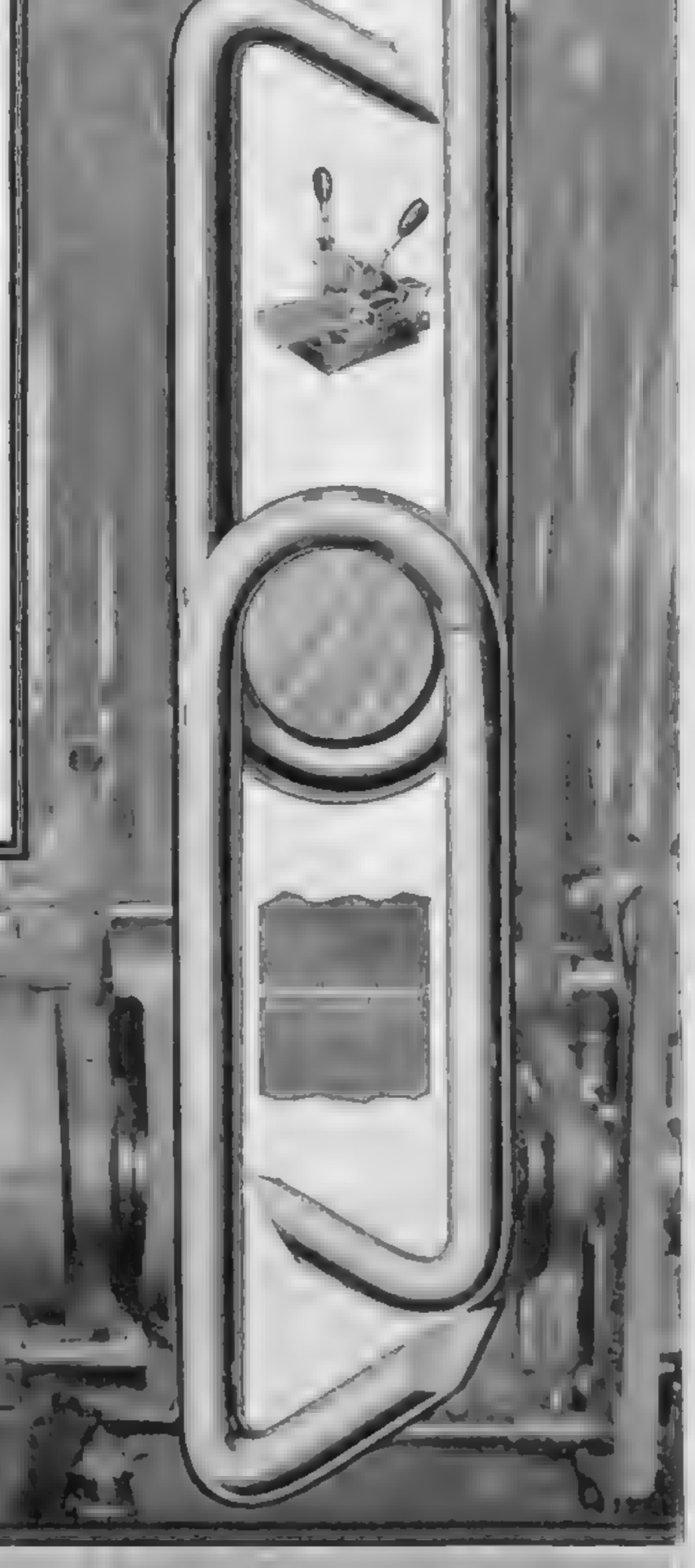
"Clipper" distribution is world-wide through mill-supply houses. The European demand is supplied through London, England, offices at No. 10 Norfolk Street. There is prestige attached to the "Clipper" selling franchise. Where we are yet open for representation our dealer proposition is one of mutual profit.



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The Varnish for

For Cottages or Mansions

Cosmolac is a beautiful, transparent varnish of exceptional strength, toughness and brilliancy.

Cosmolac can be used on any surface requiring varnish. It will not scratch, bruise nor scar white if struck by a hard object.

Cosmolac can be compared to liquid plate glass that will not crack nor break when applied to wood, stone or metal.

And Cosmolac is the greatest triumph of John W. Masury and Son through eighty five years, marked by such achievements as the invention of the paint grinding mill.

Your dealer has Cosmolac or can get it for you. Write to Cosmolac department for any varnish information.

Resists The Action Of

Hot Soapy Water
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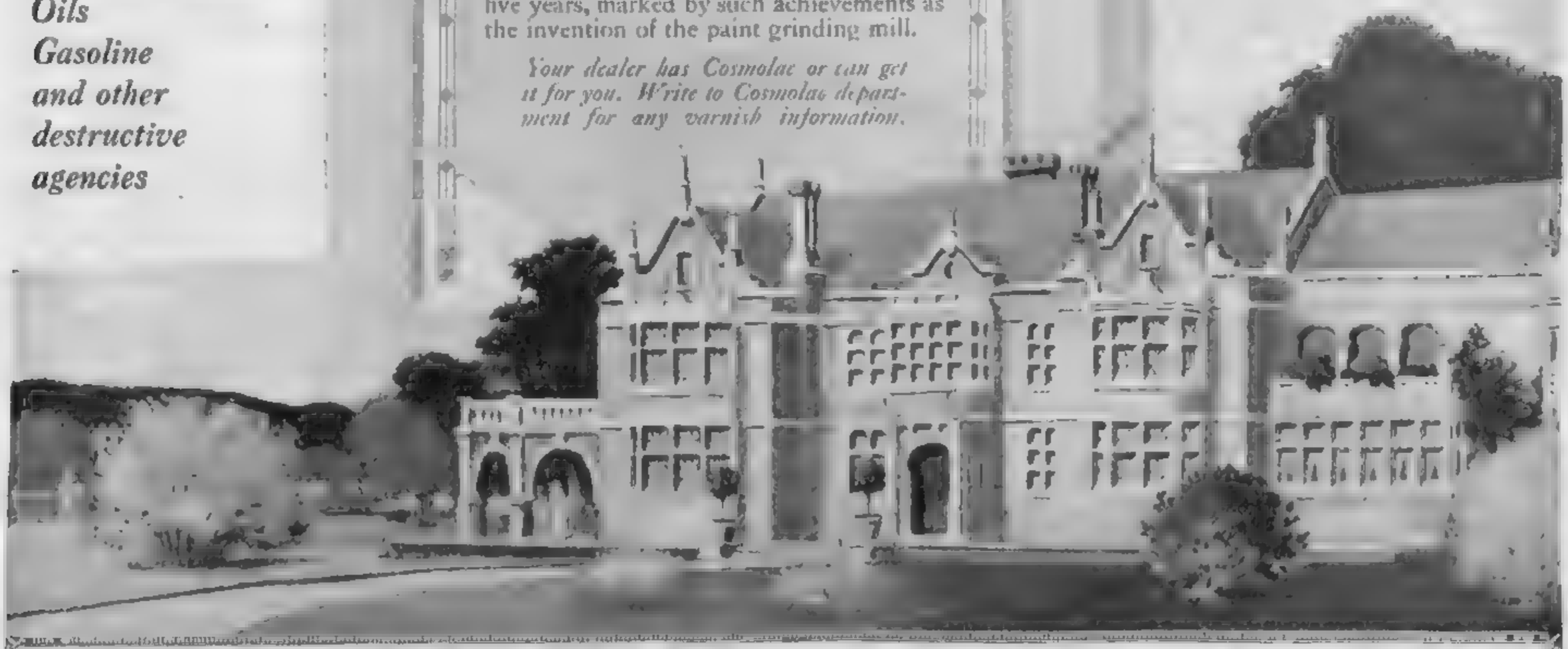

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Perfection Flat White and Colors • China Gloss White Enamel Liquid House Paints Pure Colors In Oil Automobile Colors

BLACK SHEEP

(Continued from Page 36)

room at Luke's Hotel." He glanced at Morden, who took the knife from his pocket and laid it on the table in front of him.

"I'm giving you only a sketch of the case," McMurtry continued. "There's no need of going into finer details—now. We're ready to arrest Collingwood on a charge of murder immediately—and to prove the charge. Of course we know what motive you had for wishing Pomeroy out of the way."

Both men were watching Dinsmore carefully, and both of them were sure that it shook Dinsmore's firm nerves. He put a hand up to his beard as though he could not help it, and seemed unable to overcome the fascination of the knife. After an instant he asked:

"Who else is associated with you, McMurtry?"

"Nobody," the lawyer replied promptly.

They thought Dinsmore's eyes quailed and his hands moved a little restlessly; but his voice was quite even as he said, "I propose to clean this thing up once for all—one way or the other. If anybody else is in this affair with you, or knows what you're doing, I want to know it now."

He paused for an answer, and again McMurtry lied smoothly, saying: "Mr. Morden and myself are the only people concerned. There is nobody else in it."

And Morden put in aggressively, "We're the whole works. You can do business with us—right now. Time is short."

Dinsmore seemed to be getting himself more firmly in hand.

"Why short?" he asked in an almost casual tone.

"Because I've got a finger on Collingwood now," the detective answered bluntly, "and unless I pinch him there's a chance he'll get away. We've got to fish or cut bait right now."

Dinsmore then studied the detective's face more leisurely than before—with an aggravating leisureliness in fact—and repeated, "Well—I propose to clean it up once for all, one way or the other. I'm going to be done with it. If I'm to fight at all I may as well fight now as later."

"Undoubtedly," McMurtry replied with a smile.

"I'm not in the worst position in the world for a fight, you know," Dinsmore reminded him. "William Pomeroy is dead. That leaves you with nobody to rely on but the doctor—Dill."

"And Peter Sykes," said Morden.

Dinsmore paused a moment, contemplating the table, and confessed, "It's true—I left out Sykes."

"Don't forget Peter," said the detective with a jocular grin.

"Maybe you've left him out," said Dinsmore significantly. "You don't know whether Peter Sykes would identify me as the young man he saw thirty-one years ago. You don't know whether he would deny your doctor's whole story. The whole story rests on the doctor now. You can judge how well he would probably stand the battering he'd get if he charged me with murder. Peter Sykes—do you think he would be anxious to say he was engaged in a bank robbery? Of course he'd be accessory to the murder. Men aren't usually anxious to stick their necks in halters."

"But it was only robbery, so far as Sykes' intentions were concerned," said the lawyer. "He didn't fire the shot. Peter Sykes is a very respectable citizen now—as probably you know. There's no blood on his hands except in a technical way. If he turned state's evidence against the man that did the actual killing I'd guarantee to get him off before any jury. Thirty-one years is a long time."

"A long time," Dinsmore repeated. "It counts as much for me as for him. I'm a very respectable citizen too. You're sensible enough, McMurtry, to know that if a man in my position fights—well, there'll be a real fight. You're not blackmailing a woman, you know, who's simply terrified and helpless and will do whatever you say. You must know that I'll take no punishment lying down. Suppose you spring your story. Well, there'll be a lot of money spent and a lot of hard knocks exchanged before you've got me down—even then."

McMurtry had had various experiences of this general nature. He had seen people terrified and abject and he had heard people rage, but he had never before met with this cool calculation. It rather threw him off his balance. Lips closed, he warily studied the man opposite him. He wondered if Dinsmore might have an understanding with Peter Sykes. For the conspirators Peter was a sort of exposed flank.

"You spring your story. To support it you've got one Doctor Dill—not the most formidable witness in the world by a long shot. The man Colby dead; the man Pomeroy dead. You've got Doctor Dill." He then looked McMurtry hard in the eye. "You haven't got Peter Sykes—not by a good deal, you haven't."

It was a hard shot, for both McMurtry and Morden were aware that Peter was an uncertain quantity to them—while Dinsmore might have reason to feel sure of him. An instant passed before Morden said:

"We can get him if we need him—you can bank on that."

"But I don't bank on it," Dinsmore replied. "You've got Doctor Dill, who'll probably swear at first that he treated a young man for a gunshot wound the night of that affair in Billingtown, Nebraska. He'll describe the young man—with a peculiar and strongly marked scar on his chin. And he'll swear—at first—that I'm the same man. Alfred Dinsmore, you know—a name that stands for something—known here for many years as such a kind of man. What would a jury say to that?"

Morden, who was not lacking in nerve, leaned forward a little, looking Dinsmore in the eye, and replied, "Probably they'd ask Alfred Dinsmore to shave off his beard."

Dinsmore put a hand up to the appendage mentioned and said, "They might do that."

"They might," said the detective with triumph.

"And Alfred Dinsmore," the bearer of that name resumed, "might retort that a scar on his chin was well known to many people at one time in his life—before he wore a beard. His lawyers might urge that a gang of blackmailers had learned about that scar; that they made up a plot to extort money from him and hired this disreputable old doctor to perjure himself; that they told the doctor about this scar on Dinsmore's chin. And when Peter Sykes denied the whole story—well, it would be a great case you'd have, McMurtry."

The detective turned to his partner, saying ominously, "We may as well have a show-down. I'll go pinch Collingwood right now."

"You see, there's another angle to the case, Dinsmore," McMurtry observed with his bland manner. "The first thing to come on the carpet is the murder of William Pomeroy. That's no thirty-one-year-old thing, you know. The blood is dripping still."

And he experienced a shock when Dinsmore replied promptly, "True! Frankly if it wasn't for that I'd tell you to go to the devil, for I could knock the other affair into a cocked hat with one hand, as I've just shown you."

It shocked McMurtry as an exhibition of chilled-steel nerve. He thought, "Good Lord, this fellow's an ogre!"

"There is one more angle," Dinsmore went on. "Blackmail is a crime that everybody hates—juries included. You're trying to blackmail me. When you spring your story, as a matter of course I spring mine. I have both of you arrested for blackmail and I press the case with all the money and influence I've got. It would be odd if I didn't land you both. Admit that you get me; admit too that I'll get you. Your reputation is bad, McMurtry. This man's is probably worse. I seem to recall something about him; I don't remember just what, but nothing that would do him any good before a jury. If I lose, you lose too. That's flat!"

McMurtry managed to smile.

"We stand to lose a hundred; you stand to lose a million. You say our reputations are bad—no great loss then. But your reputation is good; quite a loss to you. Probably your family would rather you didn't lose it," he added dryly. "And as to the blackmail—of course that's mere bluff. There's nothing criminal in meeting you here in my office. We can tell as good a story as you can."

Dinsmore replied coolly, "All the same the blackmail charge will stick. I have the note you sent me at my office a little while ago—some circumstantial evidence. Then you called at my house. I'd no idea what

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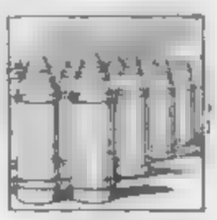

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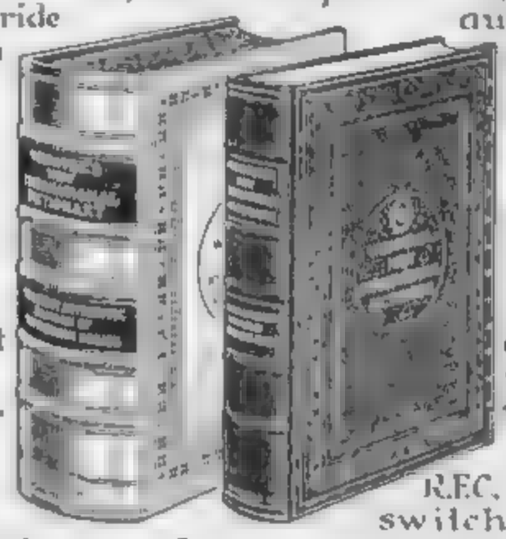

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you wanted to say to me. It's true, if I had known I should have acted differently. But I knew your bad reputation and didn't trust you. Of course you were entitled to no consideration. It's a fact I had that conversation overheard through the telephone—by a man I can trust absolutely. I give you my word I can make the blackmail charge stick. He will testify if I ask him to."

The statement carried conviction and once more both his hearers felt subtly baffled—as well as irritated. By all the rules this man ought to be abject and in a profound agitation. He ought to be pale and stammering and otherwise acting like a normal being whose good name and family and fortune and liberty and very neck were in imminent danger. On the contrary he looked and acted exactly like a man playing a wary game or transacting a difficult piece of business, with perfect self-command and the coolest assurance. It rather daunted them, and irritated them too.

McMurtry's tone showed it as he retorted aggressively, "And we can make the murder charge stick too. The killing of Pomeroy don't depend on Doctor Dill and Peter Sykes. We can nab Collingwood in half an hour."

"That's the ticket!" said the detective approvingly.

It seemed to impress Dinsmore as much as anything could, yet he merely pondered it with no sign of agitation; and after a moment asked calmly, "What do you want?"

"A million dollars," McMurtry replied instantly. Morden seemed minded to move an amendment, but restrained himself; and for a tense moment both of them held their breaths with their eyes intent on Dinsmore. This was the cast of the die; and they felt an exhilarating relief when Dinsmore merely observed:

"That's a good deal of money."

"Cheap at the price," McMurtry replied.

But if they felt that they had won the stake, Dinsmore rather dashed them again by saying, "As I told you, I'm going to clean this up once for all and make an end of it—pay or fight and have done with it."

"Oh, come now, Dinsmore!" McMurtry urged with a reasonable man's natural annoyance at the repetition of an absurd statement. "You know that's all bunk and you know we know it. We let you talk if you want to; but when you talk of fighting it's just bunk. You simply can't afford it—Alfred Dinsmore with this mess on his head! Two murders and the blackmail you've been paying for years! Fighting is all rot. You can't afford it at any price."

Dinsmore answered quietly, "You're wrong, McMurtry. I can afford it if I make up my mind to. Some situations are so unbearable that a man can afford anything to get out of them. There's one point that maybe you haven't thought of. I can beat you to it. I can dictate a confession as I leave this room—give it to the press and wire it to the governor of Nebraska and take the next train out there to stand trial. You probably know how much that would count for, coming from a man in my position. Thirty-one years is a long time. I don't believe I'd have much to fear from a jury. There are situations in which a man can afford anything. I tell you I'm going to clean this up once for all and be done with it."

Once more they felt daunted; the man's nerve seemed equal to anything.

"A million dollars will clean it up in much pleasanter fashion," McMurtry reminded him. "A million ain't so much to you."

"A million is a good deal of money," Dinsmore replied. "I propose to know exactly what I pay it for. Your case hangs on this doctor. I want to know just what he's prepared to say."

"I've told you," McMurtry said. "He's prepared to swear you're the man he treated in Sykes' house that night."

"I propose to know that," said Dinsmore. "I propose to know that you've got the doctor. You say so, but your say-so is hardly good for a million dollars cash. I told you over the phone that I wouldn't deal with you unless I knew you had the doctor and what he was prepared to swear to. I meant it. Fetch your doctor here, where he can look at me and I can look at him. Let me hear just what he's prepared to swear to. Then we'll go ahead." He gave the lawyer a sarcastic little smile and added dryly: "It's your own office. You're two to one—or better. There's nothing for you to be afraid of—if you've really got the man."

Morden rose to the taunt promptly, saying, "All right! We'll show him to you."

Doctor Dill, in fact, was then in the building under the capable eye of Mr. Tanner, for after deliberating on Dinsmore's message they had decided to have him at hand. As he spoke, Morden rose and left the room.

McMurtry found it somewhat embarrassing to be thus left alone with Dinsmore, with nothing to say, and he furtively watched the enemy, while the enemy studied the pattern of the wall paper. Almost preternaturally composed, the enemy seemed; his eyes were not restless; his hands lay motionless on the edge of the table. A recollection subtly afflicted the lawyer's nerves—the recollection of his encounter with Dinsmore in the latter's library night before last. As though in a poker game, they had matched nerves—and McMurtry's were still raw from the collision. Three or four long minutes—of subtle disquietude on the lawyer's part—drew themselves out. Then Morden returned, accompanied by Doctor Dill. As the burly, belligerent detective stepped in, McMurtry experienced a sense of relief.

They had not thought it worth while as yet to renew the doctor's wardrobe very much. He was still wearing the greasy and threadbare Prince Albert coat and still presented the same general appearance of a human derelict picked at random off a junk heap. His bloodshot eyes were rather filmy and he confronted Dinsmore across the table with a fixed, vacuous smile. Dinsmore surmised that he had been given a drug.

"Is that the man, doctor?" Morden asked after the two had confronted each other a moment.

Doctor Dill turned the dim eyes and slight, vacuous smile to the questioner and replied, "Yes, sir, that's the man. No doubt about it."

Dinsmore thought, "He's got the lesson by heart," and said aloud, "You recognize me, do you?"

"Yes, sir," the doctor replied promptly with no change in facial expression. "I treated you for a gunshot wound in Peter Sykes' house at Billingtown the night the bank was robbed."

"You're prepared to swear to that?" Dinsmore asked.

The doctor gave a palsied little nod and answered at once, "Yes, sir, prepared to swear to it anywhere. I remember you well."

He kept his dim eyes on Dinsmore as he spoke, and the merchant realized that he would make a presentable witness.

"Very well," he said, "swear to it now."

Not understanding what he meant, lawyer and detective looked at him questioningly; and Doctor Dill—as though a line had been spoken that was not set down in his part—looked up at Morden, standing beside him, for guidance.

"He says he'll swear to it, but I want to know whether he really will raise his right hand and take an oath," Dinsmore explained to McMurtry. "Let him take an oath right now—if he's really as ready as he says. Take a sheet of paper there and draw up an affidavit—you'll know the proper form. 'I do solemnly swear that at Billingtown, Nebraska, on the night in September, 1881, when the First National Bank was robbed and the cashier killed, I treated a young man for a gunshot wound at the house of Peter Sykes. This man was about five feet, ten inches tall and weighed about a hundred and sixty pounds. He had blue-gray eyes and was smooth shaved. His chin had been broken and there was a strongly marked, irregular scar across it. He was known as Tom Wilson. I attended him several days and had a good opportunity to observe him. He is the same man who is now known as Alfred Dinsmore. I am positive of that, so help me God.'

"You know the form. Go ahead; write it out. I suppose you've got a notary public in the office who can administer the oath. Let this man raise his right hand and swear to that—so help him God. I'll believe he's really ready to swear to it when I see him do that—but not before."

That seemed somewhat childish both to the lawyer and the detective, yet they knew there were simple-minded folk to whom an oath—that legal form of raising the right hand and repeating "So help me God"—was still a fearsome thing. Perhaps Dinsmore entertained a superstition of that

(Continued on Page 181)

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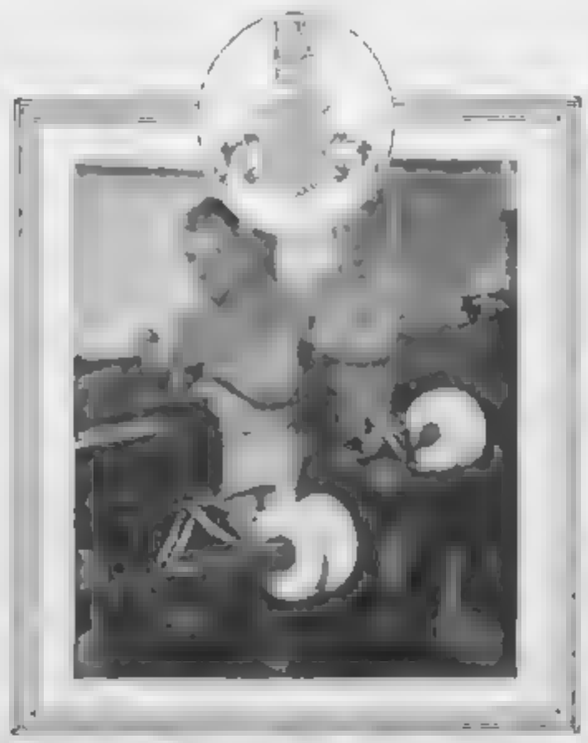

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(Continued from Page 178)

kind himself, or perhaps he believed that Doctor Dill did. At any rate it was easy enough to satisfy him. McMurtry, with his twinkling smile, drew a sheet of paper toward him, took up a pen and wrote rapidly for sixty seconds. Having glanced over what he had written, he handed it to the doctor, saying, "Read that over and sign it if it is true."

Dinsmore rather doubted that the doctor read it, but the doctor said "Yes, sir; it's true," and shakily affixed his signature. Covering the body of the affidavit with a blank sheet, McMurtry then called in a notary from the outer office, in whose presence the doctor duly raised his right hand and took the prescribed oath. The notary, who was also McMurtry's law clerk, affixed his seal and signature and withdrew.

"You have seen him swear to it," McMurtry observed to Dinsmore with satisfaction.

Dinsmore reached his hand for the paper. McMurtry passed it to him and Dinsmore read it over carefully.

"That point is settled," he announced calmly. "I'm satisfied as to Doctor Dill. We'll go ahead. I suppose we needn't detain the doctor longer this morning."

"No," said McMurtry, and Morden led the doctor out, returning him to his guardian. Dinsmore was still holding the affidavit and contemplating it as the detective left the room. When the door closed he folded it coolly and put it in his pocket.

That action struck the lawyer unpleasantly. It occurred to him then that they would better have kept it in their own hands; but, after all, there could probably be no harm in Dinsmore's having it, and Dinsmore was again composedly studying the pattern of the wall-paper.

Morden returned and resumed his seat at the table expectantly; but for a moment no one spoke, and it was the detective who broke the silence impatiently.

"Well, it's your move."

Dinsmore turned gravely to the lawyer.

"McMurtry, if I pay you a million dollars, will that settle it? Will you let me absolutely alone afterward?"

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer promptly, and Morden chimed in cheerfully, "Sure! That settles it forever."

"Of course," Dinsmore explained, "I can't raise a million dollars cash in five minutes. It takes some time."

"Give you till noon," said the detective promptly.

"It will have to be longer than that," Dinsmore replied. He deliberated a moment and inquired of the lawyer, "Probably certificates of deposit issued by the Consolidated Bank would be acceptable?"

"Certainly," said McMurtry.

Dinsmore considered again and said, "Meet me there at three o'clock to-morrow."

"Won't do!" Morden growled. "It's got to be to-day."

"Why?" Dinsmore asked.

Morden glowered at him and repeated, "Because I've got my mitts on James Collingwood now and I don't propose to let him get away."

"Of course you can keep watch of him," Dinsmore answered. "Men can't disappear in forty-eight hours. Raising a million dollars takes some time. Three o'clock to-morrow." He made that a sort of ultimatum.

"No, sir!" the detective flung back. "It's got to be to-day."

"That's out of the question," Dinsmore replied calmly. "Three o'clock to-morrow is the earliest."

"Then I'll pinch James Collingwood in twenty minutes," Morden retorted, scowling.

But McMurtry felt uneasily that this was a matching of nerves over again and put it soothingly, "Two hundred thousand down and the balance day after to-morrow."

"You've had seventy-five thousand already," Dinsmore reminded him—and caught a surprised and ominous glance which Morden threw at his partner. Se he added, "Meet me at three o'clock to-morrow at the Consolidated Bank. Come downstairs to the safe-deposit vaults. I'll have a private room there. Ask the guard for me."

Morden was glowering, and exclaimed angrily, "It won't do! Money down to-day or I'll nab Collingwood."

Dinsmore stood up composedly and replied, "I've said all I have to say. Three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. If you insist on fighting we'll just fight it out. Of course I know you. You want money. Ruining me and getting no money yourselves isn't your game. It's the money you want. A million dollars will not come your way every day. You'll not spill the story—and the money along with it. You're too sensible. Meet me at the bank."

With that he put on his hat and walked out of the room.

Morden glared at his retreating back and when the closed door hid it turned to McMurtry and uttered a good many words, scarcely one of which was printable.

McMurtry shook his head and remarked, "A hard customer! A tough nut to crack, sure's you're alive! His nerve beats me!" But he immediately turned to the more cheering aspect of the matter and said confidently, "Why, let him bluff a little if he wants to! What does it amount to? We've got him and he knows it. He's got to come across. Let him play with the line a little if he wants to. He can't get away."

Morden also contemplated that more satisfactory aspect; but a recollection diverted his attention from it. He glowered at the lawyer and said menacingly, "So you're holding out seventy-five thousand on me, eh?"

McMurtry had hoped that would be forgotten. He really felt embarrassed—at being caught—but tried to hide it with a laugh. "Well, I'm entitled to a little retainer fee, you know," he said.

"Retainer, your grandmother!" the detective replied rudely. "That seventy-five comes out of your share. And a damned good thing," he added still more rudely, "that I was here to-day or you'd double-crossed me again."

"Why, no I wouldn't, Jake," the lawyer replied like virtue maligned. "Pshaw! What's seventy-five thousand? If he comes across for one million he'll come across for another."

"You bet he will!" the detective assented ominously. Recalling Dinsmore's contemptuous treatment of them, he added, "And he'll do it very soon, too, the ——" There followed many more unprintable words.

That was the tack McMurtry wanted to keep on.

"Lord, man, it's a gold mine!" he exclaimed. "Millions! Think of it! We've got a pipe line to the national treasury. It's a bearcat! That's what it is—a bearcat!"

Morden, however, was not to be entirely diverted from a less pleasant train of thought.

"That's always the trouble," he ruminated rather gloomily; "somebody's bound to double-cross. You get the best kind of a scheme going and then somebody plays yellow dog with it."

But insults, open or covert, could not provoke diplomatic McMurtry into a quarrel with his partner then. He repeated, "It's a bearcat! A million to-morrow—and more to follow! It's good enough for anybody!"

The detective yielded so far as to say, "Well, it looks pretty good to me. All the same, I'll keep a finger on Collingwood until the money's paid down."

"A good idea," McMurtry conceded. "But be careful, Jake. Don't start anything. We've got our fingers on the money now. Don't spill it."

"Don't be scared of me—or anybody else," Morden replied; and with that not very complimentary suggestion the partners separated.

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LYDIA LEADS THE WAY

(Continued from Page 15)

"Here's last week's and this week's," she said. When she closed the bag there were but two one-dollar bills left within it.

She went to her own room, and removing her hat, the fur piece and her coat, revealing with the removal of the last a foaming cream-colored chiffon waist, sat down on a gray enameled rocker and started polishing her nails with a buffer mounted in heavily embossed silver. The nails did not have to be polished. But Lydia felt that she must do something. She was terribly afraid that otherwise she might break down, might be tempted to throw herself across the gray-enameled bed with its rose-colored counterpane and there let herself go in a tempest of tears. So she sat in the rocker, polishing her nails with furious energy. Every little while her eyes anxiously visited the little leather-encased traveling clock upon her dressing table.

Suddenly she sat rigid with attention. There was a sound at the front door. There was the patter of slow unenthusiastic footsteps in the hall. Lester entered.

"'Lo, Liz Lydia," he greeted her.

"Lester, where have you been?"

"Downstairs."

"Downstairs where?"

"Downstairs at Mrs. Sawyer's apartment."

Lydia gave an exasperated cluck of her tongue.

"You've wasted another whole afternoon. I don't see how you can expect us to live unless you do some work. What's the use of my getting out every afternoon so that you'll have perfect quiet and the place to yourself so you can write? What's the use of my doing that, going to concerts and matinées and bridges, spending a lot of money, unless you make use of the time I give you alone? And I don't like the way you run round after these strange women. I don't know Mrs. Sawyer. Who is she? Where did you meet her?"

"Oh, I just met her," said Lester. "She—she sort of knew who I was. One day she bowed to me and told me she couldn't help letting me know how much she liked my Home Folks sketches."

"Those old things!"

"Well, she didn't say anything about my later work, Liz—Lydia, but I got the idea somehow that she'd read it and didn't like it—said nothing about it out of kindness."

"You seem to know her quite well."

"We've just had a couple little chats and the other afternoon she asked me in for tea. I didn't see any harm in going."

"You had your work to do."

"I couldn't work somehow that afternoon, and afterward I was glad. It was so kind of quiet and restful at Mrs. Sawyer's. It did me good. I worked hard all the next afternoon."

Lydia brightened a little at that.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you did, but I don't see why you had to go down to Mrs. Sawyer's again to-day."

"I wanted to read her what I'd written."

The brightness left Lydia's face; it became a trifle hard; there was a pinched look about her nostrils.

"What did you write?" she asked ominously.

"I—I wrote a Peltonville sketch," he said apologetically. "You remember that old fellow who used to spend all his time wandering up and down Elm Creek ——"

Lydia cut him short.

"I don't want to hear about it, Lester. You know there's no money in that Home Folks stuff any more. The public's tired of it. You have that order for a serial for Brisk Tales. Why don't you work on that?"

"Oh, I can't write that," Lester said petulantly.

Lydia said nothing, but she regarded him with despair. With all her efforts for Lester she had failed in some directions. Sometimes she felt that she really couldn't do anything with him. There, for instance, was his appearance. He still looked the mild and insignificant little man he had been in Peltonville. She couldn't get him to look smart. His ten years in New York in this respect had done him no good. Lydia saw that he went to a good tailor, saw that he got his ties at Rudd's, his shirts at Benning's, his shoes at Starling's. She had made earnest inquiries as to the best places. But even if you gave Lester the most perfectly tailored suit in the world he'd wear it one day and the next day it would look like nothing—like nothing at all. And he was always doing the wrong thing and wearing the wrong thing. She had to watch him like a hawk. If she didn't he'd appear in his cutaway with a red tie or wear tan shoes with his dinner jacket. She sighed. Sometimes she wondered what was the use of all her striving. Lester was—yes, Lester was impossible.

As for Lester, he sat there and gazed at Lydia with worshipful eyes. To him she was marvelous. He realized that a great, a tremendous transformation had come over Lydia. She was so beautiful, appeared so young! Why, she looked ten years younger than when she left Peltonville, instead of the other way about. And yet she seemed so far removed from him. He didn't know how she had so transformed herself. He was dazzled by the general effect, but he couldn't appreciate the details. It was marvelous, miraculous, a mystery. He would like to have gone to her and given her lips one of the shy little dabs with his own, but he didn't dare. He felt dimly that he didn't understand Lydia and she didn't understand him. She was pulling one way and he was pulling another, and they both tried to pretend that they were pulling in the same direction. He sat there gazing at her with his tired and bewildered eyes. He certainly showed the ten-odd years that separated him from Peltonville. His hair was very thin. A network of tired wrinkles spread out in a little fan from the corner of each eye and beneath each eye was a little dark pool of fatigue. So they sat in silence appraising each other.

Presently Lizzie said: "Well, I don't know how we're going to live." And rising quickly she shrugged her shoulders as if to say the game must be carried on despite all her worries. "Come along, Lester," she commanded. "Tumble into your dinner clothes. It's seven and the Prestons and the Tailers will be here at seven-thirty."

"Are we going to have another party?" asked Lester wearily.

"Yes," said Lydia brusquely. "You know all about it. I've arranged it for your sake and a pretty dent it's made in my housekeeping money. Do you know how much mushrooms are? They're three dollars a pound."

"I hate them," said Lester.

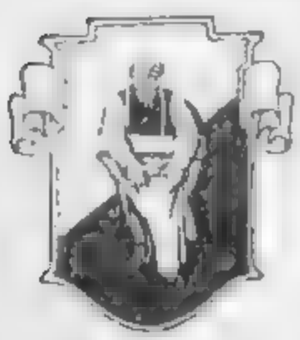
"My dear, they're not for you. You've got to give the Prestons creamed mushrooms and things like that. And you've got to be nice to Preston. We want him to accept A Girl of the Woods—if you ever finish it. If you can't write the serial for Brisk Tales you've simply got to finish that novel. And we have to have a publisher for it, don't we? Now, for heaven's sake, Lester, for once in your life, assert yourself! Act as if you were somebody!"

But at dinner that night Lester refused to act as if he were somebody. He sat crumpled up in his chair and frowned with disgust at his green turtle soup, his creamed mushrooms and his frozen peaches. He was thinking, wouldn't it be wonderful if the food before him should suddenly change into homemade biscuits and steak a little bit overdone with the fat crisp and brown? It was Lydia who after dinner held Preston at bay in a corner and made him promise he'd seriously consider Lester's new novel despite the comparative failure of the last one.

Three months later Lydia stood in the doorway of a small table-d'hôte restaurant in the West Forties. It was spring now and even in this gray by-street the ravishing breath of spring was making itself felt. Sunlight poured its gold along the pavements, a soft gold glistening as if powdered. On the window sills of the little restaurant were red geraniums already slightly dusty and pitiful as if they appreciated the long hot summer's struggle before them. A street organ sent its plaintive last year's melodies from some far corner.

Lydia, standing pressed back against the whitewashed wall of the entrance so that the incoming flow of table d'hôters could pass her, consulted her tiny hexagonal diamond-encrusted wrist watch. Why was Lester so late, making her wait here of all places? Supposing one of her smart friends should see her? Her excuse that she and Lester were going in for Bohemia again, were tired of the big hotels and fashionable restaurants, had been worn a little thin in the telling.

(Continued on Page 185)



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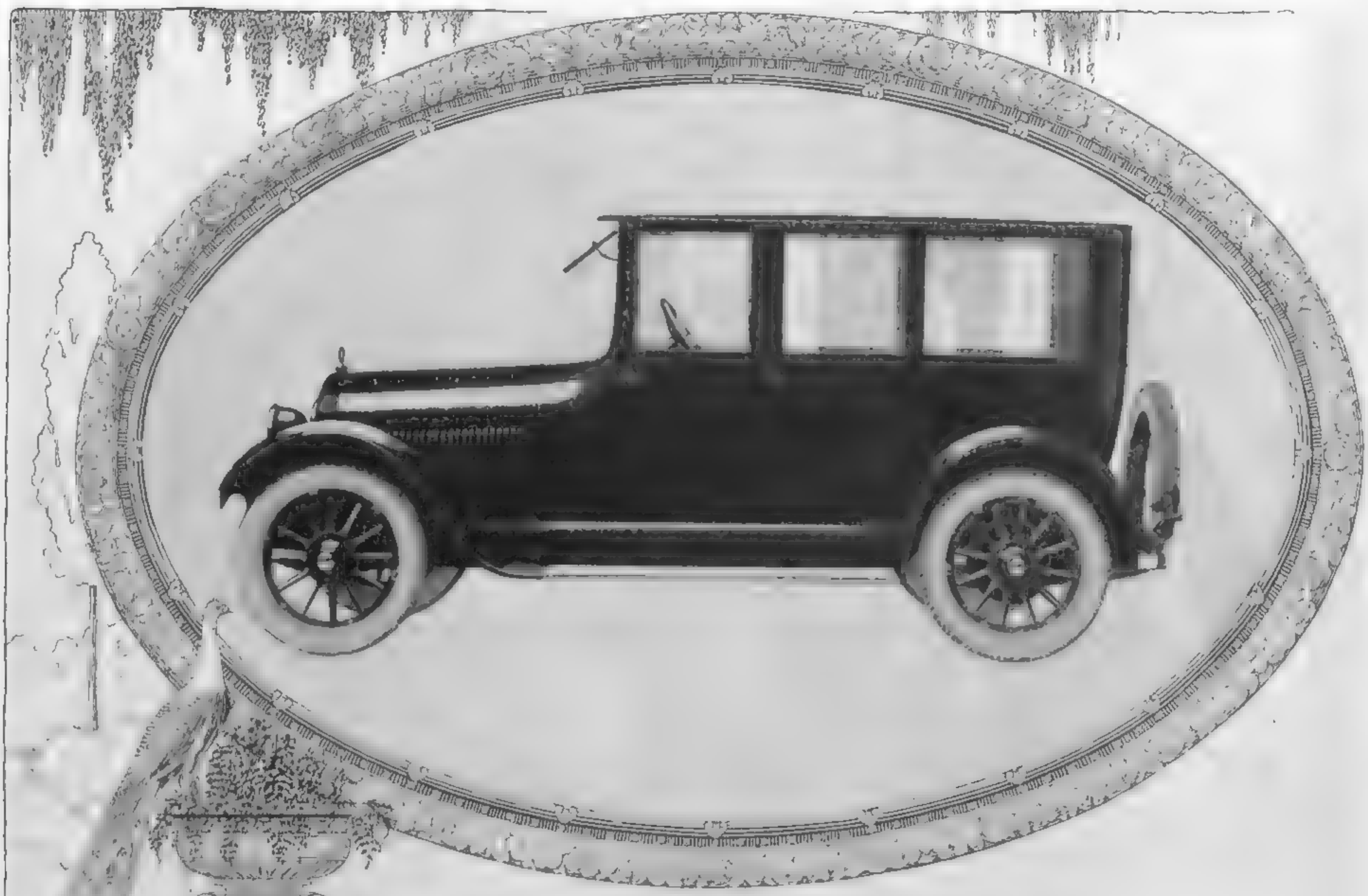

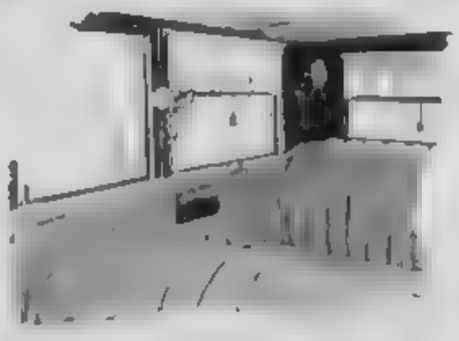

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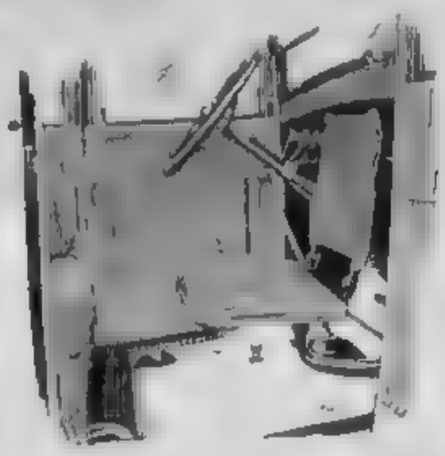

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STEPHENS *Salient Six*

WITH PERFECTED OVERHEAD-VALVE ENGINE

(Continued from Page 182)

She glanced back at the kitchen through which one passed before entering the main rooms of the restaurant built where once had been two back yards. Her nose wrinkled in distaste. What an awful smell of cooking—the cheap, thick smell of spaghetti and its invariable red sauce, of soup, of vegetables too long boiled. How odious that they, Lester and she, should have to come to this kind of place again. She had thought that they had left it behind them forever, and here they were again forced to knock at its hospitable doors, simply because it cost less to get a meal here than in any other way they knew.

To reassure herself she glanced again into the large dusty mirror that was placed against the opposite wall. She looked a little older, she thought, with a keen stab of self-pity. These last few months of worry had told upon her. Nevertheless she still looked very lovely. Her new spring suit of palest tan was most becoming and her large hat covered with velvet-petaled red flowers accentuated the luster of her bronze hair. These new clothes were an extravagance, she told herself, but at least she had to keep up appearances. She couldn't count upon Lester for that. Sometimes she thought that Lester didn't give a hang about appearances.

And thinking of Lester, she consulted her wrist watch again. Why didn't he come? He was half an hour late. She considered calling up the apartment, but what would be the use? Lester must at least have started by now, and it was Estelle's day out. How fortunate they had been to keep Estelle. The girl's manner was preposterous; she kept muttering darkly about the money they owed her, but still she stayed. And after all it was worth keeping her, no matter what price they had to pay in humiliation. It was like advertising their bankruptcy to the world to let their one maid go.

With a little frightened catch in her throat Lydia wondered when their affairs would mend. She tried to keep away from thinking of this. It was too horrible. She just managed to struggle on from day to day, as it was. Her nerves were going. She didn't dare let herself think too long of the state of their affairs—owing money to the butcher, the baker, the landlord, everyone! What a beast that Preston was! He had practically promised her he'd take Lester's new novel—and then he had turned it down. At least he had demanded changes which Lester said were impossible. Not that they seemed impossible to her. Anything—anything to get a little ready money. But Lester was becoming unmanageable. He was irritable, unreasonable, sullen.

What had come over Lester of late? To Lydia's surprise she found there were tears in her eyes at the thought of Lester. She tried also to shove this sentimental way of thinking about Lester away from her. She also was afraid of this. For she felt sometimes that she might collapse before Lester, twine her arms round him and cry out her heart against his. She mustn't do that. She must be strong. It was Lester who was the weak one and she who was the strong. It was she, always she, who must lead the way and furnish the strength.

But where was Lester? A sharp sense of fear, of remorse, of foreboding—a blend of many fears—sickened her, made her feel faint. It was a full hour after the time he said he would meet her. She moved away from the restaurant doorway, hoping no one would notice how long she had waited there, how ignominiously she had been kept waiting. She felt so tired, so let down, that she could hardly walk. She had an impulse to summon a taxicab to carry her home, but she suppressed that extravagant impulse. And the street cars were jammed with workers. Wearily she dragged herself block after block, all the way home.

Her hurried flight through the rooms of the apartment showed Lydia that it was deserted. Estelle was not there. Lester was not there. In his grubby little room at the rear it looked as if Lester had been in a violent rage at something or somebody. He had torn up sheets and sheets of manuscript, torn them into small bits and tossed them everywhere. The room looked as if some strange snowstorm had swept it. The desk chair was overturned. Two pencils and a pen were broken in halves.

Lydia went to the telephone that stood on a small table beside her bed, and making an effort to control her voice that was not altogether successful, asked the telephone operator in the gilt cage below if she had any idea where Mr. Henry was.

The girl's voice came back supercilious and a little mocking: "I suppose he's at Mrs. Sawyer's. He nearly always is. Shall I ring Mrs. Sawyer's apartment?"

"No—no!" said Lydia, and dropped the receiver with a click into the hook and then sat down heavily on the bed. She wanted time to think. But for a moment she was stunned. For a moment she could not think at all.

Then she heard herself saying as if it were another person speaking, "So that's it!" She heard herself repeating over and over, "So that's it!"

She was flooded with alternate waves of cold and of heat, but the waves of heat began to gain dominance. So the thing she had always feared had happened. Lester had left her for another woman. He had left her waiting in the hallway of that odious restaurant while he stayed with this other woman. He had outgrown her as she had realized—oh, years ago—other men of wealth or genius had a habit of outgrowing their first wives. But realizing that, she had always guarded against it. Why, Lester hadn't outstripped her in any way. He had never kept up with her—never! It was she who had led the way in everything. She saw now—or she thought she saw—how the fear of losing Lester had whipped her on. It even seemed to her that she had taken everything he had—his money, his time, his energy—so that he would not have any excess to spend elsewhere on other women. And she saw, too, that for her, Lester himself was the only thing in the world that counted. With him she had everything: without him—nothing.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet. She wasn't going to give Lester up without fighting for him. Not she! With tight lips and a vivid spot of color staining each cheek she descended to Mrs. Sawyer's apartment prepared for melodrama.

A small pleasant woman with a round motherly face, with shrewd eyes peering from behind gold-rimmed spectacles and hair slightly gray, opened the door to Lydia's ring. "I want to see Mrs. Sawyer," demanded Lydia.

"I'm Mrs. Sawyer," said the woman.

"You!"

Lydia could say no more than that; she was too surprised, too overwhelmed with astonishment to say more. She had seen this woman once or twice before in the hallway, in the elevator of the building, and it had never occurred to her that this could be Mrs. Sawyer. This pleasant motherly woman in no way matched her conception of the sort of women who took men away from other women.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mrs. Sawyer presently.

"Is Lester Henry here? I'm his wife."

"Yes, he's here. He's asleep in the sitting room."

"Asleep! But why? Why?" cried Lydia, and there was a hysterical note in her voice. "He was to meet me at half past six for dinner. Now it's half past eight—and he's asleep!"

"He's asleep because he's exhausted," said Mrs. Sawyer. "Before you wake him let us go into my room and have a little talk."

For some obscure reason Lydia felt humble before this pleasant little woman—and yet she wanted to rage, to storm, to demand explanations. But before the other woman's placid gaze her hysteria was shamed into quiescence. She followed Mrs. Sawyer meekly into a bedroom.

The two women sat opposite each other.

"Did you think I was planning to take your husband from you?" asked Mrs. Sawyer at last.

Lydia could not face her kind quizzical eyes, her pleasant slightly humorous smile.

After a pause Mrs. Sawyer continued: "I don't think that I'd do that even if I were, as you expected, a younger and more attractive woman. I'm a little old-fashioned in my ideas, and yet I've been tempted to take Lester Henry away from you and look after him myself. You've made such a bad job of it."

Lydia squirmed in protest.

"Why do you say that?"

Mrs. Sawyer shrugged her shoulders as if to suggest it was unnecessary to explain.

"Lester's such a child, isn't he?" she asked instead of explaining. "It would be such a lark to look after him. You see, I have no one to look after. It's—it's pretty awful when you get to my age and—and have no one."

Lydia did not raise her eyes, but she murmured: "Yes, I realize it would be pretty awful."

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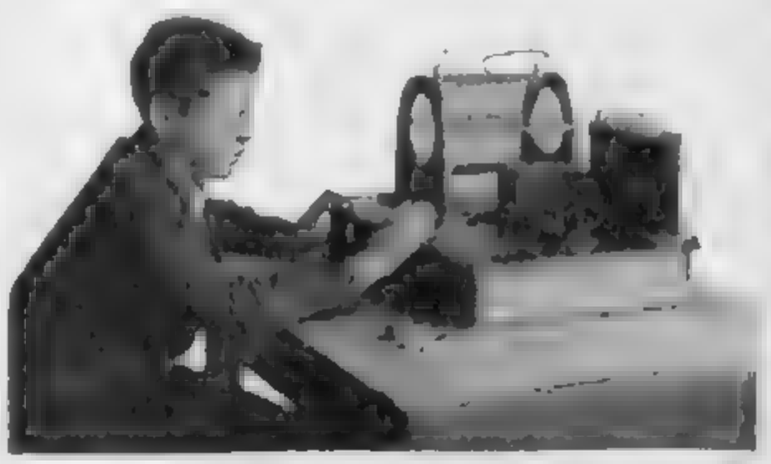

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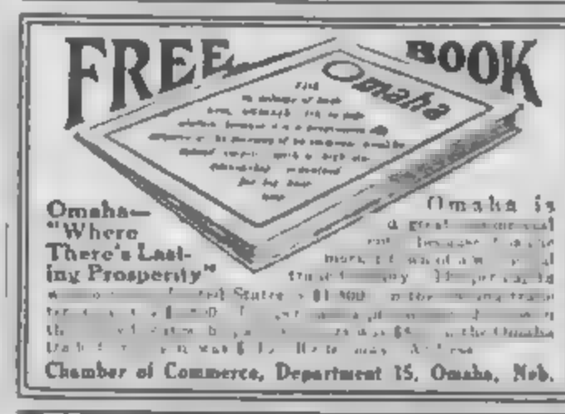

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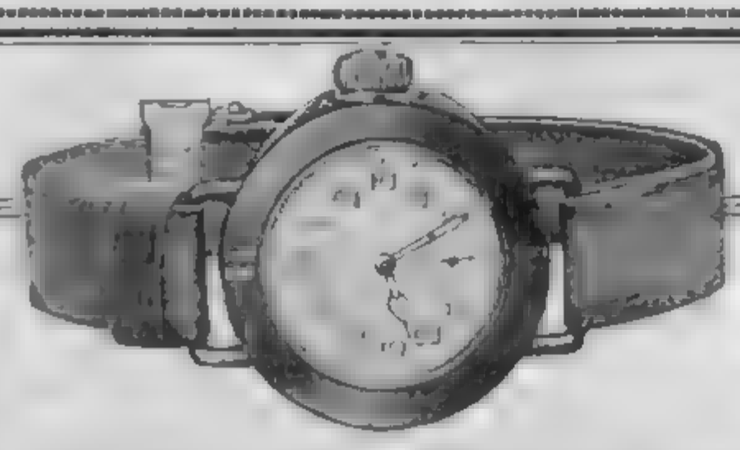

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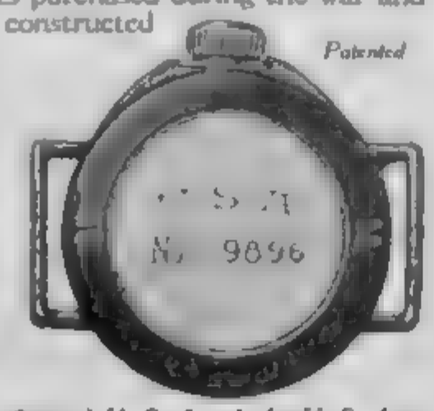

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"He's a genius."

Mrs. Sawyer smiled.

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"I did it for his sake."

"Are you sure?" asked Mrs. Sawyer.

They were silent.

After that pregnant silence Mrs. Sawyer said: "He came to me this afternoon in a bewildered state. He looked as if he were going to have some sort of a mental breakdown. He had been in a frenzy upstairs, a rage of self-disgust and self-despair. He'd torn up all his recent work. We had tea and after tea I played to him. He fell asleep—a sleep of exhaustion—and I let him sleep. Of course I did not know he was to meet you. It seemed at the time only the simplest kindness to let him sleep."

"May I go to him now?" asked Lydia.

And then Mrs. Sawyer said a curious thing: "Yes, go to him now, but go on your knees and beg his forgiveness."

The sitting room in which Lester slept was dark, and stumbling in the half light from the hall Lydia found her way across to the couch on which he lay. And there she did indeed fall upon her knees beside him.

After a while he awakened and his eyes—still heavy with sleep—smiled into hers.

"'Lo, Lizzie," he said.

Lydia was crying. Another thing she had feared had happened. She had collapsed before Lester. Her arms were round him, her wet cheek against his.

"What's the matter?" he asked, dazed; and then in a horrified voice: "Oh, I know. What time is it? It's dark. I'm so sorry, Lizzie. I never met you, did I?"

"That isn't it, Lester. That doesn't matter now."

"What is the matter then? Why are you crying, dear?"

Shyly he patted her trembling shoulders.

"Lester, would—would you like to go back home again?"

"Home? What home?"

"Peltonville."

"Oh, our real home!" he sighed ecstatically. "Why, I'd like it better than anything in the world, Liz—Lydia."

"Don't call me that, Lester."

"What?"

"Lydia. Call me by my right name."

"I always do in my thoughts, Lizzie."

"You could do good work again in Peltonville, couldn't you, Lester? You could write again about the people you know and the people you love?"

"Yes, I could, Lizzie—I know I could. Would we go back to the little yellow house on the East Road?"

"Yes, dear, if you wish it."

They clung together, their cheeks stained with tears as if they had been shipwrecked on some far shore—shipwrecked, but happy to have escaped the utter oblivion of dark waters.

Presently Lydia's thoughts took a surprising leap. They had been saturated with remorse, but now they shook themselves free and went blithely flying. The memory of the Sprague place had entered her mind. She had heard somewhere that old Elihu Sprague was dead, and mentally she was composing a telegram to Jackson West of the Canton Courier.

"Can you by any possibility arrange to rent the Sprague place for us?" the telegram read.

Surely Lester could make enough money to afford the Sprague place and pay his New York debts as well. There were her jewels that could be sold. And they could sublet their apartment furnished at much more than they paid for it, now that rents were so outrageous. Peltonville wouldn't be so bad if they could live in the Sprague place, the one show place of the village. Lydia saw herself queening it over the community. How the simple villagers would marvel at her clothes, her dinner parties for the Jackson Wests and other cultured people, and her marcelled bronze hair! She was really excited and happy at the thought. What a pace she would set for Peltonville. She would still be leading the way and this time outdistance all competitors.

Lester stirred in her arms.

"I'm awfully hungry," he said.

"Well, come along upstairs, Lester," Lydia cried gayly. "I can get you a cold pick-up supper in a jiffy."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
More Than Two Million a Week

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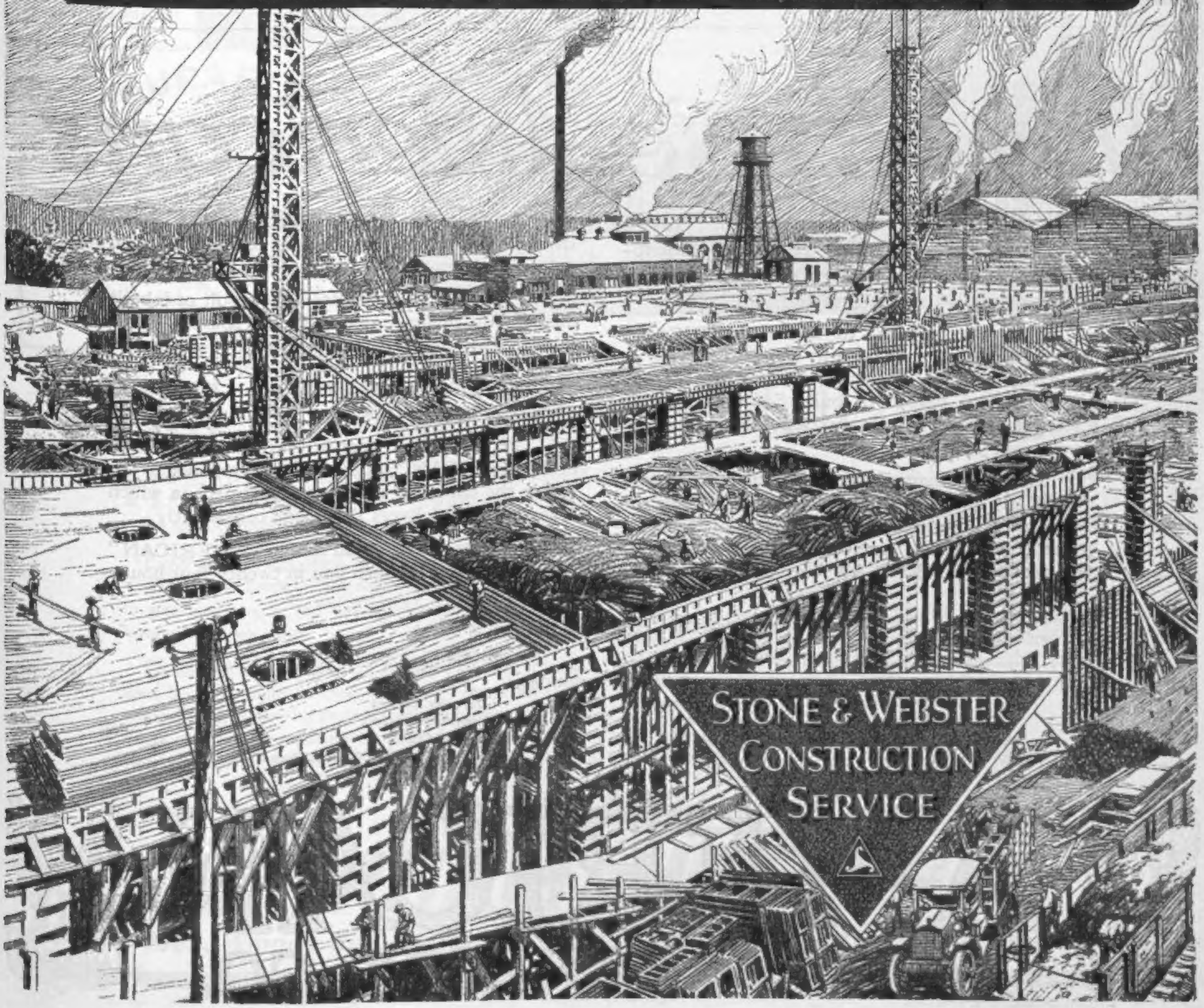

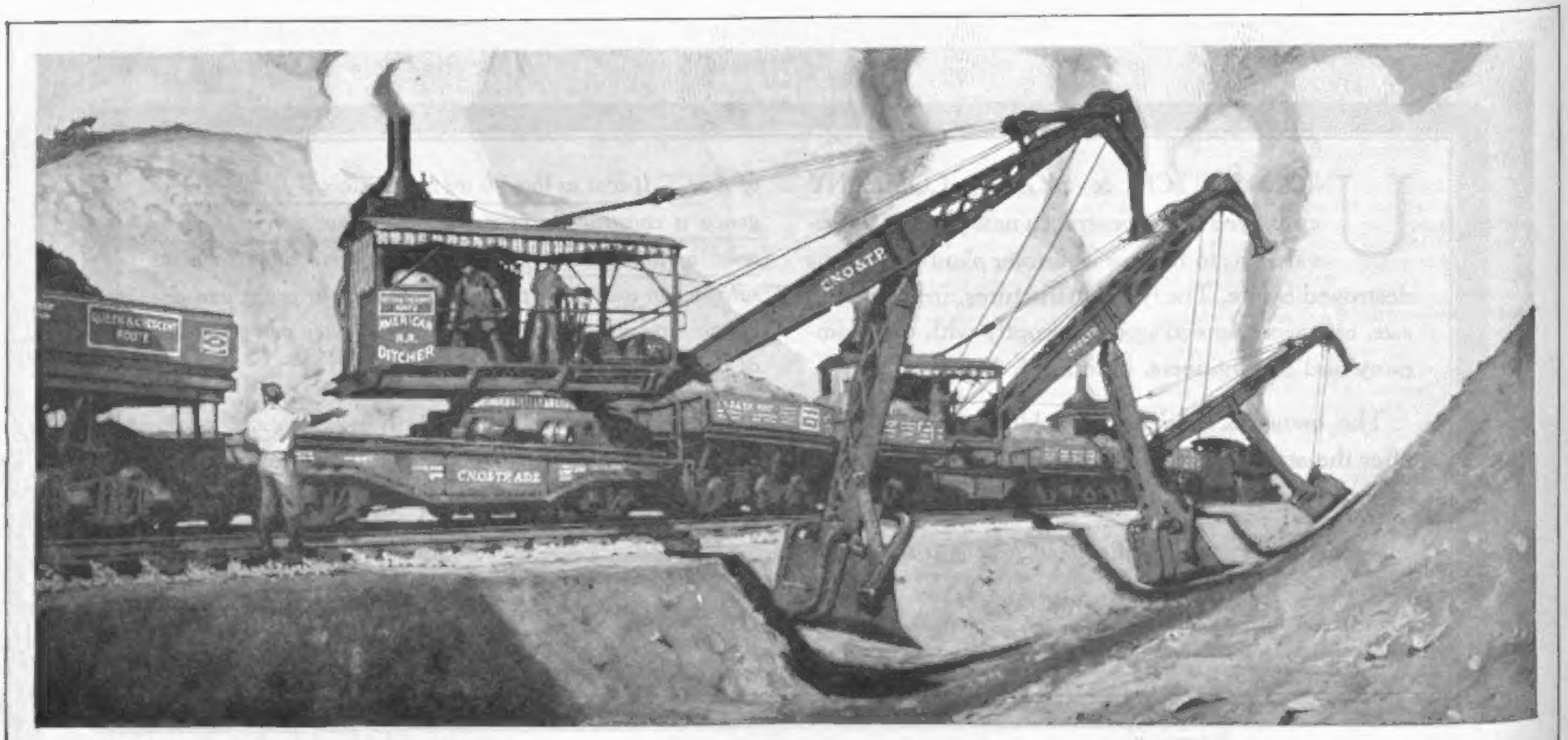

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